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The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1925

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

In Coming Issues

The Campus Political Machine

By one who has seen it work several times and who was on the inside last year.

In Defense - - - - By JULIAN STARR

For the past several months the author, according to himself, has been experimenting with the fair sex for the specific purpose of writing this article. Whether *he* has been experimenting, or the other way round, we believe is an open question. In spite of our objection he insists on calling his article "In Defense"—he says they need it.

The Eternal Grind

An exposition and consideration of our educational system by one of its products.

The Basis of Racial Prejudice in the South - By H. B. GRAY

Six Weeks in An Insane Asylum - By W. B. PETERS

Oysters

Another way of looking at the life history of certain portions of the human race will be presented in this story.

Culture and The Lawyer By DINK JAMES

In this article Mr. James Points out a need which is felt among all professional men as well as lawyers. We know some college professors who might profit by taking to heart some of the suggestions made by Mr. James.

There Is No Place Like Home

THERE comes to all boys a longing to do something, to go somewhere, or cause something to be done. This spirit comes to the boy when he is in the "teens." Some boys are entangled with the spirit at thirteen; others between thirteen and sixteen. When a boy catches the "wanderlust" disease he is very dangerous to himself and to his father and mother. He is like a young broncho. When the burden is thrown on him and he is out of humor, the idea is to buck and kick. In the boy's case, he gets the "railroad blues."

Once upon a time there lived on Iotla two boys, whose names were Mark Jackson and Bert Lee respectfully. These boys, like all other red-blooded American boys, loved adventure. Not very far from their North Carolina home was a place in the adjoining State of Georgia, named Burton. At Burton a dam was being built, to furnish electricity to some eighteen towns near by. Anybody could get work here, and as the war prices were the only paid, this looked tempting to these young boys. As these two young Tar Heels were in want of money, and more excitement than Iotla was able to furnish them, south into Georgia was the only place for them.

One Sunday evening as the sun was slowly sinking behind the Great Nantahala Mountain Peaks, these two boys, sons of Iotla, begun a long journey. It was almost dusk, when they left the Iotla High School building, having been to a singing at the Church nearby. No one believed they were going anywhere, or had anything in view when the shadows of a gathering night, and distance compleatly hid the boys from view. But if only some of the neighbors had seen the look of determination in these young mountaineers' faces, they would have been real shocked, and without a doubt would have stopped the boys; by so doing they would have saved the boys from many an unnecessary and useless step.

They hit the long, long trail, which to them had no end until they became tired and stopped. All they cared for was farther down the road.

After traveling about three miles from the school house the boys came to a small store, which was opened, and here they bought several boxes of crackers, and tieing them up in handkerchiefs, they went on their way.

Picture to yourself, my dear reader, a wonderful and strange picture. Two young boys leaving home to find work; their only possessions being the few clothes which they wore, and the crackers which they had bought at the store only a short while before. Bert, who was the largest, was wearing a palm beech suit, while his smaller companion was sporting a new suit of "short pants." With their pockets crammed with crackers, and sweat dripping from their brows, and wearing a look full of determination, our young run-aways hit the railroad.

"Well Mark, old boy, here we are at last, at the "iron horse road," and I know we can make good speed here," I spoke as a word of incouragement to Mark, who was very young to leave his mother.

"Dog-gone it all, I thought it was about time that we struck something," Mark growled back at me with a look of pity on his face.

I knew thru past experiences that I was some "walker," so with the goodness of my heart coming to Mark's rescue, I slowed down to his great joy and satisfaction. We walked on, hardly talking, but thinking of the future ahead of us, until night began slowly but surely spreading her mantle of darkness over our long and weary road. Through the gathering shadows of night we walked with a rapid gait, and playing tunes on the cross-ties. Darkness fell with all its horrors for young pedestrians, especially when they are far from home, and expecting to go farther.

Mark was in the rear of our troop, when we became froozen almost stiff with fright. I couldn't have moved an inch to save myself. Mark came to the rescue, by getting out a small pen knife which he always carried, and stood in an attitude of defense.

"Come on you fearful creature, I have prepared for you, and if you want to act the part of another Napoleon and meet your Waterloo, come on," Mark managed to gasp.

This brought me to my real senses and what peril my pal, and myself were placed. I caught up two good size stones, and waited with my knees beating Dixie against each other. Finally after a wait so full of dread and fear, that it stunted me in my growth for nearly a year afterwards, out from behind the bushes where the noise had been made, walked a horse. The horse had

only been grazing and had made the noise which we had heard. We went down the track singing, "And the fears of our hearts rolled away."

This tramping work was new to both of us, as we were only beginners on the great "iron and wood road."

After the laborous work of placing some ten miles between us and our home, we decided to rest and perhaps sleep a nap or two. Cross-ties were laid along at intervals, as the company was having the road repaired. I have slept on straw beds, shuck beds, matterouses, goose hair beds, leaf beds, and a half dozen or more other kind of beds, but of all, the most wretched was that cross-tie bed. At first the rest was wonderful indeed, but as the tired feeling crept out of my bones, the hardness of the hard-wood ties were felt. When I began to cool off my lot became more and more harder to bear. I couldn't stand this any longer. While waiting for Mark to take his nap, I became shocked indeed, for there came a sound to me as if a snake was slowly crawling over the cross-ties. A slick sound it was, and one which made the hearer think about the wicked creature who was the cause of poor Adam sinning, when his wife made him eat an apple, after the snake had persuaded her to eat one.

With a jump and a rush I soon left that pile of ties behind. I almost forgot Mark in my fear, but picked up courage enought to go back and awake him. No second words were needed when I spoke about snakes. We fled.

The miles were being put behind slowly but surely. But the farther we went, the less courage we had. Hearts which were once strong as a Dempsey became weaker than a Carpentier. Knowing it would never do to turn back, to be called "scared cats," we determined to keep on the "road of fate."

"Land sakes, what on earth can that light mean?" I inquired of Mark, when a shaft of light came shooting down the track.

"Can't tell you Bert," Mark spoke like one whose fears were boiling over.

"I know there is no train supposed to pass this track, tonight," I replied with doubt, "but for goodness sake let's get off this track."

We hustled down a high embankment and ran into a black berry patch. Waiting with wonder to see the unscheduled train to pass. We were greatly amused and also relieved when a automobile passed on the pike, which ran almost parallel with the "iron route." I could hear stiches in my "summer suit" break and tear as I painfully found my way out of the thicket. I felt like cussing myself good on arriving on sound ground, but I remembered Woodrow Wilson's advice, "Never let a mistake or a blunder down you, instead make each mistake or blunder serve as stepping stones to mount higher."

Mark began to lag behind more and more and at last would not moove a "pudge" farther. So the only and best thing to do was to build a fire, sit down, and rest a while. Putting thoughts into actions, we soon had a cheerful, blazing fire started, a small distance from the railroad. The night was one of May's, but very cool, especially to me who wore a light suit. A good size river ran close by and the breezes which floated over our way were full of chills, and more chills; I shivered and groaned with agony and cold.

The longest night has its end, so it was with this night. Grey streaks of light began to appear in the east, and the spring birds began their beautiful melodies, while overhead wild ducks, cranes, and other large birds went flying down the river. A prayer of thanks soon issued from my weak lungs, and weaker heart, when the great disk of the sun appeared over the horizon.

When day again reigned supreme, we hastened to travel the distance between us and the small town not very far south. Here we were able to secure from an early riser, a few bottles of "soda," and some canned goods, to go with our crackers, which were holding out well to our great satisfaction.

As the morning developed into mid-day we were still traveling, what time we were not lieing in the woods sleeping. To our great discomfort we attracted a considerable amount of attention. My suit when starting on this expedition was almost a white, now since many unhearded of hardships it looked as though it had been placed across some mud hole and some fair damsel had walked over dry shod, as of old, when Raleigh played the leading part.

"Bert, durn if I am going to walk a step farther than that town we can see in the distance," spoke Mark in a grief-ful tone.

"Cheer up old boy," I said with all the emergency cheerfulness I could command, "we will ride the "iron horse" from there to our journey's end."

This town was one of nearly one thousand souls, counting men, women, children, negroes, and negro babies. As in all small towns there were plenty of loafers idleing their time away on the streets. They sure did give us a good looking, up one side and down the

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Captain Wess and the Passing of an Industry

By P. G. Grant

Those who go down to the sea in ships by way of Old Topsail Inlet are attracted by an old wreck which lies almost buried in the sand on the left bank of the channel. It is the wreck of the vessel, *Lillian Halsey*. Only two or three large beams protrude above the surface at what was once the stern of the ship. The timbers of the bow stand up four or five feet and resemble in appearance the teeth of the lower jaw of some gigantic monster of the deep.

The *Lillian Halsey* was owned by Wesley Moore. Thirty-five years ago, while en route from Wilmington, North Carolina, to Norfolk, Virginia, with a cargo of lumber, she encountered rough weather and leaked so badly that the pumps could not keep her free, and was abandoned by her crew. On the shoals at Old Topsail Inlet in Pender county, North Carolina, she came ashore. The *Lillian Halsey* was one of seven vessels owned and sailed by Wesley Moore in his life of three-quarters of a century. After the loss of this one, he outfitted the *Mary Ann Moore*, and spent the remainder of his active life on board her. He died a short time ago, and his heirs converted the *Mary Ann Moore* into a power vessel for use as a tug. Wesley Moore was the last of a number of sea-faring men who made their homes in Onslow county about twenty miles from the scene of the wreck of the *Lillian Halsey*. The *Mary Ann Moore* was the last of their vessels to succumb to the current of progress, and have her sails displaced by a foul-smelling gasoline engine.

Since the advent of the railroad these old sea captains had been unable to secure paying cargoes, but they were equally unable to give up the life to which they were accustomed, so they would lay for months on end in New River channel, dreaming of days gone by and heaping insults on the railroads, while the worms ate the bottoms from their antiquated vessels.

These survivors of a perished industry lamented the evils of progress hardly more than I did. My boyhood dream was to get hold of the wheel of a little vessel. The ultimate aim to which I aspired was to adjust myself comfortably in a deck chair, light a clay pipe, and idly scan the horizon for signs of an approaching storm, while a lazy crew filled the hold with bags of peanuts, and barrels of turpentine. Now I saw it all slipping from my grasp because people insisted on shipping peanuts by railroad.

Most of these old skippers had passed away at a time before I can remember. They became too old to follow the sea, and their sons sought more lucrative occupations. I was well acquainted with the few survivors, and of these, Wesley Moore, or "Captain Wess," was my favorite idol. Often he would not carry more than two cargoes in a year, and during the long waits between cargoes he would lie at anchor in the channel, and tell me tales of voyages made before the world went to ruination and noisy trains invaded his domains. His home was in the large house in the live-oak grove on the bluffs, but he almost never spent an hour a-shore.

In those days I would go down to the landing in front of the house, take a dory and go out to the vessel. Always he would be seated on deck, and I could see him watching me through a pair of glasses. Often it was windy or the tide was running swiftly and I had difficulty in handling my small craft. When I arrived alongside the vessel he would assist me in coming aboard, and reprimand me good-naturedly for daring to come out alone. He would then resume his seat and I would explore the vessel to see if I could find anything new. During these times of idleness he never kept a crew. The only person on board besides himself was a negro cook, whose cause he had championed in a fight on the Bahama Islands some forty years before, and who had been with him since that time.

When I had finished my tour of exploration, I would return to find him smoking, and idly watching the antics of a flock of sea gulls or scrutinizing through his glasses some craft up the river. His keen, blue eyes would be smiling from beneath the brim of a black, soft hat pulled down over a mass of gray hair. He always wore a blue flannel shirt, and when he turned his head so that his flowing white beard swept across his breast, the shirt was seen to be opened at the collar, revealing

his muscular throat and an expanse of browned, hairy chest. He wore coarse leather boots, around the tops of which bagged brown corduroy trousers. His elbow rested on a small table of ebony which he had picked up on some of his early voyages. On the table were a couple of faded books—histories—the leaves of which were worn from much turning. A pair of glasses hung on the wheel within reach. When the weather was good he took all of his meals on deck, and I always managed to be there at lunch time. The silent cook would bring out the meal, remove the books, placing them by the binnacle light so that they were still within reach, and serve us. He always had a glass of rum before meals—the thickest, strongest kind of Jamaica rum—of which one sip on one occasion was quite enough for me for all time.

I would sit on an old chest, whose contents never ceased to interest me, and which I usually searched before sitting down. Five hours was a short session for us, but the only parts I contributed were questions and silence. I learned of his first voyages to the Indies and Central America. Experiences as thrilling as those of Captain Kidd, queer tales and legends of the sea, strange people in distant ports, fights, mutinies, rebellions in the Islands, storms, shipwrecks, and narrow escapes from death had been his daily life; and I listened breathlessly and lamented the coming of the railroad which seemingly destroyed adventure.

He told me of his first ship—a gift from his father —which he sailed along the coast from Florida to Virginia. This ship was the *Martha Washington*, and with her he ran the blockade at the mouth of the Cape Fear during the Civil War. After he lost her off Cape Lookout, he owned the *Susan Lee* which was lost in a storm off the coast of South Carolina. Then came the *Hal G. Moore*. This was his favorite.

"She was the finest vessel that ever flew a jib," he would say, "and I have come in this bar with her when the wind was blowin' a pop-cod from the no'theast, dead a-head, an' she'd sail right into the wind easier'n a gull."

I cannot hope to reproduce his figures of speech. Nor can his incomparable brogue be rendered in print. All the details of his voyages were told as vividly as though they were the experiences of yesterday.

After the *Hal G. Moore* foundered on the bar at New River, he bought another, and then another, and everything went well until about the time of the loss of the *Lillian Halsey*. The railroads were cutting in on his trade then, and cargoes were becoming light and scarce. He ceased to live in the present or future, and lived in the past—the glorious past which was a battle with the sea, but which brought its returns in full and frequent cargoes, which more than compensated for the loss of a few ships.

The *Mary Ann Moore* had never paid the cost of building her, but it was as impossible for him to give her up as for a chicken to take to the water. The sea and a vessel were his heritage—his life, and he was selling the farm on which he had never lived to keep the vessel in commission. Only a ship would satisfy him, and it must be a sailing ship. He even defied port regulations, which required him to have a tug to dock his vessel. Anything that used steam or gasoline as a means of propulsion was loathsome to him. He would become almost insane with anger when he had to wait for the railroad bridge up the river to open to allow him passageway. He lamented the decadence of the race that had to depend upon such freakish power as that of a steam vessel or such unwieldy means of transportation as a railroad.

Often while talking to me he would become enraged at the very thought of the preposterous situation with which he was confronted. After one of these fits of anger, he would remain silent a few moments, and then he would tell of some amusing incident as though he were trying to forget the whole disagreeable business. Perhaps it would be of the day after the wreck of the *Lillian Halsey*, when he had gone out in a yawl boat with three sailors, and a man who was not acquainted with the sea. The wreck was drifting several miles off shore. The cargo of lumber would not sink, but kept the deck just submerged. They rowed up to the stern of the vessel, and were speculating upon the possibility of salvaging her when one of the party noticed a shark lying almost motionless directly beneath them. It was late in November and the water was clear. The landlubber jumped on the head-cap of the yawl, seized an oar and was going to frighten the shark by jabbing him with it. The other members of the party knew beforehand the outcome of the affair. They knew that the shark was about forty feet below the surface instead of ten feet as he appeared to the stranger. The oar was carefully aimed and thrust vigorously downward. It did not strike the shark as the inexperienced sailor expected it to, and he followed it overboard. He was surprised to learn, when he was safely on the yawl again, that the shark had not moved from his original position, and had taken no notice of the incident.

(Continued on page 25)

Idols

By R. K. Fowler

Blair Fanning crossed his hands behind him, spread his legs wide apart, and peered upward at the portrait of his grandfather with simple adoration such as old-time slaves are erroneously supposed to have lavished upon their masters. The portrait itself was not so much to look at; few people would have given it a second glance. It hung rakishly against the dirty wall paper, a poorly done example of crayon work encircled by a wooden frame with half the gilding worn off. The man depicted in this forlorn attempt at art wore the gray uniform of the Confederacy and the greater part of his face retired inconspicuously behind a belligerent and supremely black thicket of beard. The head was tilted at a lofty angle, the lips were set in an inhuman smile, the massive brow seemed dangerously near to bursting through the glass. Even the execrable handling of color and shade failed to rob the features of a certain pompous dignity. Had a stranger paused to examine the portrait with any care, he would have mentally reflected that here was a splendid example of the old blustering, domineering Southern windbag who played at soldiering for four disastrous years in defense of the sanctity of slavery. The long dead and forgotten painter had endeavored to imbue his subject with godlike nobility. Despite this worthy effort and the streaky meanderings of his unskilled chalk, the true bombastic character of the man in the portrait stood out with astounding clarity. Yet Blair Fanning looked up at him with worship in his eyes.

"A hero", he whispered. "Yes by God, a real hero." He scanned the fatuous image reverently, mouth slightly agape—then turned away sighing like a devout Catholic torn from a shrine. He moved over to the table and set two places with bemused preoccupation. Plates hovered precariously in his heedless hands.

The benign and hirsute gentleman in the portrait was his mother's father, Colonel Gideon Blair, who had served on General A. P. Hill's staff during what his grandson still considered a heroic upholding of a holy cause. His daughter had died when her son Blair had barely reached the age of twelve, but in the short time granted her she had painted the gallant Colonel Gideon in fervid terms to her only child. The impressionable soul of the boy had eagerly seized upon the bits of laudatory phrase and oft-related acts of bravery, and from them he had formed a grand and potent idol which he worshipped with the full strength of his sensitive being. To him the Colonel had been a figure of incomparable virtue and courage, second only in importance to God himself, and at times, when his mother told a tale of his magnificent daring, he had risen triumphantly above the Creator and occupied a solitary and exalted throne. After his mother's death he had tried to let her gentle spirit share in the devotion he gave to the omnipotent Colonel, but habit was so firmly fixed that his mother rapidly became an indistinct memory. And still today the stout and hairy Colonel was his patron saint.

The secret of this blind ancestor worship was Blair's inborn cowardice. From his earliest years he had cringed at the slightest physical pain. Recollections of severe thrashings by smaller boys and of craven flight from conflict with boys his own size yet haunted him. Dark rooms had filled him with choking terror and the sight of a dog advancing in his direction had sent him screaming to shelter. For a long while he had freely admitted this cowardly fear, clinging to his mother's skirts with despairing sobs of "I'se scared, I'se scared", at the least pretext. Then gradually a great change took place. He commenced to sidle timidly up to strange dogs and pat them with trembling earnestness. He commenced going to bed in the dark without being threatened by an admonishing strap. He no longer avoided fights, but plunged into the largest opponents with an awkward, unreasoning ferocity that soon made him the dread of the neighborhood. His mother was convinced that his real noble self was at last overcoming childish disturbances. His father was equally certain that his lectures on the subject of being yellow were finally having a good effect. Both were wrong. It was old Colonel Gideon Blair, hanging in dusty state on the parlor wall, his battered gilt frame shining like a fallen angel's halo, his jutting jaw speaking eloquently of untold valor. Blair had reached the age at which the Colonel's military exploits so vividly related by his mother were departing from the realm of pleasing stories and entering that of religion. The Colonel was now his hero and his idol, and Blair resolved in his sus-

ceptible adolescent mind never to do another act which would be unworthy of him. By hideous efforts which not even the most understanding person could appreciate he thrust his myriad fears away and strove to pattern his life after that of his God. He forced himself to do the things which frightened him most in order to make the observant spirit of the dead Colonel proud of his descendant. From that time to the present he had remained basically a coward, but by thinking of his grandfather or by looking at his almost sacred portrait he could nerve himself to perform deeds of courage in a way that would not shame the heroic blood that flowed in his veins.

Blair had an inherent right to his lack of bravery; his father, Clem Fanning, with whom he still lived, had always been the most arrant coward in town. He was a dull, shambling little man who was afraid even faintly to assert himself and who shed imbecile tears at every imagined misfortune. People tolerated him because he was usually harmless and despised him for his utter incapability to simulate manhood except when spurred by liquor. For Clem Fanning got drunk every week-end with stupid regularity and drink transformed him into a small but malicious demon. When in this condition he was dangerously vindictive and people went out of their way to keep from passing him. In his heart Blair was desperately afraid of the pathetic little drunkard. Only the powerful influence of Colonel Gideon kept him from locking himself in his room on week-end nights and enabled him to cope with his father's wild temper. As he mechanically laid out the knives and forks and filled the chipped tumblers he listened with nervous anxiety for an uncertain step on the porch. It was Saturday night and as always he awaited miserably the inevitable, repulsive conflict.

The bell pealed madly; Blair's face set in rigid lines; a spoon clattered to the floor. He ran to the door and plucked hastily at the knob. It was best to get the affair over with as soon as possible. Clem Fanning strode pugnaciously in, his mean, weazened face scowling with sodden rage. An odor of cheap liquor saturated him and spread sickeningly through the room.

"Get outto m' way 'fore I slap yuh down," he growled. Blair deftly removed his father's hat and led him toward the table. "Come now, father", he said in concilatory tones, "a little something to eat will make you feel better."

The little man stiffened and jerked away. "Eat hell," he snarled. "I don't wanna eat, see?"

"All right, father, of course not. Let me help you with your coat.." The threadbare green coat was snatched from his fingers. "Goddam it, keep your hands offa me. Yer too fresh; yuh aint got no respect." Clem glared at him intently, then shuffled into the next room on tantalizing feet. Blair licked his lips and felt a chilling tremor creep over him; he knew what was about to happen and steeled himself by throwing an appealing glance at Colonel Gideon.

Clem Fanning came back into the room, a stout buggy whip wobbling in his hand. "No respect," he muttered. "Notta a dam' bit uh respec'. Gonna beat yuh, see? Gonna beat the life outta yuh."

He advanced menacingly. The struggle was brief and decisive. Blair twitched the whip from his irate father's grasp, picked him up bodily, cursing and writhing, and hauled him to the bedroom. Here he slammed him on the bed and held him down with grim determination. Clem swore and kicked and eventually dropped into a heavy sleep. Blair released his grip and sank back in a chair, trembling visibly. The ordeal was over. He knew that tomorrow his father would weep disgustingly and beg to be forgiven. He also knew that his father would tell him how brave he was to face him when he was crazy drunk. Blair shuddered. If he only understood. Old Colonel Gideon had gained another moral victory.

* * * * *

It was Friday night of the following week. Clem Fanning was crying. His stunted little body hung limply over the chair arm and the tears trickling through the creased wrinkles made his face ridiculously gnomish. Blair's soft words of comfort were drowned completely by his father's bitter, rasping sobs. Seeing that his efforts were wasted, he settled back in his chair and faced the sufferer with a look of patient resignation.

"Whatta yuh think about that, Blair?" quavered Clem between noisy snuffles. "Bill Montgomry, what's been my friend for years, comes right up and insults me. Yessir, that's what he did. 'Yuh durn worm,' says he, 'be careful how you speak to a real man.' An' me only tryin' to be friendly." Clem lifted his tear-wet face and clumsily dabbed at it with a handkerchief.

"Why didn't you make him apologize?" asked Blair succinctly.

Clem stared like a puzzled baby. "Make him apologize, you say? An' me so little and weak."

"Father," said Blair, "you're a coward."

This remark brought forth a perfect flood of tears. Clem rocked to and fro distractedly and beat on the

chair arm. "I know it, son, I know it," he whimpered, "but you oughtn't to rub it in."

In spite of himself Blair was touched by the helplessness of the moist wreck before him. He rose and placed an awkward hand on the little man's heaving shoulder. "That's all right, father," he said soothingly. "I'll make him apologize."

Like magic the tears ceased flowing; the crinkled face broke into a simian grin. "I knew you'd do it, Blair. You always was good to your old Pa. I wonder how come you're so brave an' me such a coward?"

Blair maintained an embarrassed silence.

"I've thought about that lots of times," continued Clem garrulously. "I'm yellow clean through and you aint afraid of nothin'. What's the answer, kid?"

Blair hesitated, then said slowly. "I've never spoken about this before, father, but I might as well tell you. I'm brave because Grandpa Gideon was brave. I feel like he's watching me from up in Heaven and I try to do things like I know he'd do them if he was here."

To Blair's outraged amazement his father threw back his bald head and giggled piercingly. After a minute he puckered up his lips to speak but the attempt was lost in fresh gales of merriment. "So you thought your Grandpa Gideon was a fighter, eh? Why that old fool was scared of his own shadow."

Blair froze into a statue of accusing dignity. "Father," he declared firmly, "that's a rotten lie. I can't imagine your object in making such a statement. I've heard mother speak of him enough to know that he was a fine and noble character."

"Son," said Clem, "you shouldn't have taken any stock in what your mother said. She knew her old man wasn't much of a guy and she just told you those stories out o' family pride."

"And now you start running my mother down," said Blair bitterly. At first I thought you were joking—now I believe you're crazy."

"Crazy, eh? I'll show you how crazy I am. There's still some old letters and such in your mother's trunk that'll prove what I say. Your dam' Grandpa Gideon got kicked outta the army for refusin' to lead a charge."

"That's a lie too and you know it. Why should mother have told me things that were untrue?"

"They were sorta fairy tales to amuse the children, I reckon. Wait here till I come down and you'll see for yourself."

During the short time that his father was gone Blair stood motionless, gripping the table with taut fingers. A numbing sheet of ice pressed on his brain. Clem returned. Scarce conscious of what he did, Blair took the papers that were thrust at him and held them close to his side.

"Now you set down and read those letters while I go out and get a little drink," his father cackled. "I guess you'll have a different opinion of your grandpa before long."

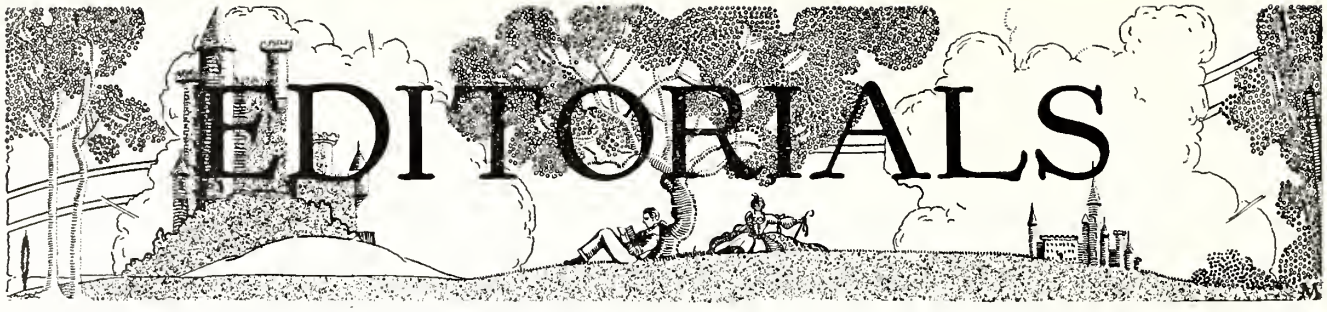
He left, still giggling hilariously. For a moment Blair remained in a dull trance. Then he pulled himself together and opened the bundle of letters. They were all from Colonel Gideon Blair to his wife. The first ones spoke poignantly of a desire to be home, a desire to be safe from the demands of war which was proving to be quite a horrible affair. Later the tone of fear became more noticeable. Words and sentences betrayed a very human and unheroic terror. As the number of letters lessened this terror increased and was more frankly expressed. It was evident that Colonel Gideon Blair had lost his nerve and was in perpetual dread of having his cowardly life snuffed out. The last letter stated simply that he would soon be home, having been discharged for "unbecoming conduct on the field of battle." This admission of dishonor was altogether overshadowed by an exceedingly plain feeling of relief. Blair let the pitiful confessions of an unmanly soul slip to the floor. His mother had lied—his idol had fallen. The pictures of dashing cavalry charges and gallant hand-to-hand combats were torn from his reeling mind along with such adored fantasies as the Colonel's single handed capture of a Yankee platoon and his rescue of a disabled comrade under heavy fire. The truth wrapped its ugly coils around him. Colonel Gideon had never done these things—Colonel Gideon had been a damned yellow coward. He slumped silently in his chair; he was too sorely wounded for tears.

It was probably two hours later when Clem Fanning banged loudly on the door. He received no answer, and after a profane pause he kicked the door open and staggered in. Blair sat in the same position, his head bowed on his breast; he was like a dead person. The packet of letters lay scattered at his feet.

"Well, well," wheezed Clem drunkenly, "an' did he find out all about his old grandpa?" Blair heard but made no sound. His father's voice rose to a high pitched scream, "I'm talking to yuh, see? Get up outta that dam' chair an' help me get m' coat off."

Blair got up wearily and stared at his father with haunted, unseeing eyes. His hands were clenched be-

(Continued on page 26)



Don't Blame Us

In accordance with long established custom we hereby begin our year by declaring our policy or lack of one.

But let us go to the root of the matter—why have any magazine at all? Because other schools have them? Certainly that is a motive and a strong one to some people, but the idea of desiring to do what someone else does, merely because someone else does it, is nauseating to us. We believe there is a more fundamental reason.

Yet we may search the pages of past volumes of The Magazine, fifty-odd volumes, reams and reams of printed paper, and find little worthy of note, little of thought, and less of beauty. To a cultivated person, uninterested in North Carolina or the University or student thought here, these volumes would be of less value than the paper they are printed on. The same can be said with about as much truth of any college publication anywhere. (And the more a college publication tries to get away from being a college publication, the worse it gets.) Indeed, we are inclined to believe any celestial literary light might think the same of the works of Homer, Euripides, Vergil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe. So also might we mortals think of this celestial light's heavenly literature. In no place, high or low, can we imagine any "pure" literature existing absolutely in and for itself. For what then does it exist?

See how it started. It must have had its beginning with the conception and birth of the idea of revolt in the mind of the Prince of the Air, for before this time all was sameness, a sort of glorious, heavenly monotony. But now, with this, comes something different; the mighty harmony is broken, rebellion splits the universe. To cause this, how many secret messages Satan must have written! How much persuasive, eloquent oratory he must have created!

And if there was a beginning, here was the beginning of it. As soon as difference became observable, when the glorious monotony was broken and forces contended, beauty and love and hate and jealousy sprang into being; and the work of the Devil began. That brings us to the only point in the classic old story with which we cannot quite agree. The Devil certainly had a hand in the making of man (some say it was woman); otherwise our ancestor could never have been tempted, he would have seen no lure about the apple, and today, in the Garden of Eden, man would be perfectly good, perfectly beautiful, perfectly inhuman, and perfectly uninteresting. Shall we thank God for the Devil?

But let us let that rest. At any rate life is not *one* sweet song. And according to some of what we have been told we have the Devil to thank for the discord. We could not appreciate the wonder of it unless we could experience some of this discord. Not long ago, on a Sunday morning we were reading Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*. The atmosphere created in this book is a work of supreme art. The contrast of the bleak, soul-killing northern winter and wife to the tender young girl relation is perfect. Indeed so perfect (if you'll admit degrees) was the book that when we were two-thirds through it we put the book down and went to church to hear the preacher. There is a way of getting joy out of life if one knows how to use contrasts.

No, life is not one sweet song. Nor is it any mighty harmony to the ears of us minute beings. As some one has suggested, it seems to be characterized by chaotic orderliness and aimless purpose—a great jangle of noises. We raise our voices against the clamor of others, and like the Devil we propagandize, we rebel, we fight. We love, we hate, and we are jealous. We see beauty and we see hideousness. In the rattle of the wheels of time we hear the knock of a disjointed universe. In the meaningful smile of a fair face we find the fortune of the gods. Cast down and lifted up, we are. For some of us, the Devil did his work only too well. So poignant, so full of meaning and meaninglessness the experience is to us, we must try to catch and hold it. One is a sculptor, one a painter, another a musician, another plays magnificently with it all in words, and the rest of us wish we could.

Seemingly, it is futile to ask *why*—that central essence of all meaning around which we grope in infinite

and infinitesimal circles, that mask of the centuries, forever tantalizing and eluding, is playing its game with us; and we have no choice. In some way or other we *must* play.

And so we have THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE. In its pages this year we hope will be shown the most vital thoughtful and imaginative work of students. If there is some custom, law, rule or regulation against which you wish to rebel—go, follow our original exemplar, say your say; and if it be said in American, in understandable fashion, let us have it to say to others. We will try to supply the usually deficient sprinkling of periods, commas, etc. We have enough of the cloven hoof about us to sympathize when others laugh at the young fool showing his extreme youth.

And if you do it well enough, it doesn't matter whether you know what you are talking about or not. Pay no attention to the absurd idea abroad that you should *know* before you speak. That's the business of scientists, bricklayers, and plodders.

One of the most interesting stories we have heard recently was about a conversation between two drunks who were discussing evolution. One of them was a native of Chapel Hill, about fifty years old, and had spent this life making chicken coops and patching fences for professors. The other, from his appearance, had devoted his talents to an equally distinctive profession.

"'Y God," said the chicken coop man, "these professors don't know nothin'. Talk 'bout evolution—why I seen one of them—it 'uz Doctor Toy—he planted a row of beans oncet, and when them beans come up, he thought he'd planted 'em upside down an' went an' pulled 'em up an' planted 'em again. D'je ever hear of sech?" For a moment they shook their heads together in speechless joy at this classic example of professorial ignorance.

"An' come to think of it, they wuz another'n worse'n that. You heard tell of Doctor Noble? Marcus Cicero Stephens? Course you have. Well, he had a watermelon patch. Come some little white watermelons, an' you know what he did? He tuk an' put tin under them air melons to keep 'em from gittin' dirty on the groun'."

"An'," said the other, "them fool folks think we'd oughter b'lieve evolution because they do! Be danged ef I b'lieve it. An' I ain't gonna let 'em teach it to my chillun either."

"Well," said the chicken coop man, "I ain't got but seventeen, an' 'y God I'm gonna take 'em out of school an' put 'em tuh work soon's I kin."

Now someone with a good ear for dialect and a good memory could take stuff like that and make it worth reading.

But it isn't necessary to confine oneself to the conversation of drunk men. Listen to a group of psychologists, sociologists or education experts talk their jargon. With them it really doesn't matter whether you get their conversations accurately or not—it amounts to all the same anyway.

In brief, to end this wandering, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE is a college magazine, knows it is a college magazine, and the present Editor does not care to make it an absurdity by trying to make it something else.

The Editor of THE MAGAZINE gets more satisfaction out of putting a certain story which appears in this issue into THE MAGAZINE, than he would get out of publishing any professional or consciously produced so-called humorous writings. Here is simplicity unconsciously posing as sophistication. Here is the way the naïve mind really works. Here are all the queer mental quirks at first-hand. One might call this a nature study instead of art; but for us, we do not care two hoots what it is called.

If the Editor can print something like this once in a while, then in spite of all the soul-stuff, world-pain and night mares, in spite of defeat in struggles with punctuation, spelling and grammar, the Editor will be satisfied.

Corpses Above Ground

WHETHER you intend to be a doctor or lawyer, teacher or farmer, engineer or business man—if you have any desire to be a leader in your special field there is one power which you certainly should develop while in college. And that power is the ability to express your ideas clearly and forcibly in writing and in speaking.

Unless you are boosted by a political machine of some sort you can never get a job worth having and make a success at it unless you have one or the other of these powers; you may be a good doctor or a good lawyer or a good something else, but you can never be a leading doctor or a leading lawyer or a leading anything else unless you are either a good writer or a good speaker.

Yet there are hundreds of men who go through school here without making the slightest effort of their own to develop themselves in these ways. For lack of copy THE MAGAZINE was published only six times last year. And the only two organizations through which students could train themselves in public speaking were almost dead. These conditions reflect a deplorable lack of leadership and reveal a lifeless student body. Some-

one has called the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies "corpses above ground"; but apparently they are not the only corpses above ground hereabouts. We refer specifically to one of our best friends, the editor of THE MAGAZINE last year, and several others like him who were supposed to be "leaders" on the Campus.

In an editorial in the first issue of THE MAGAZINE last year the Editor spoke of the two societies as "approaching a palsied death, or, at best, a state of comic coma." Then he went on to propose a way of reviving them;—"a system of bidding members," instead of letting any student join, "would go a long way toward solving the problem." The societies "have filled up with dead heads"; picking membership would, he said, correct this condition.

Then one Saturday night the worthy Editor of last year presented himself at the Hall of the Philanthropic Assembly and at the first opportunity arose and proposed a reform in method of getting membership. But the members of the Assembly, strange to say, did not fall all over themselves to applaud his proposal; indeed, one member had the temerity to suggest that possibly the Editor had the wrong conception of the fundamental principles of the society. And the Editor of last year kept his seat in high dudgeon, scorning to carry the matter further, to insist that the time had come for a change in fundamental principles. He may have been right in his proposal; if he had had any confidence in his ideas and any power in expressing them, he might have changed the system as he thought best. But he had nothing more to say on this night, and thereafter he, along with others of the supposedly intellectually élite, did not bless the Hall with his presence.

Time after time he and they were asked to help put some life into one of the societies, to come and show their brilliance, their knowledge and their ideas. They were asked to come and *stay*, and change things, if they thought things ought to be changed. Here was something worth doing, something on which to test and show their mettle; but on the first encounter, they crawfished. They might have got invaluable experience for themselves, they might have made two student organizations on the campus worth existing.

But no, they had no time for it, and mixing with *hoi-polloi* could do them no good anyway. However, we happen to know from observation that, like hundreds of others here, were the brilliant young editor of THE MAGAZINE of last year suddenly called upon to speak on some subject which he knew thoroughly, he would stammer and stutter and hem and haw like a two-year-old mother's darling before he would get anything said.

Of the many elements necessary to the success of the societies we believe there is one essential, and that one is that a group of intelligent men make it their business to study the societies and form them as they think they should be formed. They must, of necessity, discipline *themselves*, be at all meetings, and promote intelligent discussion. They must remember that the essential thing is not the *adoption* of their pet schemes, but rather that they continue *trying* to get them adopted. Here is the opportunity for real training. Here are the actual conditions—only much better and easier to overcome—against which men always bump whenever they try to do anything. And the results, in this case in the Phi and Di, are the measure of the intelligence of the students on this campus. Here, if you have any capacity for learning, you will find, for instance, that nothing worth doing can be done all at once, or without continued, consistent eort. And you find it out in such a way that the copybook maxim takes on meaning for you.

So obvious it is that we dislike having to say it: Training of the sort which may be got in these Halls is almost absolutely essential to real leadership. And in a country where real leadership is so greatly needed, where men with straight ideas and force and the power to convince are so few, it is remarkable that the students in the colleges and universities should be so utterly blind and dumb. But after all it isn't so remarkable that we students should not see it, for there are prominent men in public life who have gained their prominence only through their ability to speak and write clearly, easily, and forcibly, who do not see the need for organizations like the Phi and Di. We have a letter from one who says their time of usefulness is ended, and from another who hates to see them die, but sees no need for their continued existence. But we also have letters from as many as a dozen others, all of whom are prominent men, the Governor of North Carolina, the Secretary of State, judges, ministers and editors, all of whom express their conviction that the Phi and Di should be and can be extremely powerful in making student life richer in valuable experience and training. But it is so utterly absurd to have to say all this—anyone with any sense knows that so long as a group of men can make any pretensions to being intelligent, civilized, and cultured, they must be able to express their ideas in writing and in speaking. Surely, there are other ways of exchanging thought. But there are none so highly developed, or so essential as these; and, if you want to be more than a mere cog in the machine, to fail to develop them, when

you have the chance, is merely a sign that you haven't sufficient intelligence to recognize their value. If our education is ever to become any more than it is now—the quantity production of good Babbits—we students shall have to take the initiative; in the very nature of the case if it is done we must do it—no faculty could ever do it for us. And in our opinion the Phi and the Di offer the best opportunities for us to begin considering methods, and changing and improving the quality of our education.

One instance will serve to show a condition which alone should make intelligent students wonder what they are here for. Last year when the election campaign was on there were not over one hundred men out of over two thousand here who were sufficiently interested to get together in the societies to talk about the issues involved, and among these there were almost none who knew anything about the questions. And yet we talk about democracy! When public discussion in writing and speaking is not only thoroughly ignorant but also uninteresting to the public, democratic government is a long-gone cadaver.

No, we cannot bury all our corpses; if we did we probably should have to get underground ourselves. Yet there is a faint possibility that we are not entirely dead.

There is no reason under the sun why these two Assemblies here on this campus should not form the most interesting and most important part of the training of those students who have some ideas and knowledge and want to get more, and who have the stuff of men in them. No she-men, lounge lizards, or chronic quitters are wanted as members in either. Upperclassmen and freshmen who want to work are invited to join; the custom is for men from the East to go to the Phi and men from the West to the Di. This custom, however, is not binding. The second Saturday night after getting here is the best time to join.

But let us make a prediction: If you students of this University use these societies and make them a part of your training, you will put yourselves and North Carolina on the map; for this sort of thing is dying out elsewhere, in spite of the fact that it is one of the greatest needs of the time. Now you may prove yourselves thorough plebeians or not. Under the glitter of that stacomb, *what is there?*

Dat Buzzard

You lucky bird—a-flyin'
  Above me every day,
Though people call you "buzzard"
  In a disgusted sort of way,

I'd like to swop my place
  In de cotton field—wid you,
An' take a chance at eatin'
  Most any thing you do.

To roost in rotten tree tops,
  An' wid de bee birds fight—
If I wouldn't have to work
  From mornin' ontil night.

Den while you ho'd dis cotton
  In de sun of hot July
Wid de salty sweat a-pourin'
  Right down into yo' eye,

An' Misser Joe er-fussin'
  Every time he ketched you still,
An' yo back might-nigh to breakin',
  An' hurtin' fit to kill,

Right den I'd be a-driftin'
  Up in de cool blue sky—
Who wouldn't be a buzzard
  In de middle of July?

D. A. Brown.

THE PASTURE

Early this summer we were the recipient through the mails of two remarkable documents which are quoted in full below:

LETTER OF GOOD NEWS

ASHEVILLE, N. C., NOVEMBER 21, 1923.

THE NATURAL LAW OF GOD IN CHRIST

By CHARLES F. BLUSKE, *Inventor*

SIR:—

God does not destroy any man, but men are contrary to the will of God in Christ, and are destroying God's beautiful creation, and, therefore God withdraws His hand from them, and the devil and satan takes hold of them and destroy men, for the devil is a murderer and a liar from the beginning. God can not allow His creation being destroyed by lying infidels no more so than a thief and a murderer who tries to break into your home, and you must protect your home to save your family, so God must protect His holy and established laws.

Nature hates a man who does not repent now and worship God, for there is no second chance to repent, and that is the reason God lets satan and his lying devils take hold of all the unbelievers and put them into hell, for God works through the forces of nature which he has created, and only recognizes his redeemed children in Christ, but does not consider the animal kingdom, nor men who have fallen in unbelief like animals, therefore, the devil gets all mankind who believe in war and capital punishment, because that is murder and then unbelievers and lying infidels accuse God of not being a just God, when in fact, they are the rotten end of their own makeup, because they don't believe in the all-powerful one in Christ.

God is love and also a just God and redeemed souls live on and on and go to Heaven now, and not to the grave, for Christ is the resurrection and the life, today and forever through eternity. People who believe there is a second chance to repent, and that their souls sleep in the grave until the resurrction morning, must be likened to the five foolish virgins spoken of in the Bible who slept while the bridegroom came. Repent and believe in the old-time Christianity, for all the rest of the religions are the devil's make-up of man. Believe in Christ and His teachings and be guided by His spirit.

EVOLUTION IS FALSE, FOR GOD IS THE FIRST CAUSE OF MAN'S LIFE

(Here ends the first document)

A NEW DISCOVERY

A CHALLENGE TO THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD, WHO DECEIVED THE PUBLIC AND STOPPED PROGRESS

By CHARLES F. BLUSKE

Inventor of Power Generating Apparatus, and Expert on the Law of Applied Power, and Teacher of Christianity by Authority of Spirit—Power

The Inventor says: "This new discovery is patented in Canada by intelligent men, and is an attachment of applied "power" as shown above for bicycles, engines, motors, creating one hundred percent of more power than there is put into it by your foot or engine. Angularity motion is so constructed that a "straight" in conjunction with counteraction does not equal an "Angle" in opposition to collect Power.

"This shows a mistake of the ignorant scientific world in figuring; then these weak-minded scientists try to tell you about evolution? It's a nutty bunk. Scientists and modernists stop the way of progress and are a laughing stock to the intelligent mind, for we now can create invisible energy by invisible leverage, and the unproven theory of evolution of ignorant scientists is now overthrown, because we now can create a power above our strength and beyond our reach, by long motion confined to short motion, by putting pieces of iron together creating life and motion, showing that God could in the beginning put man together in His image by THE ELECTRICAL FORCE OF NATURE, for when Christ raised the dead to life it proved that God could create man instantly, by the Power of His voice.

"You can lift up a house with a long lever, but you have gained nothing, for 'motion' by Time takes too long to operate, but this new wonder transmits distant force to instant power without Time, of one hundred percent and more, creating life and motion without the aid of the human hand, bringing into the world a new Era, for which past ages looked, still scientific boobs and educated fools are asleep to these facts in the United States of America. Hypocritical scientists and engineers close their eyes to this truth, while I am riding my bicycle as a proven fact.

"To me, Christ is a 'known reality,' but men without Faith, like jackasses, deny His Virgin Birth, Divinity, Atonement, Bodily resurrection and Power. The public must wake up to the fact that leaders are deceiving them. Take a jackass, a hog and a skunk and tie them together and you have a scientific evolutionist and a modernist, who deny everything but their own rotten, silly notions, and have hidden this truth from the public for many years, and teach lies in the Universities, instead of this truth for the old law of physics has been broken up. Humanity consists of a lot of whiners, looking for fried doves to fly in their mouths and do nothing. Here I have POWER systems to generate electricity to cook and heat at the rate of $2.00

a year, but like in the days of that blessed Christ, hypocritical leaders, preachers, engineers and scientific men are devil-blind to things beneficial to the public at large. They starve themselves to death, then build monuments to the 'dead.' To me, civilization is a sickening spectacle holding to war and capital punishment, which Christ denounced as evil. Silly indeed. They give their flowers to the dead, instead of to the living. There is no 'death' to people who have Faith in Christ. We must establish the kingdom of Christ on earth, under the good old orthodox teaching of spirit-truth with living faith, like in Christ's time, the common people have only common-sense. Plain people understand this machine, but scientists do not. The scientists' mind does not rate with a nine year old school child in intelligence. Read, see, act and conquer through the name of the Lord, who inhabited the living, healing waters of eternity."

If Christ has not already come to you, you are a good for nothing "Christian." Don't wait, but act. This is the day of the Lord. Liberty, not burden; eat and drink what you like.

A Letter Sent to a Newspaper—A Hard "Hit" for "Weak-minded" Men

Asheville, N. C., June 16, 1925.

To the Editor of the "Evolution Monkey" Gang Citizen:

Allow me to answer to a devil-bound preacher of this City, who holds to evolution, and he says, it does not matter what we believe. Then, in this case, this preacher should believe that he is a religious educated fool and infidel promenading under the cloak of Christianity.

After many years of study I have found that every Bolshevist of Russia, socialist, infidel and anarchist, believe in evolution. They are men who have no religious standard, nor high ideals of Christianity. This gang of infidels is joined by a narrow-minded set of devil-bound evolution preachers, who stand in the church and blaspheme Christ, denying His virgin birth, atonement, divinity and bodily resurrection; in other words, they are jackass preachers without faith. This gang consists of newspaper editors and scientists, who should be exiled out of our country for insulting the high moral standard of the creation of human life, Christianity and civilization, for they are not one hundred percent American, but an insane set of ignorant, educated fools, who insist on lowering their own organic life to that of a monkey or animal. Take a jackass, a hog and a skunk and tie them together and you have a scientific evolutionist and a modernist, for there is no law governing evolution. If man once evolved, then, sometime in the past, an oak tree was a pine tree, and a hickory nut tree a walnut tree. There is no such nutty law in creation, and any lawyer who defends evolution in court is defending nothing, and is a fool, for all law must be based on something and common-sense. Evolution is not common-sense, but a wild goose chase by ignorant men without logic or reason.

If the planet Mars were inhabited and where high moral ideals were established, that man was created from the finest spirit material of heaven by God, and some of our beastly evolutionists would come to the planet of Mars to teach evolution, they would be kicked to hell and gone; so if you love and respect your family and yourself, kick out of schools and churches men and women who disgrace our flag by teaching evolution, for evolution lowers the high standard of morality of any civilization. Let the heathens teach evolution, but Christianity must rid itself of such narrow-minded teaching as evolution, and learn a new knowledge of Christ, who said that He was the truth, the life and the way.

Charles F. Bluske,

Inventor and expert on the laws of Applied Power.

Note: The Inventor will back up his statement by giving $25.00 in gold if he fails to make a laughing stock out of any scientists in the world, in a debate, proving to the public that all scientists are "cowards"—weak in mind and body. The Inventor does not even read the rotten books of scientists and "modernists," for they are below the devils in hell. In Luke, 4:14 the Bible says, "And the devils came out of many, crying out; and saying, Thou art Christ the Son of God." Here, we see, that the devils did not deny the power and divinity of Christ. The present day modernists are ignorant fools, according to the Bible, for they deny the divinity and power of Christ and are below the devils in Hell in Christ's estimation. We must repent now, there is no second chance, for Christ said: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The Inventor will answer all things on the Bible or Nature. Send mail to C. F. Bluske, Asheville, N. C.

Life! Where and Whence Did it Come From?

Is the wind real? Yes. So's God real and "invisible," the great "I am" of "*Life*."

Evolutionists teach that a "cell" moved on the waters and that "organism" of "*Life*" formed from this stinking "cell," or "branched" out like a "tree"—all from one starting point, jumping from "monkey" to Man. How foolish? "*Life*" could not have a "beginning," for God was "*Life*" and that "something," filling all "space" when there was "nothing." Destroy all things in the world, but "*Life*" still remains in God, for it's a "*Fixed Law*." If "*Life*" began from a "cell" and "evolved" into Man and animals, then where is now the *first cause of* "*organism*" which started all "*Life?*" Is it gone? Then there was no starting point of Evolution, and, it is "nothing."

Wake up! The Bible is true. God "created" Man and the "Earth," brought "forth" of its "kind." Woman, God's high and noble creation, should leave off loving "animals"—it's a "sin"—but live with Man under a Divine law of love. For children are a blessing before God. God is not "Mind," but "Spirit-Power" of *Life*.

* * * * *

We really cannot understand why Mr. Bluske's writings have not been given to the public in print before. In several of the State papers and elsewhere we have read much that was not nearly so worthy of publication. His logic is supreme, unanswerable. Truly, his imagery and vigorous wording should make H. L. Mencken blush for shame.

* * * * *

This is enough grass for one time.

The Man Who Yelled

By Roland F. Jones

It was morning. The earth clung moistly to the thick obscuring mist like a homely woman reluctant to lay aside her flattering veil. Banished sunbeans, disconsolate in their exile, strove valiantly to be joyous and were ghastly. Their fantastic splotches were as fragile white flowers on a casket. The stifling depression grinned craftily, satiated with its sense of power. Even the blatant trolleys clanging importantly along on flat wheels seemed perplexed, embarrassed.

To Edward Livingston it meant relief. Bright, sunshiny days roused him, infuriated him. Their shallow cheerfulness jarred sickeningly against the dull monotony of his life, of himself. Better the overpowering omnipresence of this drab, obscuring fog. It was like the too-sweet stickiness of a drug, nauseating, but still narcotic. Its passive hopeless attitude of "what's the use" soothed him, calmed the agonized clamorings for relief, for resistance. His rebellion against drabness, against monotony subsided deep into his soul, it cried out in anguish, but became, rather, an exquisite joy. He had thought that he must yell aloud. That a shout, a frenzied rebellion would shatter the commonplace evenness of life—would free him from madness, from the torture of the deliberate thumpings of monotony. Now a feeling of unreality, of inconsequence possessed him, he became enervated, detached.

The regular, unending cracks of the sidewalk baffled him. They advanced slowly, with much ferocity. When they drew near, they threatened him, then slipped cunningly by. Behind him they grinned impishly, thumbing their noses. The approach of each was like a physical blow. He winced. Again came the passionate desire to yell aloud. The cracks beat upon a cymbal striving to make it ring, convention deadened the sound. He felt it giving way.

But now the streets about him were over-run with people. People, like himself, hurrying to work, to get there on time. They came each from his selfish, individual sphere, and were swallowed up. Their separate thoughts were engulfed in a common aim. Minute by minute they were welded together, enslaved. In the evening a whistle would shatter the welding. The people would scatter, each to his individual sphere, apparently as selfish, as independent as before; but each day they became more completely fused, more hopelessly enchained. The unchanging rapidity of their expression was reflected on Edward's face. His brain became listless, overpowered. He was swallowed up.

II

From the malleable mass of time the hopeless tickings of the clock had beaten a brazen day. Edward went submissively homeward. His head still rang with the dull clatter of the office. All about him other people were hurrying home. Some went as brutes, eyes gloating, disgusting, others like himself, submissive. His brain grimaced scornfully at his unresisting body. Home? Why should he go home? And every movement of his body answered in a heartless monotone, "But you will."

He would quicken his pace as he walked up the short gravel path, guiltily aware that his footsteps sounded reluctant, no longer eager. For a moment the front door would resist his weight, grating protestingly, then listlessly it would swing open,—hopeless. From the kitchen would come the sound of cheerful bustle, oppressively complacent. He would put his hat and coat in the closet, carefully close the door, and walk down the hall. The end of the rug, curling anxiously upward, would drag heavily at his feet. He would swear softly, cautiously, feeling brave and rather important. Then he would open the door into the kitchen. The kitchen —God! The kitchen! His last resistance would melt from him. Before, he would have been sullenly acquiescent; then, he would become entirely passive. Independently he could cease to be, he would be subordinated. Across the small room he would see the red-hot range glowing stubbornly, stupidly. On it would sit the self-satisfied teakettle. From its aggressive spout spurts of dense, choking steam would be vomited forth. He would recoil, revolted; then, overpowered by its damp clinging, he would submit. His wife was like that teakettle. It was symbolic, she was predominant. She would be bustling heavily, complacently, from table to stove. Her hair would be damp and would cling greasily to her head. In the lines of either side of her heavy nose oily drops of perspiration would stand out from the red of her face. Moist hands slightly coated with flour, doughy,

would move carefully, efficiently. She would come to kiss him. Her warm, sticky obviousness would be sickening, but he would be passive.

"Go wash for supper," she would command in her thick, toneless voice, with a possessive gleam in her cow-like, satiated eyes. "I'm bringing it on table now." He would make an unimportant, inane remark and retreat slowly to the bath-room. As he came back down stairs, he would pause on the third step from the bottom. Mechanically he would analyze the odor of food. Beef stew, cabbage, potatoes; commonplace, relentless stench. Perhaps there would be a pie to relieve the sameness, the flatness. He would enter the dining-room and they would sit down. Permeated with cabbage and burning fat, they would ask questions and receive answers. Questions and answers which would vary only in an occasional adjective from those of yesterday, of the day before.

Monotony! Drabness! Why should he submit? A passionate desire beat against his temples. He must shout aloud. He must bite, claw, scream. He must resist, that was it, resistance. After that it would be better. The insidious beat of events would be shattered. The dull, musty stagnation gradually overpowered him, he suffered the agonies of suffocation. He would scream—

But he was at home. He quickened his pace as he walked up the short gravel path, guiltily aware that his footsteps sounded reluctant, no longer eager. For a moment the front door resisted his weight, grating protestingly, then listlessly it swung open—hopeless. From the kitchen came the sound of cheerful bustle, oppressively complacent.

. . . . . .

There was no pie for supper.

III

The sound of splashing water and the dull clatter of dishes soothed him. The coarse loudness of the plush-covered furniture, the harsh pattern of the carpet, were softened by the mystery of an indefinite half-light. His body became vague, unreal. There was a rustle like dead leaves in autumn as the evening paper slipped to the floor. His soul slipped through his parted lips, unnoticed. It soared like music. With awful, triumphant shrieks it reached the summit. It paused undecided, then stealthily down it slipped, whispering, murmuring, sighing. A heavy, blank darkness possessed him, then there was visibility, completeness. There was no reason, no logic. Things merely were. He had come from nothingness into infinity. About him were palaces, huts, cottages, all things. Some, tinsel bedecked, rose from evanescent clouds, some crouched amid exotic tropical wilderness, some were set stubbornly upon icy barrenness, but no two were the same. Each was distant, remote, complete in itself. They were separated by an eternity. Edward was awed, bewildered, and yet wondrously happy. He wished to give himself, to be absorbed, but because he could not understand he shrank back, terrified. There was a presence beside him, indefinite. There was a question. He started. He had seen nothing, heard nothing. But there was the presence, overpowering, compelling, and there was the question, persistent, commanding.

"Who are you?"

He answered, "I am Edward Livingston." And yet he did not speak.

That is nothing. A name which you hear, which others hear. That is not your answer, it is the answer of your world. What are you? What should you be? You alone know and only you may answer.

"I don't understand. It's too big. I'm suffocated."

You won't remember, perhaps you won't understand, but I will explain. These palaces, these huts, which you see are each complete in itself. In each dwells a being, a God. To him it is a universe, all else is invisible. He is the universe, the universe is he. He is almighty, infinite. There is nothing but happiness. There is not always tranquility, that would be boring, monotonous. Sometimes there is turmoil, but always there is happiness. There is no sameness, no repetition, everything is complete, selfish. Each universe is a protest against drabness, against monotony. They are dreams, thoughts, ideals. You would call them unreal, intangible, ephemeral. You who last but a moment, while they go on forever. You are but an idea, a conception, but because you were conceived by a something too large for you, you cannot understand and you are afraid, ashamed. You hide yourself in a body, a body which sullies you, which degrades you in the mere process of existence. A mortal body which rots and drags you — you, the thought, the conception, the ideal, down to eternal oblivion. These Gods were once mortals, but they tired of pretense, of hypocrisy. They cast aside their bodies in rebellion before they rotted, before they degraded them too much, and now each is supreme. You too may become infinite. You may overcome drabness, monotony, dullness, you may know only happiness. But to do this you must answer me. What are you? What should you be?

(Continued on page 28)

College: The Life and the Novel

By Hill Yarborough

Four years of college—four years of iconoclastic, disillusioning, expensive, vital life—and four years of dull books, professors, and classes, of grind and routine, and of credits prescribed for the privilege of writing after one's name two or more letters of the alphabet. And the finished product? A machine-made man or woman of conceited self-importance tempered with an inferiority complex of doubt as to what everything is all about, a mere impractical pedant of questionable temper, or a person with considerable knowledge of many things, a head full of memories both violent and tender, and a vision known to be only a vision. Yet these four years form a never-to-be forgotten, climatic slice of every college man's life. Let his personality be what it will, let his field of study be of whatever branch of learning he chooses, let him possess dollars, or let him possess pennies, he is indelibly stamped with the seal of a thousand or more days of exotic existence in a manufacturing plant of education.

Novelists paint pictures of a round of pleasure, of violent and cataclysmic changes in views, perceptions, and perspectives, of shattered ideals and crystallized visions—and they paint these pictures vividly and dramatically—and correctly. Of the dull, drab days of palling monotony they say little—and rightly. For there are few such periods in college life. Occasionally every student declares himself disgusted with the continual sameness of his existence, and expresses a desire to be out in the world at work. But such moments of depression do not persist for any length of time; another round of pleasure bobs up, another change occurs, another vision is conceived, and another chapter is added to the memory book of college days.

Universities and colleges have been growing since the war with the rapidity of a boy in his teens. Attendance has increased by half in a great many cases, and all evidence points to a still larger development in every way. From every walk of life come the people who make up the student bodies of our modern educational institutions. A long, lanky farmer in ill-fitting clothes sometimes rooms next door to a city slicker who puts as much polish on his head as he does on his shoes; a bespectacled young scholar is often disturbed in his midnight toils by the carousals of some unworthy scion of an old aristocratic family in his midnight brawls; the sophisticated society lizard frequently has to request—and pay for—the aid of his studious classmates in the preparation of some difficult piece of work requiring knowledge of past lectures; and of co-eds—well, they have become so numerous in recent years that whatever is said of men will apply equally as well to them.

Yet in each university, in spite of this strange, heterogeneous mixture of individualistic personalities and types, there is a compact homogeneity of ideas and ideals which makes for unification. Strange to say, in what is supposed to be an intellectual atmosphere, perhaps the most powerful single factor in this unification is the interest taken by the student body as a whole in all phases of athletics. Around the big athletic field centers the talk of the campus throughout the year; in the fall, football holds the center of the stage; in the winter, basketball; and in the spring, baseball and track. All youth is essentially inclined to hero-worship—in spite of the sophomoric attitude of cynical disregard for anything fine and great, and the collegiate contempt of admission of superiority of others over them in any way—college students are no exception to the rule—with, of course, the omission of a small group found in every college who are really sincere in their cynicism and contempt. The cheering, mad, over-enthusiastic mob for whose benefit and money a dodging half back squirms amid wild confusion toward one end of a hundred-yard field is aptly and fittingly described by Percy Marks in *The Plastic Age*:

"Every one, men and women, alike, ... promptly turned into extraordinarily active lunatics. The women waved their banners and shreiked, or if they had no banners, they waved their arms and shreiked; the men danced up and down, yelled, pounded each other on the back, sometimes wildly embraced—many a woman was kissed by a man she had never seen before and never would see again, nor did she object—Wayne Gifford (the cheer leader) was turning handsprings, and many of the students were feebly fluttering their hands, voiceless, spent with cheering, weak from excitement."

And when the game is over, the victorious team is carried in triumph from the field, the losing team is sorrowfully cheered and encouraged, and the players of

both sides are sunk into oblivion, the bona fide students are immersed in studies, the paid player is engrossed in perfecting his pool shots; their waning worship is transferred to the heroes of other sports.

Another great factor of interest, and one given scant notice, satirically or otherwise, in current college novels, is politics. At the mention of the word every promising and prominent man of his class pricks up his ears for the buzzing of the political bee, leading him toward some position of importance; every astute and wily old campaigner of three or more years' experience renounces his vow of being "through with politics" and decides to get into the game once more for the pure fun of it, for the joy of running or ruining a frame-up. Then come the secret bickerings, the trades of fraternity votes, the lining up of doubtful men, two-faced talking, and half-promises no sooner made than broken. And so on down to election day, when henchmen stand around ballot boxes and solicit votes, when candidates wander about the campus with a studied air of unconcern and highly hopeful hearts.

And at last, when all the votes are counted and the results are spread around, how amusing—and how pathetic!—it is to see defeated candidates with heads held high and a forced smile on their lips tell of how they didn't care for the office anyway, but had run just for the fun of the thing. And the winners—ah! there are men who walk on air, for now their names will be on every man's lips, they will be known to all; their mothers and dads, and above all, their girls, will laud them to the skies, and they themselves will surely need new hats, the old ones having become so uncommonly tight in the last day or so.

Closely connected with campus politics are the college publications. The editors are usually not the men with the most fluid ability to write with style and originality, but the men who can combine some writing skill with enough political popularity to put them in office. Their staffs are selected by competition, and strange are the assortments of men who make copy for critical college students! One is foolishness personified, another is a veritable fund of misinformation, a third knows not whereof he writes, knows not that he knows not, and would not care a damn if he did know. Stories and articles are always "full of possibilities," their authors are always "promising,"—and who may expect more?—and the stuff gets across, which is the main point.

On every campus there are those who can write well, and there are discerning professors who take a personal interest in their students: a combination of this writing ability, spiced with a bit of ambition, and the aid of the professor generally get the writer to the front before he leaves college. The publications in the end obtain the cream of their small literary work, even if the cream does seem at times more like skimmed milk mixed with water than the real stuff. F. Scott Fitzgerald, in *This Side of Paradise*, in spite of the succession of moods and gin parties through which his hero goes, gives Amory Blaine enough ability to establish himself as a poet of a sort, and to become an associate editor on the college magazine. Bob Whitney, hero of *The Barb*, made an astounding, rip-snorting success of a light opera, and become the idol, not only of the lesser literary lights and the co-eds, but even of the football stars and the past masters of society and small talk. But then Bob was an exceptional youth, described by a rather cynical, cold, highly conceited, and also highly rated English professor as possessing "a mind as mature as my own."

The college newspaper is a great institution. As in the world at large the daily news is gobbled up by the gullible public, so is the college paper assiduously scanned for bits of knowledge concerning the campus which escape the notice of the ever-curious student. One sees in looming scare-heads that the basketball team won a spectacular victory from a dangerous rival. Down in a corner, almost hidden from sight beneath a glaring "They Satisfy," it is barely mentioned that that same team lost in a "very hard-fought game by the close score of thirty-five to ten." In two parallel columns one reads that a most delightful recital was given by a charming prima donna, and that an unknown dog was run over by an unknown automobile driven by an unknown person. Editorials tell of sloppy mud and inconvenient eight-thirty classes, and ask as a remedy that the early class be abolished; denounce the recent revival of vice on campus, with (im)personal illustrations for emphasis; and give advice to the president concerning the management of his school for boys and girls.

The magazine furnishes an outlet for anything, and welcomes all compositions with open hands and closed eyes.

The comic publication has more choice of its material. Jokes over two weeks old are strictly taboo, anything containing over fifty words is not even read, and any kind of cartoon accompanied by a cryptic comment is always run. Quick is the censure and fulsome the praise when the student body is disappointed or pleased. Everything is made light of, attempted wit is plentiful, and cynical satire never fails to cause a laugh. Of all

the publications, this one is most joyfully received, most closely read, and most carefully mailed to best girls.

The one single phase of college life which gives more real knowledge than all the courses ever concocted by the most practical of faculties, and at the same time is as amusing, as interesting, as strange as any discovery of science or any study of literature, is the symposium of college students, or, in college slang, the "bull session." A session springs up whenever two or three are gathered together in a moment of idleness. On the streets and in the drug stores the topics of conversation are usually limited to athletics, girls, poker, and whiskey; in the rooms the talk is of everything, anything, or nothing at all. Fitzgerald in *This Side of Paradise* and McNally in *The Barb* both deal with this phase of college life, but we must look to *The Plactic Age* for the most interesting, the most true to life, and the most realistic interpretation of the bull session:

"Hugh attended many bull sessions. Some of them he found interesting, but many of them were merely orgies of filthy talk, the participants vying with one another in telling the dirtiest stories; and although Hugh was not a prig, he was offended by a dirty story that was told merely for the sake of its dirt. Pudge Jamieson's stories were smutty, but they were funny, too, and he could send Hugh into paroxysms of laughter any time that he chose."

A modern bull session that might have taken place in any college, and that really did take place in one, began with the Bible and ended at one-thirty with rats. For convenience we will call the four participants Mac, Charley, Harry, and Herb. The discussion began when Mac and Charlie walked into the room in which Harry and Herb were studying.

"What's that book under all those papers, Harry?" Mac asked, pointing to a litter of playing cards, tobacco cans, pipes, books, newspapers, and theme tablets.

"What? . . . . that? . . . . Why, that's my Bible. Brought it up here my freshman year. It disappeared until about a month ago, when I found it in the back of Bill Thompson's closet under a pile of clothes and books and other rubbish."

"That's a helluva place to keep a Bible. Don't you know it's sacred?" This from Charlie, as he stretched himself across a bed.

"No more sacred than this economics book. The Bible's nothing but a bunch of writings by some wise old birds that lived back in the dim, dark ages of the past, anyhow." Harry swung around in his chair to face the two beds upon which Mac and Charlie were lying. "Just like the writings of some of those old Greek philosophers."

"But the writers of the Bible were inspired by God," said Charlie.

"You don't believe the world was inspired by God, do you?" Harry asked.

"Well, Christ wouldn't have come into the world if there wasn't some kind of a God."

"Ever hear that joke about 'Heard in a grandstand'?" Mac interrupted. "Goes like this: Heard in a church, 'Stand up for Jesus'; heard in a grandstand, 'Sit down, for Christ's sake'."

Charlie made a motion as if to rise. "If you tell anything else sacrilegious I'm gonna leave."

At this point Herb came to life. "That isn't sacrilegious Charlie. . . . . Anyhow, I was just thinking about how every living thing in the world came from some sort of an arrangement of matter."

"Yeah; but where did it come from?" Mac asked.

"Oh, it was just floating around in space."

"But how did it get there?" Mac was insistent.

"I don't know—"

"Then there must be a God!"

"Not necessarily; there's some kind of a moving spirit, some power, that directs all things; we just call it God because there isn't anything else to call it. You've got to have faith to be a Christian."

"How about Darwin's theory?" Charlie wanted to know. "You can't be a Christian and believe that."

Mac spoke up with vehemenc, "That's just the trouble; everybody's got the wrong idea. Darwin's theory doesn't mean that man came from monkey; it means that from a certain arrangement of matter everything in the world was formed—trees, people, horses, chickens,—everything! As time passed, maybe a million, or a billion, years, people came to be formed with minds and memories. Why, we might have come from rats just as well as monkeys."

"Mac, you know we didn't come from any dirty old rats," Harry spoke out. "Yet . . . I don't know . . . . We might have, after all."

"I saw a rat up in my room yesterday," Charlie remarked. "It was a little one, though, a mouse. He came out by the bookcase and sat up and looked at me."

"There are some big ones in the barn at home. We keep our car in the barn where we used to keep our buggy, and some nights in the winter when it's cold, and I come in late, just as soon as I drive the car in the barn those darn rats crawl up on the hood to get warm."

Herb was speaking as though he expected to be contradicted.

"Aw, naw, I don't believe that!" said Charlie, amazed.

"Came up there to look at you, I guess," Mac cut in.

"You think I'm—"

"Herb's right," Harry came to the rescue. "It's the same way at home. Sometimes in the morning, when I get out the car, I'll start the motor, and half a dozen rats will run out of the engine. Why, several times I've driven all the way down town, and when I stopped at the curb, a big rat would jump out and run away. Everybody'd have a good time chasing him."

"Well, I'm going to bed on that," and Charlie started toward the door.

"Yeah, it's after one o'clock, and I reckon we'd better let these boys study a little while," said Mac. "But that's the truth about those rats. You don't believe, Herb, you and Harry and Charlie, that it's so, but you ask any of those boys from home and they'll tell you ..... Goodnight."

"Goodnight, boys," from Harry and Herb.

Such bull sessions, while never giving any direct information, or arriving at any definite conclusions, always cause the college student to think, give him a thirst for more knowledge, and make him read and inquire. Perhaps one of the boys in the above discussion will read Darwin, another will study the Bible, a third will go off to another session and tell about the rats, leading from them to almost anything, and the last will use the talk to illustrate a theme paper.

Among the many subjects discussed in bull session is society. The fraternities form the foundation of social life in college. In the frat hall the word is passed around that a dance is to be held in a neighboring city, there the auto party is arranged, there the house parties for visiting girls are planned, and there the crowd gets together to discuss the seasonal dances, the social affairs at the college, and the latest drunken debauch. Most college novels deal rather extensively with the social phase of college life. Fitzgerald tells of Amory Blaine's love affairs, tells of his wild parties, tells of his trips; one of the latter is particularly interesting.

A stolen car is to be returned to its owner in Atlantic City, and a very obliging Princeton student offers to drive it over. A number of boys are quickly gotten together, and the party begins. What with whiskey and punctures and rain and lack of cash, it is surprising that the party ever reaches its destination. After beating meals and beds for a day and a night, need for diversion is felt, but owing to a lack of sufficient funds, nothing expensive could be considered for a moment. Finally a picture show is decided upon. In single file the seven boys march into the show, each one jerking his thumb toward the rear to indicate that the last man has the tickets. But when the last man attempts to walk in, he is stopped. He thought the first man had the tickets; the doorkeeper rushes in to find the others, who by this time have separated and found seats, and the man in the rear calmly enters behind the angry doorman and takes an obscure seat himself.

Grey Towers, by an unknown author, is given up wholly to social life, except in one or two isolated instances, and seems to be an arraignment of the faculty and their immorality more than an interpretation of the life of the college student.

In *The Barb,* Bob Whitney has a flaming affair with the wife of a somewhat dissolute professor, "bumps" a highly rated fraternity, falls in love with a very original and very independent young co-ed, has several girls fall in love with him, and plays around in general quite prominently. In one excruciatingly funny incident he lends his dress trousers to the sophisticated leader of the Junior Ball, and later decides to attend the dance himself. The leader, Jack, was "dragging" to the ball the most popular girl of the campus, and the one with whom Bob was in love. Bob's efforts to obtain the trousers from Jack proving unavailing, he sends a burly cop into the dance hall to get them. Bob puts on the trousers and leaves the discomfited leader of the ball in a hotel room. McNally's description of what followed is best told in his own words:

"Half an hour later a bell boy entered the ball room to page Dick Bacon, a fraternity brother of Jack's. Dick followed the bell boy to room 208 where he opened the door and beheld—the leader of the Junior Ball!

"What Dick saw was something he never forgot. The silk-hatted University Beau Brummel was striding about in shirt-tails and lavender drawers. His countenance was screwed up in a piratical scowl; his swearing would have put a longshoreman to shame.

" 'Look here, Dick!' Jack cried. 'That damn bum, Bob Whitney, has got my pants and my partner! You'll have to—What's the matter with you, anyway?'

"One full-sized look at Jack, and Dick became seized as if by a fit: he rolled about in convulsions of laughter.

" 'Oh, my Lord, Jack, wherever did you get 'em! Wherever did you get 'em?' *(Continued on page 26)*

ON LOAFING

By PAUL *and* JOHN OLIVE

LOAFING is the first and oldest occupation of man. Adam loafed in the Garden of Eden, and was driven out to work as punishment for sin. Thus in the first lesson the Bible teaches us a truth that is inherent in us all—that loafing is paradise, and work is punishment.

The succeeding chapters of man's history have been a constant struggle to regain this happy state. The grandeur and the magnificence of the ancient civilizations of Babylon, Greece, and Rome were achieved only after the people, through conquest, slave labor, and commerce, were wealthy enough to afford time for leisure. The worthy were rewarded with freedom from care and toil. The kings reveled in ease and luxury; the scholars of Athens strolled daily in the Academy, engaged in disputation; the patricians of Rome feasted and amused themselves with games. Idleness always accompanied culture.

The greatest contributions to the art of the world, not only by Greece and Rome, but by the later Italian cities, and by peoples of all times, have been made only after they have become prosperous enough to loaf. That refinement accompanies leisure is axiomatic. America has produced no great art worthy of mention because we devote all our energy to work.

Practical science also pays its tribute to leisure. Not always necessity, but ofttimes idleness is the mother of invention and discovery. The inventors of the Industrial Revolution were all "idle fellows"—"jacks of all trades." Who ever heard of an inventor deliberately and systematically forcing a creative idea? Inspiration comes in calm and care-free moments, and not with the bustle or the routine of work. Consider the case of Sir Isaac Newton, lounging beneath the apple tree, enjoying his siesta, when inspiration, in the form of an apple, struck him on the head. Suppose he had been industriously plowing in the field! Gravity might today be confined to college professors.

Heaven is represented to us throughout the Bible as a place where we loaf and sing. How many people in this life have slaved themselves into an early grave, taking consolation in the fact that in heaven there is "rest for the weary" and surcease from toil! There they can stroll through the golden streets and play on harps forever. Nor is this concept confined to the Christian religion. The Mohammedan reclines forever on his sumptuous divan. But the Buddhist beats them all with his Nirvana—that blissful state of *complete inactivity*.

Of all anomalies of nature, the most distasteful to us is that species commonly called "live wires." The type is ever present. He is overflowing with vim and energy, hustling about with "pep" exuding from his very pores. He dusts his coat, rubs his hands, and slaps you on the back. This fellow makes himself obnoxious to every one. Any one would prefer an inveterate loafer to such an individual.

It is sometimes claimed that there is joy in work, that work is ennobling, satisfying, a cure for every human ill. The fallacy of this argument is apparent from the very fact that *the object of all work is to become able to loaf*. All human endeavor is directed towards abolishing work. To what other end have the advances of applied science been made? For what other reason does the business man work to amass a fortune? With every generation man has increased the amount of his leisure, and it is not too wild a dream to hope that eventually all work will be done by machinery, leaving man free to loaf.

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THE BOOK EXCHANGE

"Student Supplies"

There is No Place Like Home

(Continued from page 6)

other. I hope that they will know me next time they see me, since they looked so interested.

After "blowing" in a few cents on ice creams, candies, soft drinks, chewing gums, and peanuts, we went to the telephone office to "phone" home, to let our homefolks know where we were, and that we were still living. We tried to get the richest farmer in the entire county, but he had gone on business to his old home town.

"I don't care a rap," says I to the operator, who was an old looking woman, "let us have John Stevens, who is our leading merchant, and as my father will be more than apt to be in the store today everything will be lovely."

"Hello, Mr. John Stevens, this is Bert Lee" I said as an introductory.

"Hello, Bert, where in the thunder are you?" responded Mr. John S., "and every body on Iotla is looking for you."

"Well," I said, "tell every body that I will be home in a few days, I guess. I am in the State of Georgia at present, but look out Tar Heels I am coming back, soon."

At this point the operator inquired, "Did you boys run away from home."

I guess Mark was too fresh, but he spoke up with his wrath in control, "No, we only walked."

Poor soul, she began to plead with us to go home. And after she found out where our journey led us, she almost had fits. She through her tears told of her son going there to work, and how he had said that he would rather live on a crust and a glass of water a-day than to work in such a wicked place. At this place, going by what the old lady said, it was a place of drinking, fighting, dice rolling, card playing, and all other wicked means of passing time.

She melted us with her tears, and we made a rush for the open street to keep from crying out loud in the office.

I noticed that Mark was becoming like one ready to do other things, besides what he had planned.

"Bert, for God's sake let's go home," moaned Mark, "I am a Church member, and never can I afford to go to such a wicked place. If the people at home ever heard of me going there they would be sure to "church" me. And besides my father needs me to help work on the farm."

With this prayer from Mark I could hold in check no longer, and with a defeated air about us, we went to the depot and soon held slips which would carry us nearly home.

Again dear reader, picture to yourself two young men who less than a day before this were all that was wild, young bronchos, in other words, who would not wear the saddle; today they were getting aboard the train and going towards home, as gentle as plow animals, and veiled with pleasure as they knew they would soon be at Home Sweet, Home.

Captain Wess and the Passing of an Industry

(Continued from page 8)

Or perhaps he would tell of the time when he was at the dock in Wilmington, and had a quarrel with a member of his crew—a negro who weighed about two hundred pounds. A scuffle ensued during which the captain threw the negro overboard. A farmer and his wife from across the river were on their way to market with a basket of eggs, and had just rowed alongside the vessel in time for the negro to land in the basket of eggs, smashing them and capsizing the boat. He had a fund of incidents of this kind, comparable only to those of danger and adventures of a more thrilling time.

Since the departure of Captain Wess and the *Mary Ann Moore,* there has not been a sailing vessel on New River, but the old inhabitants lament their passing, and regale the stranger with many tales of the good old days when railroads were a wild dream, when Captain Wess and Captain Keyes, and others, passed in and out of the bar with straining sails and swelling cargoes.

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Idols

(Continued from page 11)

hind him. This unintentional posture threw Clem into a passion of anger. "Won't help me, eh? Disobey me, eh? An' me your own father. Not a bit of respect any more." He made his way to the next room, then lurched back again fumbling the whip "Teach yuh some manners. Beat hell outta yuh."

At the first swing the lash curled around Blair's shoulders with stinging force. He put his hands over his face and tumbled to the floor, sobbing wildly. This unprecedented triumph lent mad strength to Clem Fanning's skinny arm. He beat the prostrate body with savage pleasure, endlessly, tirelessly. The body squirmed and moaned—a streak of blood flared on the blanched cheek. Clem's thick whip descended with brutal monotony. Finally he stopped and glared down at his victim. The exertion had partially cleared his fuddled brain and the sight of Blair's tortured, tear-stained face did the rest. He dropped the whip with sudden horror. The enormity of his deed surged over him.

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"Blair," he gasped. "Blair. I'm sorry, son. I didn't know what I was doin'." He knelt down by the contorted body and smoothed back the damp hair. Blair cringed and drew away from his hand. "It's all right, son," Clem urged. "Your old father was crazy drunk. Get up an' let me wash your face off a little. I'm awful sorry for what I did, Blair."

Blair's only reply was a muffled groan and a convulsive flattening of the bleeding face against the carpet.

Clem tugged pleadingly at his son's sleeve. "Get up, kid," he whispered brokenly. "Please, for Christ's sake get up. Don't lay there like that—you who was so brave an' all."

College: The Life and the Novel

(Continued from page 23)

" 'Get what?'

" 'Those lavender drawers!'

"Jack went into a fury; he cursed, stormed, and gesticulated: yet the more he ranted the more Dick laughed. Jack begged Dick to loan him his trousers for the next dance, but Dick, not un-naturally, met the proposal coldly. The situation was too much for Dick; he ran out, hunted up his fraternity brothers, and poured into their ears the story of Jack's lavender drawers. Once the story was put into circulation, nothing could check its onward sweep; it leaped from lip to lip until every man at the Junior Ball was roaring over it. Even the girls began to catch veiled references to it; two or three of them actually heard it in full.

"During the dinner hour the pranksters had a chance to get their work in, and they made full use of their opportunities.

"Jack, sitting disconsolately in 208, was electrified to find himself the recipient of a large package marked

'Dress Trousers for Mr. Lynnhurst.' In his joy he tipped the boy a full dollar; then eagerly threw himself into the business of unwrapping it. After diving through yards and yards of tissue paper, he pulled out—

"A gunny sack!

"A few minutes afterward the telephone rang. Hope once more surged up within Jack's breast; he rushed to the instrument and cried 'Hello.'

" 'This Mr. Lynnhurst?' asked the voice from the other end of the wire.

" 'Yes. Who is it?'

" 'The society editor of the *Herald*. Is it true, Mr. Lynnhurst, that you plan to substitute lavender drawers for dress trousers at all evening functions this season?'

"Jack slammed down the receiver and swore furiously."

College novels, like college life, abound throughout with a wealth of wit and humor. For originality and fun one has only to go to the American college campus.

College students usually get very little from their studies and the reason is that their education is more often than not dished out to them as their food is dished out in the college boarding house. The majority of the professors do not know, and do not care to know the members of their classes personally. This attitude is partly pardonable on account of the fact that so many, many students come and go that it would be impossible to remember them all; ergo, why remember any of them? But there are a few men, called "good" teachers, who take a real interest in the individuals of their classes, investigate their abilities and possibilities, and attempt to train their minds. Freshmen and sophomores have little choice, for they must pass a certain amount of required work in order to get a degree, but under the present system of elective studies, juniors and seniors may choose, to a very large extent, whatever courses they wish. The professor, and not the course, is usually the deciding factor in the choice, for whether the professor be "hard," or whether he be "easy," if he has real teaching ability, if he has one of those over-worked messages to give, he is popular among students.

After four years spent in college, the heroes of novels always wonder if the time and money and effort expended have really been worth while. Most of them decide affirmatively. Hugh Carver, of *The Plastic Age*, thought of his college life as "Four years—four beautiful, wonderful years." Bob Whitney, of *The Barb*, had gone to college to study only what he thought he needed. He was a well travelled young man, and with the exception of a very few disillusionments, managed to get just exactly what he went after, a real education. Amory Blaine, of *This Side of Paradise*, finished at Princeton fully convinced that he had gained nothing in college but a better "line" with which to obtain "neck," a complete knowledge of cigarettes and bootleg liquor, and a thorough moral disintegration. A year of knocking around, however, caused him to change his views, and in the end, thinking of his college life, he decides that college is worth while, and with head thrown back and chest expanded he exclaims, "At last I have found myself!"

Life is a joke
With all of its vanities.
Don't be the oak,
Life is a joke,
Bow to the yoke
Of all its inanities.
Life is a joke
With all of its vanities.

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The Man Who Yelled

(Continued from page 19)

The living-room had grown cold and dark. Edward awoke with a shudder.

IV

The huge clock on the wall ticked a rhythm for the jaws of the gum-chewing stenographers. A splotch of bright sunlight lay upon the floor accentuating its drabness. The click-clack of the typewriters went on and on, endlessly. Each clack shook Edward painfully. The faint, dry rustle of the millionth sheet of paper awoke a quivering echo in his soul. The endless columns of figures marched solemnly before him. Some days they whirled and danced madly. They pretended that they were sirens and he a Ulysses. They thwarted him, exasperated him, but there was no monotony. Today they went by slowly, eternally. Their dull, heavy passivity infuriated him, maddened him. His fury mounted; he became frenzied. Again the passionate urge to shout, to yell aloud compelled him. It rose fiercely, scorching him, consuming him. Vague memories of his dream pushed aside the restraints of convention. Rebellion, that was it, then cool, detached supremacy. He must yell! He must. This dullness, this monotony was driving him mad. He must shatter it. He would! He would! Silent sobs racked his body. The clock struck slowly, ponderously, eleven times. The clatter of the typewriters paused and then went on.

A bloodcurdling, exultant shriek shattered the dull noises. Thank God! At last! At last! He'd won! He'd thwarted life. He'd cast aside convention. He could live! Thank . . . . .

His face turned livid, horrible. A loathsome sound like a death rattle shook his throat. It wasn't so! It couldn't be! It wasn't! It shouldn't be! He beat the desk. He clawed at his collar. But the dull, drab monotony crept slowly upon him. Before it had beat upon him, maddened him; but he had been apart. Now it closed stealthily in. It possessed his brain. He was engulfed.

. . . . . .

When the ambulance arrived he lay like one entranced, painfully, monotonously counting the cracks in the floor.

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DEAR.....,

I just heard yesterday that you were in Paris. It has been two years now since I have seen you and I beg you to come down for a visit. At present we are living a few miles west of Geneva for it is there that my work takes me.

Possibly you have not heard that I am serving the Swiss Government as chief engineer in the construction of that new twelve-mile tunnel on the line from Italy to France. I am afraid that the work is very hard on my nerves, and that is an additional reason why I hope you can come. Your companionship would soothe me I know. Helen and the children are well. Please wire that you are coming.

Your old friend,
HENRI.

I was sitting in the small lobby of the Hotel Beaulieu at Paris when I read this letter. Henri Loisel was a young Swiss engineer who had done brilliant work back in the States some years before. We had attended the same university and had been intimate friends for some time. Then circumstances had drawn us apart and we had gone each his own way. Something in the tone of the letter worried me.

I have always been called impetuous and apparently not without cause for that evening I wired my friend and three nights later I was with him. My host was not the man I had known at college; in less than five years he had aged twenty. His face was drawn and his movements were spasmodic while at no time was he still for an instant.

Early the morning after I arrived, I heard Henri moving about in his room. When I came down to breakfast he was at a telephone.

"Very well Max, keep on going as we have been," I heard him say, then he pushed the instrument from him and turned to me with a cheery good-morning. (There was something in his face that belied the tone of his voice.)

I returned his salutation and stood for a moment looking out through the window across a tortuous valley, then I turned to him. "Come, Henri, tell me what all this worry is about." I entreated, feeling it would be best to come to the point at once. For a moment he paused—I might say hesitated—then he began.

"Of course you are coming over to the tunnel this morning?"

I nodded.

"I believe I wrote you," he continued, "that the shaft is twelve miles long." Again he paused. "Drilling through a thing as substantial as the Alps is slow work, so it is necessary to cut from both ends. Do you follow me?"

Again I nodded.

"I have been here for two seasons now and the tunnels should meet in about twelve or fourteen days." Again he hesitated for a moment and leaning forward to emphasize his words he almost whispered to me, "Suppose the two shafts of the tunnel did not meet!"

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by Mme. Loisel who came in with one of the children, a fine little boy a year and a half old. We had breakfast and soon after started for the tunnel.

Most of the things Henri said to me I understood but imperfectly as he used many technical terms, but one thing which greatly impressed me was the attitude the workmen had toward him. No veteran troops could have been more loyal to their officer than the laborers seemed to be to my friend; their every look was that of admiration and respect. The Max that Henri had talked to in the morning proved to be the head foreman. Work was carried on continuously night and day in three shifts. Though I was much interested in all that I saw, I was glad to get out into the sunlight after my visit.

It was late summer; the snow on the peaks above us was much lessened and the continual buzz of insects and the dense brush and thicket on the mountain side did much to dull that vague depression I so often feel when I am among great mountains, a foreboding that their towering heights and shadows impress upon me, a fear that I am about to be crushed under the dead weight of their cubic miles of granite.

The following afternoon we rode up to visit a glacier that hung on the face of a cliff several miles from our cottage. Though I was intensely interested in the expedition, one brief episode filled me with wonder. We had done with our sightseeing and were on the point of starting back when Henri's oldest child, Marie-Jeanne (a young lady of about four and a half or five), stepped out on the rocks quite near to the edge of the precipice. Had she continued she might have

been in danger, but apparently her father was unwilling to take even such a slight risk for he called her back preemptorily and though the child was quick and obedient, he continued to scold her severely till Mme. Loisel interferred on her behalf. At this, Henri snapped out some curt and really rude retort. Instantly a pained expression came into the eyes of his wife and at sight of it Henri stopped short and apologized—not only to his wife but to the little girl as well. Knowing Henri as I did I was much puzzled that the occurrence should have taken place at all, and the only way in which I could account for his conduct was that he was not well. This was my final conclusion and it was obvious enough to me that his work was the cause of his unrest.

Day by day in spite of all entreaties I could see Henri worry more and more. Time and again I found him plunged in calculations, going over and over his work, and checking it in every conceivable way. Several other engineers had accepted and approved his computations as correct, but a deadly fear seemed to have taken hold of him, and my attempts to persuade him that they must be right, seemed useless.

He would look up at me with a stare and say, "Yes, I know, but—" Then he would plunge into his figuring again. Sometimes he would say, "But think my dear friend, think of the fortunes at stake, think of the vast sums of money the Swiss government is risking on *my* calculations."

One afternoon I heard Max say, "It will be some time tonight that the two shafts will meet." All the way home Henri was morose and silent; he went to his room and locked himself in without eating any supper.

A stone wall extended along three sides of the garden at Henri's home. I had noticed that the light from the study cast Henri's shadow against one of them. After I went to my room I sat in the window and watched it. In the outline I could follow my friend's every move as he sat stooped over his table. Suddenly I saw him start and then bend closer to the work before him; I could see the silhouette of his hand holding a pencil which was moving rapidly. There was something hypnotic about the movement of the shadow and I watched it I do not know how long.

I saw him, with an impatient gesture rise for a moment, seize a piece of paper and again bend over the work. He stopped, the pencil was laid down, and the table drawer opened. In a single moment the shadow of a pistol was raised, there was a shot, and the ghostly show on the wall disappeared.

I rushed to Henri's room, but it took me several minutes to force the door. When I reached him he was dead. On the table was a note. It read:

> *I have found a mistake in the calculations. I have checked my work again and again. The shafts will not come within two thirds of a mile of each other. I am not enough of a man to face the consequences.*
>
> HENRI.

I was dimly conscious that the telephone was ringing. Mechanically I picked up the receiver and put it to my ear. It was Max. He said, "Call M. Loisel. The shafts have met with an error of one-eighth of an inch."

World's End

ANY road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the World!"

World's-End! The place where Mystics discover their ideals at last in their tight grasp, the Haven of the World-weary, the place where the jubilant Scientist unravels the skein which contains at its heart the great mystery of Existence! And "Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the World!"

The deep limits of World's-End seem all encircling; it may be your fortune to find there the clumsy spires of your natal village radiant in the circumambient glow which gilds the very Weathercock and Hitching-rail. Monsignor, the Churchman, may find in his Cathedral such throngs of assiduous Believers that arrows of Doubt —if there could be any—would glance without notice from his shining skull like mercury from a rounded tile. "Now," he would say devoutly, "am I indeed in Paradise (which is but another name for World's-End), thanks to the Good Saints and Our Blessed Lady."

And perhaps even Monsignor, a man of great Transcendental power, could not guess how close to his Own Self lay this Paradise for which he thanked the Holy Saints. How could Monsignor guess that by constantly pursuing any road with divine Obstinacy in our Heads and High Purpose and Awe in our Hearts that we always come to that Cosmic Sphere, World's-End? Could he know that "Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the World!"

Triumph?

I was hunting treasure when I passed
By Angelini's open gate.
(By chance 'twas opened: well I know
How Angelini guards his gold!)
Within were little tables set
Beneath the Bougainvillea vines;
Black-painted tables, slender chairs.
And bending o'er the farthest one—
The crimson bloom is thickest there—
You stood. You did not see me,
And that was well. (For you might have been
Dramatic—and that would ruin the picture.)
Your hair was just as lustrous,
Your arms just as white and slender—
As when . . . .
Oh well! You're married to Angelini now.

But Angelini never sang to you
When low the sea-ward flowing tide
Whispered by the sea-wall.
(Angelini couldn't sing—
He's short of breath—too fat.)
And Angelini never caught a rose from you.
(He is not graceful, Angelini.)
And I know well you never threw
A rose to him; nor would have cared to hear
Had he sang.

But songs and roses are all dead—
They're in the treasure chest that you and I
Have buried long ago. (I hope you've buried yours.)
Still, I should like to let you know
That when I passed by Angelini's open gate
'Twas treasure I was hunting—
And the gold of joy I found
Has made me miser.

There! do you suppose that when
She's read that she'll remember—
Remember well enough to hate
That bloated Angelini? . . . .
(I wonder—did she ever throw
A rose to Angelini?)

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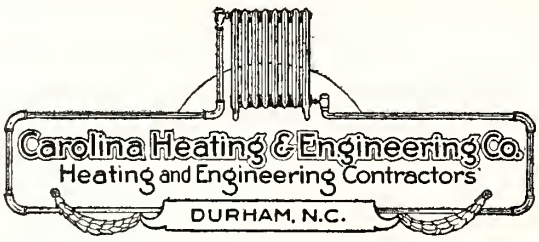

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Quest

By R. K. Fowler

The pen paused at the top of the paper and then minced down the column with inky decorum, leaving behind it a procession of figures. They spilled out in its wake like little black eggs from a conjurer's hat. Straight stalwart ones, twos with beautiful curly tails, long walking stick sevens. With precise determination they filed downward, as if the fate of kingdoms hung on their prompt arrival at some theoretically given point. This uncomprehending but zealous advance suggested an average army on the march. Bravely they pushed through the white expanse before them—stoop-shouldered threes, fat smudgy zeros in perfect, pointless order. Then the pen stopped short and toppled over; a large, clenched hand seized the paper, crumpled it viciously, hurled it at a waste basket. In the tight wad of discarded paper all the tiny erect figures were mashed into a confused and grotesque tangle. Their destination had never been reached; the similarity to an army was complete.

Alvin Boyd bit his lip and kicked at the leg of his desk. For the fourth time the rows of figures had demonstrated their utter inefficiency by refusing to add up to a required amount. At the conclusion of each failure Alvin Boyd had bitten his lip and kicked the leg of his desk, but somehow it had done no good. Perhaps if he would depart from custom and bite the leg of the desk things might turn out better. He turned the thought over in his mind like a flap-jack. No, it would never do. Such a procedure would involve kicking his lip, and the bare consideration of this gaucherie sent a shudder through his frail body.

"You'd better buy some heavier underwear," said Miss Pestle, the spinster stenographer. She was a kindly soul but her face was very unbecoming.

"No, no—I'm quite all right," said Alvin hastily. "It's only these stubborn figures. Their lack of business ability is astounding."

"Perhaps you're thinking about something else," suggested Miss Pestle with an incurably and unendurably romantic smile.

"I am," said Alvin simply. "Art, poetry, and the seven deadly Muses rule my life."

Miss Pestle gazed at her neighbor with a bit of apprehension. He was a poet, and she had judged him perfectly normal except for a slight tubercular look. "And so you write verse?" she gulped.

"Not verse but poetry," said Alvin severely. "This one is called 'Futility.'" He closed his eyes and recited reverently—"Beating wings in golden dust are hampered. Would that my soul might brush the golden dust in cosmic revolutions.——Do you catch the underlying significance?"

"It's something about birds or the Gold Dust twins," ventured Miss Pestle politely.

Alvin Boyd snorted in a well-bred but decisive manner. "Madame," he rasped, giving the virgin Pestle a rhetorical husband in the stress of his emotion—"you are evidently a non-exotic."

Miss Pestle's unfortunate countenance achieved a hurt expression. She suspected that non-exotic was a term of opprobrium directed at her grandfather who had once taken a ride on a merry-go-round and brought disgrace to the family name. Poor Miss Pestle. She was a regular subscriber to the *Ladies Home Journal*, but she wasn't at all clever.

Alvin Boyd picked up his pen and scratched away industriously. Five minutes later he sank to the floor and gnawed convulsively at the leg of his desk; it hurt his teeth but it did his soul good. Miss Pestle looked at the scene with nervous philosophy. "Undoubtedly," thought she, "he is getting inspiration."

II

The boarding house table was burdened here and there with dishes of vegetables. Dishes of spinach, greenly elongated; dishes of beets, passionately red; dishes of potatoes, pleasingly plump. They all wore an air of subdued festivity as they reclined in the china bowls which Mrs. Kinker had gotten four years ago with soap coupons. A delightful atmosphere of expectancy hung over them. They resembled a group of pious citizens gathered for the Judgment Day, clad in ascension robes of red, green, and white and waiting smugly to be snatched into heaven. Suddenly a long arm stretched forth and a devilish-looking fork was jabbed into the pale, shrinking hide of the topmost potato. Its pained surprise was almost visible. Simultaneously a similar instrument found its mark in the rosy, cringing tummy of a helpless beet. Together they were hauled through the air and the trembling survivors watched their fate with vegetabilic cries of horror. Their resemblance to souls at the final roll call was materially strengthened.

Alvin Boyd cast a morbid eye around the board while he unfeelingly mutilated his supper. Mr. Hodgin sat

opposite him; Mr. Hodgin had the appearance of a man who considers a moustache a social asset. Next to Mr. Hodgin was Mr. Cherry; Mr. Cherry was of the type which threatens to baptize itself in its coffee cups. If you have an insatiable thirst for realism, you can fix up the other boarders to suit yourself. They're not especially important. At the head of the table sat Mr. Godfrey Mullet. To say what he had the appearance of would be sacrilegious, for one of his cousins had served on Robert E. Lee's staff. Mr. Mullet was reputed to be a sage and profoundly wise in the ways of the world. When the meal ended with a joke concerning two Irishmen told in Mrs. Kinker's usual inimitable manner substituted for dessert, Alvin drew Mr. Mullet aside.

"Mr. Mullet, I am a poet," he said simply.

"Why not?" returned Mr. Mullet, not quite so simply.

"How did you like that little thing entitled 'Failure' which I read the other evening?"

"The title was extremely apt," said the diplomatic Mullet.

"Thanks so much," beamed Alvin. "And yet people seldom appreciate me. I vibrate in a higher plane. I am planning to commit suicide."

"Splendid! Excellent!" encouraged the sage.

Alvin seemed a trifle discomfited. "But I wanted you to point out the advantages of living and set me on the path of contentment," he said abjectly.

Mr. Mullet took out his glass eye and polished it, which was an unpleasant habit he had when suffering disappointment. But he rallied nobly and replaced his eye with a sophisticated motion. "Nothing easier," he asserted. "You have only to seek out some main interest in life and devote all your time to it."

"You mean my poetry?"

"No, no. I said interest, not calamity. Why not look for God? Beginners find the subject quite enthralling."

"Where is God?" demanded the practical Alvin.

"God is everywhere," said Mr. Mullet sententiously.

"You got that out of a catechism," accused Alvin, who had attended Sunday school in his youth and received a handsomely-bound Book of Job for memorizing several thousand such questions.

Mr. Mullet cogitated. "Well, to narrow it down," said he, "I advise that you go to church. It's His house and it stands to reason that He must be home some time."

The logic of this reckoning slowly dawned upon Alvan like a futurist sunset. He bade a sad mental farewell to poetry and reached to shake Mr. Mullet's hand. His fingers poked through a flimsy picture frame and added further to the miseries of a lithographed "Stag at Bay." Mr. Mullet was not there.

III

Pews. Aisle. Cushions. Pulpit. Choir loft. Janitor. As an afterthought, congregation. Bibles. Preacher. Alvin Boyd was in church. The preacher was praying and had only got as far as the foreign missionaries in his list of blessings, so while he plead for the sick, the town council, and his richest parishioners, Alvin made a survey of the women's hats. They were wonderfully and fearfully in evidence. Here and there a squashy green hat blossomed against the panorama of benches and bowed heads like some vile fungus. A hat crowned with a Greek fruit store full of grapes furnished amusement for a squad of bored flies, who had long ago discovered that the grapes were as artificial as the parson's exhortations. A flat, purple turban served to accentuate the flatness of the head underneath it. Had a philosopher been present he might have likened the display to the gaudy, brilliant pleasures of life which temporarily hide the grim secrets lurking under them. The prayer died a natural death; the hats reared into the air, and indeed the secrets lurking under them were grim enough.

The preacher announced his text—"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." "Heavens! A medical discussion!" said Alvin, who had an aversion to doctors in any form. And he settled down to an intensely diverting perusal of his hymn book. The sermon dribbled along to an insipid conclusion. A stout, placid soprano chanted a doleful anthem of which Alvin caught two words—"grave" and "banquet." They didn't seem to go together so well. He dozed. A collection plate was forced upon his attention. He carefully examined the congregation and failed to see any person corresponding to his vague picture of the deity. None carried harps; none wore halos. God was evidently not at home, he thought. After the faithful had mistreated the bleeding corpse of "Holy, holy, holy," he added to himself, "and I don't blame Him much. Maybe He has an ear for music."

As Alvin was leaving the preacher stopped him and grasped his hand with a passable imitation of man-to-man cordiality. "Well, brother, did you come to join my little flock?"

"No," said Alvin naively. "I was looking for God."

The preacher shrugged deprecatingly. "He no longer attends. I have taken over his duties and am able to handle them in a remarkably capable way."

"I wished to see him personally in order to—"

"He was so frightfully old-fashioned in his ideas," the preacher interrupted. "He believed in the Adam and

Eve myth. Ridiculous. He upheld the virgin birth. Preposterous. From such fallacies I strive to shield my sheep."

"Goats," amended Alvin, sotto voce.

"I conduct my church on a strictly modern basis. All the latest improvements."

"Hot and cold running water in every pew," put in Alvin.

"Such levity is not needed," remonstrated the divine. "It is still the Lord's work, even if his antiquated formulas have been abandoned."

Alvin looked about for some weapon. He saw only a palm in a heavy pot which he knew he would be unable to lift. The temptation was great, but alas, the muscular system was incompetently weak.

"I have carefully weeded out the false dogma," stated the servant of God, "and only retained what I consider the purest flowers of the assortment."

"Poison ivy," muttered Alvin. "Stink weed."

"I am always glad to see new faces," burbled the unctuous voice. "You must come to our big church dance Friday night."

Alvin became coldly business-like. With a superhuman effort he heaved the potted palm into the air and telescoped it over the preacher's sanctimonious cranium. "If God is ever so misguided as to stop by here, tell him I called," he said.

IV

Miss Pestle's pudgy but nimble fingers skipped and ambled along the typewriter keys like overfed lambs. The keys rose and fell obediently beneath her artful pressure, each endeavoring mechanically to see how many times it could make its mark in the world. As they rattled out bills and statements they seemed to swing unconsciously into a charming, clicking melody such as a mother typewriter might use to lull her little ones to sleep. But the president of the firm did not enjoy the tune; he was in his private office striving vainly to arouse a spirit of osculatory reciprocation in the prettiest of his three stenographers, and the noise interfered with his technique. While Miss Pestle wrote she fervently masticated gum, which was a social error. Moreover, she sat with her legs crossed, which was both a social and a physical error—for Miss Pestle had been thrown together in a rather impromptu fashion.

The door opened and Alvin Boyd entered, which was not remarkable for he had done the same thing for nearly two years. He seated himself at his desk and brushed off its top with a small camel's hair brush which the president had thoughtfully given him for just such a purpose.

"Did you have a pleasant Sunday?" nasalized Miss Pestle.

"Quite," said Alvin with true American courtesy. "I went around to God's house but He wasn't in. Also I started to commit suicide."

"And didn't you?" she queried.

"Certainly not. The poor fools who are taking God as their main interest in life are getting such a raw deal that I believe I am much better off. Please don't tell anybody, but in my opinion he has left home permanently. Too many modern improvements."

"You don't say!" said Miss Pestle. But considering that Alvin just *had* said, the reply was somewhat idiotic.

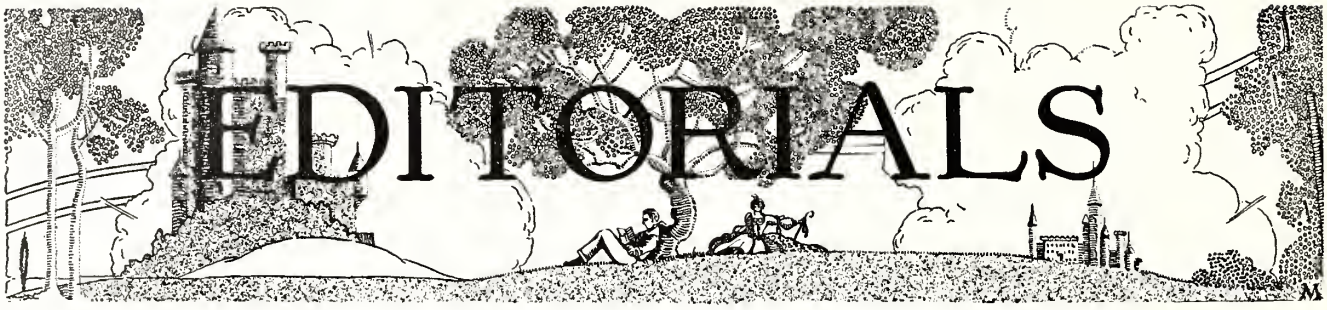
"After all," mused the poet, "what does it matter if the hoi polloi fail to appreciate me? In my opinion I am a genius—so it stands to reason that I must be." He reflectively sipped a little ink, which always aided him in the labor of composition.

"I am now working on a poem entitled 'Panegyric,'" he breathed rapturously. "It starts like this: Earth blindly holds in its circumambient hands the fruit of brazen ages.——What do you think of my delicate insinuations?"

Miss Pestle wisely kept silent. As I may have mentioned before, her intellect was a trifle cramped.

Street Danger

Pyrrhus had a martial soul—
  Leader of the Greeks—
Killing Romans was his goal,
  Cutting off their beaks.
Pyrrhus took a little stroll—
  He had had a drink—
A woman lopped him from the roll
  With a roof-tile, I think.



We Say Nothing Unless—

Not long ago we heard someone criticizing college life because it develops expensive tastes, makes a man want something better than that to which he has been accustomed, better than he can afford after he leaves school. "Look," said this man, "at these fraternity houses," and he pointed at the new fraternity row. "I know," he added, "several boys who are living in these houses now who are developing tastes they will never be able to satisfy." They, he thought, would stay in debt and be miserable most of their lives because of these insatiable desires they were developing. Yet, he was in favor of education—exactly what kind we do not know, but we suppose he would prefer some kind which would not cultivate expensive desires.

We have never yet seen any brand of education which does not develop insatiable desires. Some men come here and develop tastes for gin, cigarettes, lip-stick, bawdy-living, and cheap expensiveness; some develop tastes for power, wealth, applause, honor, and glory; and to some education is a revelation of emptiness, of futility in thought, action and being. It is these latter whose desire exceeds all. Theirs is a taste for perfection only, theirs is an eternal hunger.

Rum is not the only home ruiner. More apparently useless suffering has been caused by idealism of one sort or another than by all the gin that has ever flowed. We would be willing to lay a wager on the proposition, if it could be examined closely, that the masculine love for the truth has broken more homes and made more wives miserable than all the brands of booze and accessories that have ever been concocted. For the truth can be far more brutal than any old soak.

It has long been a part of popular jargōn that the things we love most can hurt us worst; and in spite of its popularity, it is true. We know a young man who loves music. For eleven years, at least one hour a day and often as much as two or three, he practiced on a piano, trying to learn to play. Then, when he was about eighteen years old, for the first time he heard a great pianist. Immediately he saw the great contrast, the near perfection of the one, the hopeless mediocrity of the other. He has never practiced on a piano since.

This young fellow, like the one who tries to commit suicide after a disastrous love affair, is just one of another species of idealists: When he discovered the impossibility of realizing his dream, resolutely he turned away. If he could not have perfection, he wanted nothing; he would not compromise with his ideal. Some people interpret this sort of action as weakness. And if idealism is weakness, this is weakness.

In a large proportion of the people of this country, there is a deep-seated fear of idealism. The great number of organizations which exist for the prime purpose of exterminating it wherever it appears prove that the dread of idealism lies deep in the good Sunday school people of our dear land. And no wonder, for it is the most relentless bogey with which one can become possessed.

But it is a foolish fear that looks on education with the suspicion of its being a possible fostering parent of these desires for things eternally worthy. The most of us could pass through hell and back and see nothing. The most of us, even if we could taste things divine, would be content to grow fat on garbage.

But the educational jar comes when one who thinks he has been tasting food for the gods finds that he has been feeding on garbage. Then such a one loses what little pride he may have had in his sensitiveness; he no longer treasures it. Instead, he looks on the dumb with envy. "Good Lord," he mutters disgustedly to himself, "would that I were a senseless brute like these others."

On Ambition

And now we feel that we have prepared the way to make a few trite remarks on this subject.

Of the many attitudes toward ambition, there is that of the individual who is simply ambitious; there is the individual who adopts the attitude of sneering at or trying to look condescendingly on those who strive for power and glory; and there is the attitude of the one who can find nothing worth having power over, no glory that is worth gaining.

The simply ambitious seems to us to be God's elect, and, usually, he knows he is. In him there is little or no conflict between mentality and feeling. He may lack one or the other almost entirely; or he may be one of those composite paradoxical impossibilities, a blending of unblendables. But we have our doubts. Everywhere,

in all activity, the simply ambitious is found. As a business man, he is a go-getter. As a church member he praises God for having made him such a fine fellow and wants Him to make him better. As a teacher he is a reformer and has what he thinks of as high hopes for mankind. As a writer he is convinced that only through the appreciation of good literature, such as that which he writes, can the world be saved.

Whether he is an actual member or not, he is a Rotarian; one that is such a thorough part of the wheel that oftentimes he doesn't know it. And, indeed, in spite of his would-be detractors he is the select of the earth, the most admirable of all the varieties of the species man. He is the sort who safely got over skepticism in his youth. Sometimes, he isn't "exactly clear in his mind" as to what it is all about, but he has the calm faith that his activity and purposes coincide with the Divine, of which he is an important part. And with serene confidence he drives away at what he has persuaded himself he was designed for.

When one looks on such a figure, one is forced into silent wonder at the perfect mixture of sublime assurance and colossal stupidity. One even becomes reverent in contemplation of the perfection of the mixture; and one becomes envious.

On behalf of the one who sneers at ambition, we have not much to say. In such cases it seems that there is a vague mental awareness of inferiority, of emotional weakness, ineffectiveness, and incompetence against which the mind attempts to erect a barrier by discounting the value of what the individual lacks. In other words, sneering at ambition is one way of attempting to reconcile oneself to a lack of mental vigor and physical vitality. For no matter how firmly one may be convinced that activity is ultimately useless, one is faced with an immediate world of life and action. One must eat and drink and wear clothes. To sneer at ambitious activity may even seem elevating to the sneerer as an evidence of superior intellect. The worker in it may think he is getting somewhere.—How many times those of this ilk have been heard to say: That will never get you anywhere. And the one who finds no accomplishment of real value wonders what they mean.

This creature who can find no firm basis for ambition is the most unlucky of all. He has the satisfaction neither of thinking he is doing something worth doing, nor of self-assured superiority. He does not even want satisfaction, if it must come in terms of the things he knows. He is an idealist without an ideal; he is an idealist incessantly searching for an ideal. But in spite of his mental sea-sickness, he knocks along with activity according to the beat of his pulse. And if he ever goes before the throne of the great white-whiskered One, he will be sure to look straight in the all-seeing eye and ask a few questions.

Your Home Town

New students at the University who imagined that they were getting away from country drabness and rural isolation when they came to Chapel Hill will find much here to remind them of the old home scenes. Eighty percent. of North Carolina's population in 1920 was rural, and the University is a fair sample of the State in the make up of its student population. It is a rural civilization, then, that North Carolina has, but not a civilization that does not offer problems as hard and as knotty as those of states more urban. They are problems whose solutions demand real statesmanship; and who can say but that the biggest kind of statesmanship is that kind which leads college men and women to see the first claim to their services in their home communities.

The North Carolina Club, of ten years existence at the University, is organized to study contemporary North Carolina, economic, political, and social. This college year the topic to be discussed over eighteen meeting nights is the general one of town and country relationships. Perhaps there is nothing of more importance to North Carolina and to the South at the present time than the matter of promoting right community relationships and forward-looking programs for local development. When our people come to look more to their own community institutions and agencies for the satisfaction of wants and less to Raleigh and to Washington; when they organize for that efficiency at home which they demand of the state and national governments, then there will surely come a new and more wholesome basis of prosperity. But the new basis for local welfare, and the local assumption of welfare responsibility is too often prevented by division between the town and its surrounding country population, seemingly arising out of the mere fact that townspeople are townspeople and country people are not. It is of utmost importance that the conflicting interest of town and country be reconciled. In the words of Mr. Luther Fry: "Just as the respective attitudes of labor and capital are vital to industrial peace, so the attitudes of village to open country and of open country to village are vital to agricultural peace. Yet all too often these rural contacts are characterized by friction and hostility."

If you are concerned about the welfare of your home community, if you wish to help correlate the interests of town and country in your section, you are invited to join the North Carolina Club. E. T.

THE PASTURE

MORE DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE

Sept. 11, 1925.

Mr. Charles F. Bluske, Inventor
Asheville, N. C.

Dear Mr. Bluske:

Ever since receiving your circular about your bicycle and evolution I have been wanting to write to you. I had never thought very deeply along the lines which you explained so fully; but what you have said has stirred something in me which will never die.

Civilization to me also is a sickening spectacle and these scientists with their evolution bunk are the most sickening part of it. The public must be undeceived about them; they must not be allowed to stop progress any longer, as you showed they were doing. But what can we do about it?

I am editing The Carolina Magazine this year; through its pages we have an excellent opportunity to expose these scientists. And you as Inventor of Power Generating Apparatus, Expert on the Law of Applied Power and Teacher of Christianity by Authority of Spirit-Power, can help me greatly if you only will.

The greatest trouble with these students seems to be that they cannot understand the Biblical account of the creation of the world. I must admit that it isn't exactly clear to me. Could you write something for me to use in The Magazine explaining the beginning, the creation of Adam and Eve, the original sin, where Cain and Abel got their wives and other questions like these? Incidentally you might say something about your bicycle and its power-generating apparatus, and how it proves the scientists to be all wrong. You have an opportunity in this way to do a lot of good. Working together, there is no telling what we might do.

Will you let me hear from you soon?

Very truly yours,
The Editor,
The Carolina Magazine.

Chapel Hill, N. C., September 24, 1925...

Mr. Charles F. Bluske,
Asheville, N. C.

Dear Mr. Bluske:

During the last few days I have been more busy than usual and have been unable to answer your letters. To date I have received four of them—I shall not attempt to tell you here what deep joy they have given me. For a long time I have been wanting to see someone come out and expose these scientists—, someone with courage, someone fortified with the strength of real knowledge.

Now in a few days I shall send you the first issue of The Magazine in which you will find some of your work. It will be, I believe, a revelation to a good many of the students here. Indeed, I fear they will doubt the real existence of such a courageous person as yourself—and there is only one way of which I know by which we can convince them that you are real and mean what you say. Could you send me the cut which the printer used in making the picture of yourself and your bicycle? If I could print this, it would be convincing. If any of these cuts are available will you please send them to me right away? I will return them as soon as they have been used.

In this time of false prophets it does my soul good to see some one come out and stand squarely on the truth, refusing to compromise.

Yours in the cause,

Cordially,
The Editor,
The Carolina Magazine.

Asheville, N. C., Sept. 14, 1925.

Editor of The Carolina Magazine,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Sir:

You may publish this.

I sent to you on the 12th of this month some writings, and I came across of a copy of a letter I sent to the Kentucky Legislature, I think, two or three years ago, I miss the date. But here it is:

> The Kentucky Legislature
> Sirs:
>
> I think it to be one of the greatest honors which ever could come to the State of Kentucky to knock out the rotten wind-bag, lie-teaching, thought-lowering, Christ disgracing, Scientific-pollywog theory of Evolution, "tinkers," not thinkers. Ever dealing with rotten monkey bones, to find the organism of man,

instead with the God-Given wisdom that we have.

We are a Divine make-up, for an animal finds no sweetness in a Rose, but to us a Rose is sweet, disproving the silly evolution theory at once. An insult towards our Creator, Evolution is a theory, not a fact, as a great Evolutionist once said to me. "Because," he said, "We cannot prove it." So! We have allowed our child to wander in fancy, or theory, that maybe, some millions of years ago, it crowed like a rustor, barked like a dog, and swam like a fish and ran like a horse and talked like a jack-ass and acted like a skunk and ran like a deer and jumped like a frog, and, all at once, we jumped into our own life, but we were not there when all this went on, so, we must call it a theory, of Evolution of the animal kingdom, not a fact. How silly for a man of good reason to set forth such foolishness. There are thousands of all kinds of animal life, and germs and bugs but the life of man is no kin to an animal, which came from the germs of the earth. * * * *

If the first cause of organic life were like a leep-frog, in the Beginning, we still would be jumping around from tree to tree, and, would never have gained the wisdom that we have to-day through our Creator and the Blessed Lord Christ. The Bible says, to be not like animals which have no reason.

Let us be men of Reason, not be devils or braying jackasses of the Evolution theory, which according to the Bible shall be cast into Hell.

The world to us is sweet, and Human Life is Real, and God a Reality, let us move on, to higher grounds, in Christ, the Hope of Glory.

CHARLES F. BLUSKE,
Inventor.

EVOLUTION SONG

By CHARLES F. BLUSKE, *Song Writer*

There's a beautiful southern home,
Where in child-hood I used to roam,
'Tis the place of my birth so dear—
Seems the sky's ever bright and clear.

There ever I long to be,
In the State of Tennessee,
There oft we've played in childhood so true,
I'm writing sweetheart to you.

CHORUS:

Scientists are monkeys, making awful wail,
Scientists are monkeys, and are holding the monkey's tail.
Scientists are monkeys in the State of Tennessee,
And monkeys are dying in the State of God's sunlight so free.

Asheville, N. C.
Oct. 14, 1925.

The Editor,
The Carolina Magazine,
Sir:

It seems to me that you do not care to publish the writings I sent to you for I did not get any of the Magazines you were going to send me. * * *

I saw your Photo in the *Yackety Yack* of 1925, and, as a reader of Human-Nature, your eyes and forehead show wisdom, but I do not like the looks of a silly guy named "President Chase," for I found no Self-Wisdom in his head, but a sickening look about him. I do not know this guy Chase, but I think he holds to evolution, for all evolutionists show an insanity mark on their head, as the Bible proves.

So, return the cut and all writings I sent to you by Parcel Post. I will send the price in stamps to you after they get here.

"Kick out evolutionists," for I have more respect for a whiskey bootlegger than for an evolution bootlegger, who is sailing under the trend of foolishness. Had you acted fair with me, great honor would have come to North Carolina, but silly scientific boobs are to blame, and must be driven out of our country before the Kingdom of Christ can be set up.

CHARLES F. BLUSKE,
Inventor of New Science of Power.

Asheville, N. C.
October 14, 1925.

The Editor
The Carolina Magazine
Gentlemen:

Your Magazine came to hand, which throws great light to the public and honor to the State of North Carolina, to think that the young rising generation is moving on to higher ground, leaving behind the old scientific "foggies" who are everlastingly dealing with notions. All science must be based on accuracy. If I did not know that my machine produces "power" I should let it alone, so that scientific world should let the theory of evolution alone, if they cannot prove it, for I demonstrate and prove what I am setting forth.

As stated in the letter sent to you of my reading of human nature, you possess the makeup of "wisdom," and much good can be done to bring humanity out of their sleeping rut to a higher and better civilization. For the publishing of this article in your magazine, I will see to it later on that your name will go down in history, when I will manufacture this wonder in Canada next spring, so keep on publishing the things I sent you.

Wishing you success in all your undertakings for the honor and glory of our Redeemer, our Lord.

Yours truly,
CHARLES F. BLUSKE,
Inventor of New Science of Power.

ADVERTISEMENT

The Editor of *The Carolina Magazine* wants (and probably will need) a bullet proof vest. Interested in all sorts of safety and protective appliances. Send communications relative to the above to Box 510, Chapel Hill, N. C. Please rush.

The Cup

Fill up the cup, boys, full!
Let no one go to rest.
And make this bright night dull—
I've passed a mid-term test;
So set your spirits free.
The wine makes us all friends
To join in revelry—
Good wine makes all amends.
And here is Bacchus' great invention;
So drink, boys, drink to—your distention.

After Posidippus

Smite me, ye profs:
Uncultured brute am I,
And fairest prey.
Cast me down, Math:
Destroy me with cubes and pi,
There's nought to stay.
I'd struggle for the honors of degreedom,
But studying makes me lose my sense of freedom.

Pink Violets

This is the age called Jazz
We live in the age termed Plastic.
And yet—there are immutable things—
There is still the rain on a tin roof,
Lulling, pattering, soothing.
Rustle of Spring, Thais, and Melody in F
Make the "cutest" fox-trots.
And a friend who can *drink* more
Whiskey than I can smell, confides that
"To want nothing is divine."
. . . . . .
This is the age called Jazz
We live in the age termed Plastic.

The Transformation of Doc Paul McIlhany The Third

By Erwin Hoffman

"Doc" Bernard Paul McIlhany the third sat on the front porch of the Phi Psi house, and contemplated a deserted campus. Doc was a heritage. Doc was also a pain to the Phi Psis. A pain is collegiate for thorn in the side, and heritages are boys who join a fraternity because their father and grandfather belonged to it. A close inspection of Doc's physical attributes would not seem to indicate that he was a pain to anyone —that was the trend of the Phi Psi's cogitations during the short rushing season. Doc had a well-formed body that the Phi's gave inward thanks for his father's maknig him clothe in Brooks' cheviots and linens. His blonde hair was an asset even if it wasn't plastered flat, and he really had nice eyes when he smiled. So why should Doc be a pain? The answer to that lay in *his* mental qualities (and the Phi Psi's). Doc had an intellect. Furthermore, he took philosophy sixty-four, and sociology nineteen. Well, that really wasn't so bad —the sociable Phi's had been known to initiate athletes and grinds—one type was useful as atmosphere for week-end games, and the other a convenient asset for writing up house-parties and dances. The trouble then, lay in the degree to which Doc possessed these qualities. Brother Phi's didn't object to his playing on the tennis team, though they would have preferred that it be polo, and they didn't mind the philosophy so much if he hadn't made it a hobby. Why, he refused to let rushing of freshmen interfere with classes, and he seldom went to a dance, unless his Godivian order was giving it. Worse yet, he knew or cared little for the fraternity, its members and interests, he *never* drank and conscientiously spoke to *everyone* on the campus.

These then, were the reasons for Doc's being a pain, and these were the reasons why Doc surveyed a deserted campus. *Everyone,* it seemed, had gone to Halesburg for the "annual spring classic" of Marion and Stamfort. Doc didn't like intercollegiate baseball games and the accompanying drinking—besides, he had some reading to do on Leibnitz. The work hadn't been as long as he had expected—Doc had finished before lunch, and was now employing his time playing the few classic records the Phi Psi's kept for initiations.

Doc felt within him certain stirrings and unborn desires not exactly philosophical. Now don't begin to think he had spring fever. No one of Doc's mental capacity would have spring fever; but the freshly-clipped lawn, the petalling shrubs and a few delirious song-birds had affected him rather strangely. That was why he sat on the cool, tiled, porch, wound the Victrola, and listened to the "Kashmirir Song," "The Meditation," and "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," played by Phillip Sovereigno in fox-trot time. And the longer he sat in the comfortable wicker chair, the longer he was inclined to sit. He propped his moccasined feet against the cement porch-railing, and closed his eyes.

The symphonic conclusion was reached—the record began its protesting monotonous clicks. Doc opened his eyes and reached for the tone arm.

"Good gracious," he gasped, as a blinding light, like the reflection from a mirror, struck his face. He blinked and gazed down the gravelled driveway. The rays had come from the wind-shield of a maroon roadster, which was turning in towards his house. Doc watched its approach with interest—it was a sport model Lincoln, driven by a lone girl. It pulled up quickly, and stopped precisely and intimately near the grey stone steps.

"Hey, pretty!" the capable driver greeted, and without waiting for response, she opened the door and slid to ground. "Doc Paul" regarded her with widened eyes—or was he merely glimpsing something that has made Coles Phillips famous? Then he recovered himself sufficiently to get up and start to meet her.

"Is Tod Ames here?" his guest asked in a surprisingly low, and yet sweet voice. Doc-Paul was too busy taking note of her canary-yellow frock, her Peter Pan hat, and dainty shoes, to say nothing of fuzzily blond hair, and vivacious eyes, to reply immediately. She started to repeat her question, when he finally answered:

"N—No, ma'm" (he mentally kicked himself for the addition) "Tod left this morning with Phil Seagraves for Halesburg—I just signed a telegram for him, too," he finished.

"Uh-huh—Bet it's mine. Lemme see it," she commanded.

Doc-Paul fished it out of his knickers pocket. She

ripped it open, let out a feminine "damn," and handed it to Paul. He read:

Wait for me for game. Dad gone to Philly. Love.
PET.

"I'm Pet Ames," explained the girl. "Dad and I were visiting Aunt Johanna in Marsden, when he was called off to Philadelphia. So I thought I'd drive over here for Tod so's I could go to Halesburg—you see, Marsden is a cross-road only thirty miles from here,—but I can't drive ninety miles to Halesburg in hopes of running into Tod—why, he may be 'passed' stone cold right now, and driving all that way alone is too much, besides"—the attractive creature ran on in the sprightly manner of all young girls who visit fraternity houses.

"Paul McIlhany is my name," weakly murmured "Doc." "But can't"—. He broke off, seeing for the first time a diminutive replica of his own fraternity's badge, known as a "sister pin," upon "Pet's" dress.

"Are you the same McIlhany who went to the Southern championship finals last fall?" she asked.

Paul flushed. "Yes m—" (he succeeded in choking that "ma'm").

"Oh, well—I really know you then, 'cause I followed *all* the write-ups. I play myself."

Paul emitted an inane "Indeed?" He didn't like girls who played—they were generally inveigling him into mixed doubles, which was detrimental to his service. He came to the surface long enough to ask, "Won't you sit down?"

"No," she replied decidedly, "I must either find some one to go on with me, or go back alone." She thought a moment.

"Is Frankie McLean here?"

"No, Frankie graduated," Paul supplied.

"Bootey Bain? Marshall Regan?" she continued.

"No, they all left this morning. I'm the only one in the chapter here."

"Well, you're a Phi Psi—can't *you* go?"

Doc-Paul had not expected this. It was a new thought, and his first reaction was one of approbation. Then he reconsidered. No. Such a young woman must be taught her place, even if she were a brother's sister!

"I'm sorry—I stayed over to make up some work, and I really can't get off—I wish I could"—he ended in a wide concession to this girl's charms.

"Heavens! Are you the grind—I mean"—It was out before Pet could stop it, but she would not have regretted it had she known its ultimate effect.

"I'm not dressed, and besides, I really can't go." Paul evaded her slip.

"Well, I must be getting on. I promised Aunt Johanna to phone her from Halesburg, and as I can't do that, I'd better be back in Marsden before she begins using that morbid imagination." Pet started down the steps, slowly, disappointedly.

Paul decided that his determination had *not* weakened. It was simply a case of fraternal ties, hospitality and courtesy being awarded the decision over personal preference and convenience.

"Wait a minute," he cried. "Do you mind waiting long enough for me to change into some clothes?"

Pet turned, her face lightened, her eyes smiling. "No, silly—but give me a cigarette before you leave me—I'll promise not to smoke out here."

Paul was ashamed to confess that he didn't smoke regularly—he avoided it by saying:

"Come on into the lounging room—I'll get a pack from upstairs." He remembered that Marshall Regan had a carton in his room.

Twenty minutes later, a freshly-shaved Doc climbed rather self-consciously into the seat beside Pet. He was really a fit subject for a Cluett-Peabody advertisement—his "London lavender" suit had the draped appearance that only a good tailor can give—his new Panama was fresh and clean. Pet decided that she was going to like this boy. She compared him with his hat.

"Quarter past two," she commented, as she swung the nose of the big roadster out of the drive, and pointed eastward. "We oughta be in Halesburg by four-thirty—'bout the sixth inning, I hope."

The air rushing past cooled Doc's head and restored his contentedness of mind, yet the ribbon of hard-surfaced road slipping beneath the wheels disturbed his equanimity. Doc felt a curious mixture of serenity and haste. He eyed his companion who drove so unconcernedly and skilfully. A glance became a scrutiny—"She isn't looking," thought he.

"My nose shiny?" she queried. Doc lost his detached air.

"No, I was just observing how much you resemble Tod," he parried and went on: "What is your real name, er—Pet?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten that. I was named Patricia, and of course that's impossible. It changed to Pat from Patsy, and finally Dad ended it all with Pet—No, I didn't get 'Pet' on a houseparty." She laughed.

Doc-Paul could not see the incongruity of Patricia—it seemed a rather nice name to him. He had almost assembled sufficient courage to tell her this when she asked:

"If we don't find Tod, what will we do?"

Doc-Paul grew bold.

"What would we do if we *did* find him?—I mean, what do we need him for especially?"

"Well, first I wanta go to the Ainsley dance—but I'll have to have a place to dress." She smiled at him.

"As a last resort, you can depend on me to carry you to the dance—there'll be enough of the gang there to keep you from being stuck. We'll have to think about the place to dress."

"Paul, you're perfectly darlin'. I hope wo do find Tod though, 'cause it's enough to make you ride up here with me—and to drag you to an old dance!"—she left off with another smile. It did its work.

"Since you've *made* me come this far, you can pay me by letting me take you anyway." Paul thought he turned this rather well.

"How *lovely!* And you *really* want to? But where *can* I change?" She rushed on as quickly as the roadster, "Do you have any relatives or friends here—we *can't* go to a hotel."

Paul thought and then reddened. "I've an uncle here—he's a bachelor, but his housekeeper used to be my governess. He isn't here now, and I know it'll be all right," he proposed half-timidly.

"Oh, you darling! I ain't a bit proud, and I know Tod'll be glad he won't have to clear whiskey bottles outa his hotel room!"

"On to Halesburg!" he repeated the campus phrase; "and eventually, the dance."

Conversations with Pet weren't hard to begin, Paul found—and once begun, they required astonishingly little mental effort to continue them. And she really knew surprising things—she liked Sinding and Mozart—she quoted extracts from the Rubaiyat, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and "Schopenhauer's Essays." Moreover, she didn't think it odd that he had taken interpretative and folk-dancing. He started with surprise as he recognized the sky-line of Halesburg. It had only taken them two and a quarter hours for the ninety miles; and such short miles!

Then an impressionistic haze—a walk to the bleachers—red-and-white streamers and black-and-gold streamers—finally, seats; and then five innings of really good baseball. Doc found Pet's interest in the game contagious—she could recognize the players from the stand and knew the names of more than he—he had to brace to keep from being a "flat tire." He whooped feelingly with her when it was all over—Polk struck out the last batter, and Stamfort had won—almost jubilantly he helped her out of her seat and down the steps.

"No sign of Tod," he commented as they waited at the gate. His tone was entirely cheery.

She laughed delightedly at him, and suggested: "Let's go to the sacred uncle's for supper—just as a relief from this push. Or will the housekeeper have anything for us?"

Doc acquiesced completely. Mrs. Bartlett's surprise at seeing them was exceeded only by her desire to please. Buying "extras" at the delicatessen was a lark—supper was something to be long remembered, and he was decidedly anticipatory for the evening.

A mysteriously cloaked figure descended the wide stairway of his uncle's house. "Do I look like a bootlegger's daughter?" Pet laughed at his stare. "Look!" she commanded, loosening her cape. An "Oh!" came reverently from Paul, and then and there he decided that all so-called Spanish types should be blondes. For not a gown, but a magnificent orange Mexican shawl covered a none-too-prudish Pet—a shawl embroidered with crimson and black roses. It was colorful, daring and exotic. Paul inanely wondered where she had gotten such an original idea.

"Paul, honey, let's get some pain-killer here 'stead of in town—it's a sure thing from 'unkie's' bin," Pet suggested.

"Where's some?" Paul asked stupidly.

"Didn't you notice the sideboard at dinner?" she asked. "I saw a ducky little bottle of Gordon's there—I like gin better anyway—leaves no traces on the body of the victim."

Paul confiscated the bottle with its seal unbroken. He asked in a blasé way: "Reckon this is enough?" and held his breath lest he had made a break—didn't people usually drink quarts? But Pet was reassuring.

"Gracious yes—are you a funnel? I just need the cork myself—we *do* need a bracer after our ride and all, though."

Three drinks later, the Ainsley hotel ball room had two promising additions. Paul saw a smooth if crowded floor, many orchestras (there really were two), Fiji islanders in silks and filmy, flimsy clothes, and one beautiful, different creature who was at his side. One of the many light-suited figures rushed out of the stag line and embraced her—Paul drew his arm back in protection against such familiarity, then it dawned on him that it was Tod.

"Where you been?" he demanded of him brusquely. Fraternity brothers who concealed good-looking relations were not to be dealt with lightly.

"Hey? Oh, me? I'm staying here—Did you bring Pet up?"

"No, sugar, I brought him up—he was awfully impolite 'bout not wantin' to come. But are *you* stayin' here—have you a room?"

"Sure, we can stay together tonight anyway—you won't have to drive back. Doc, I saw Don Lester a few

minutes ago—he asked particularly about you.—He's financing the dance" (Don was an old preparatory school-mate of Doc's). The orchestra swung into a degenerate offspring of "The Bohemian Girl" and Tod danced off with Pet. Doc sought his old friend Don, who was proprietorily regarding the musicians. The two boys shook hands enthusiastically and alcoholically. Preliminary questionings disposed of, Don exclaimed:

"Paul, you sure can do me some good. I need a feature number for this dance—can't you get a good partner and give an exhibition?—'member how we did the Argentine at Vermont Springs? I had two pro's engaged, but they didn't show up."

"Hell no!" said Paul decidedly. "Shine out here? Besides, I haven't a girl, and I wouldn't pull you around that floor for love or money"—

"I bet you wouldn't," Don backed off at the mention of such an idea. "Come on out with me—I'm gonna get a drink."

"We'll take one together," Paul substituted. Don regarded him amazedly.

"You? Good God, the Phi Psi's have worked wonders! Come along, bozo!"

A few minutes later, Paul found Pet talking to a lanky boy in brown. He pulled her aside.

"Looka here,—Don Lester has asked me to get a partner for an exhibition tango. If you'll do it, we can go into the grill room where we can hear the music, and practice. It ought not to be hard—I've danced it in shows, besides having had it under Sadi."

"Of course I will—but let's try ourselves out together first—come on!"

* * * * *

The music ceased—the trap drum rattled and reverberated, the cymbals clashed; and the pianist climbed on the top of his instrument, megaphone to his mouth:

"The next dance will be an exhibition of the Argentine tango by Senorita and Senor X!" he shouted above the noise and chatter.

The floor cleared, the uproar subsided as the lights went off, and a spot-light focused and fixed itself on the double door, expectantly waiting.

The figures of Pet and Paul appeared; in the glare their make-up was perfect—she was voluptuous, seductive, and he quixotic. The music began, and the couple, studiedly careless, circled the floor once, waltz fashion, to insure self-confidence. The effect of the music (and the gin) was to restore their ease, and the fandango itself began. The spot-light softened and changed shades—the music played steadily on. Turning, whirling, the two figures came together and in a pirouette they blended and seemed one—they separated; and facing each other circled again, watching each other's moves in the acting that is as contributing a factor in a successful folk-dance as the bodily movements themselves. An imperious stamp of the foot, a commanding look—the two figures blended together again, swayed, spun around, stopped and reversed. The one figure again divided with almost explosive quickness—they parted and bowed low, and with a surprised gasp, the audience realized it was after all, merely a dance. The music died away, but not the applause.

* * * * *

A congratulatory ring of Phi Psi's closed in on "Brother Paul" and Pet after the second encore. Handshakes, felicitations, and greetings were exchanged. The Phi Psi's were not a crowd to be amazed—they rather expected unusual and commendatory feats from brothers, for, after all, was not *he* a member of *their* fraternity? So their surprise therefore was not so difficult to conceal, and they fancied they were doing it rather well.

"Buddha" Macy broke through the ring. "Buddha" was a Pi Beta and sufficiently drunk to be determined; insufficiently to be unintelligible.

"How are you, Mrs. Ames?" he commenced. "Paul, where in th' hell did you learn to dance like that? Boy, you sure are"——But Paul heard only the first sentence. He dazedly stared at Pet, and was rewarded with a blush. He sobered completely, and started towards the door, evading the boys with mention of "Make-up—be back in a minute."

Doc-Paul did not wait to reach the door before he turned savagely on Pet with an unchivalric: "*What* the hell do you mean?" Truly, he had learned fast.

Tears sprang into Pet's eyes. "Paul, I didn't know it'd turn out as it did. I really was going to tell you in the car coming up, until you said how much I looked like Tod. I didn't think then that you'd have come on if you knew we were married, and when I didn't see Tod at the game, I was desperate. I really wanted to dance with you and as he hadn't given me away, I thought I could explain to you tomorrow—but that fool 'Buddha'!" She was really crying now, and Paul drew her into the deserted corridor.

"It's all right now." He spoke clearly, but his tone carried little conviction. Then, brutally, "Go powder your nose—I'll send Tod after you." She slipped away, and he stood pensively, a rather grim figure. Then he turned and stalked toward the ball-room.

"Where you goin', Paul?" It was the faithful Don.

"Me? Oh hell—I'm gonna get drunk," said Doc Bernard Paul McIlhany the third.

The Warning

By Edward Scheidt

From the time of the primal savage to this day the belief in supernaturalism has exerted a great influence over man. With the rise of science, especially in later years, we find long-held popular delusions falling one by one into the discard. In this generation the tendency is, for the most part, to accept a new truth readily, once satisfactorily proved. This fact must be a great solace to any one concerned with the advancement of learning. Indeed, it is not difficult to understand that this must give an impetus to the efforts of scholars which their forbears unhappily never enjoyed.

In some instances, however, persons cannot be turned away from false ideas. For example, a large number of people today are firmly convinced of the possibility of communicating with the dead. Many of their convictions have been shown later to have come from rather doubtful sources. Evidences of forgeries, of retouched photographs, of deception, have been produced all to no avail. In the minds of the subjects spiritualism exists, and by a queer twist of reasoning, they argue that it is beyond man to change it because it is higher than man and outside of his jurisdiction.

Elsie Travers was as bright and intelligent a girl as I ever have known. From a little childhood playmate with whom I spent many a carefree hour, I watched her grow into a beautiful woman. I do not know when I first realized that I was in love with her. It must have been as soon as my childish mind was capable of entertaining thoughts of love, for I cannot remember when I did not love her. Other growing youths have had their passing fancies, but with me it was always Elsie. No other girl ever seemed attractive to me in that way. Elsie knew from the first of my affection for her, and, with that soft and tender devotion of which pure womanhood is capable, returned my love warmly. For all her beauty, she grew up unspoiled, the picture of joy and health. Her wonderful brown eyes were crystal pools of depth. They were magnificent. I could have sat and gazed into them forever. All the gentle compassion of her sex was mirrored in her countenance. It was only when she would smile at me that I knew the real meaning of ecstacy. She could be thoughtful, too, and when she would knit her pretty brow in thought I would be all eagerness to solve her problem for her. In the moonlight her beautiful auburn hair became a golden glory. It was a dark background mellowing her fine charms. Here and there a stray lock, foolish lock to attempt to escape, enhanced it all with a look of delicate freedom.

When I returned from college and established myself in business I found Elsie the same dear, faithful pal that she had always been to me. I was successful from the first and it was not long before I felt that I could ask her to join me as my companion in the great journey of life. To my great joy, she accepted me and the date for the happy event was set three months later, which would give her ample time to make the preparations every woman finds necessary, but with which I, of course, am altogether unfamiliar.

My own home was across the street from Elsie's; Mother and I lived there alone. Elsie herself was an orphan. She and her housekeeper were the sole occupants of the Travers house, which was part of the estate left by her father. The building was a very old one. Several generations had lived there before and none had seen fit to remodel it except as necessity demanded. Lately, however, the long and continued wear had begun to tell; the house now looked dilapidated and the roof had started leaking again. Elsie at first had been loath to change anything about the cottage which had been the scene of her birth. She had a vague feeling that to do so would be something akin to sacrilege —an unfaithfulness to the traditions of her family. Finally matters could be put off no longer and she realized that extensive repairs would have to be made if the place were to continue habitable. An excellent carpenter was employed, and under Elsie's direction, the work of renovation went forward rapidly. When the job was completed, the cottage really looked quite modern, and I congratulated Elsie upon the success with which she had carried out her ideas. But, in spite of the rather pleasing appearance which the place now presented, I could not dispell a vague feeling of uneasiness. Some lurking force seemed to whisper to me: "There is something missing here—something wrong." I tried to shake it off. It was only natural, I reasoned, that the changed appearance of the place I had worshipped from childhood as the shrine of my beloved should affect me so.

One night about a month after Elsie had consented to be my wife and shortly after the last bit of repair work had been done on her home, we were sitting together on her front porch.

"John," she said, "you will laugh at me when I tell you, but I haven't felt right since the place was fixed. I have a queer, haunting feeling as though something were hanging over my head. Last night something that sounded like light footsteps woke me up, but as soon as I was really awake I heard nothing more. It scared me a lot. What do you suppose it was? I've got a queer feeling."

I was taken aback to learn that Elsie had felt uneasy too, but it would not do to let her know that I had experienced the same. What was even more disquieting was that she had actually imagined some unknown presence.

"Nonsense! Dearest," I replied, "it is just that you hated to see the old place torn down. I was fond of it too. As for the footsteps, they probably belonged to some fellow who had been out on a late party. Forget it—nothing to worry about."

Elsie pondered for a moment. Then she said, "Of course you are right, dear. It is very wrong of me to worry you with my imaginings. This feeling will go away soon, I'm sure. Let's talk of something more cheerful."

In the next few minutes we quite forgot the short spell of gloom that had been cast over us. It was the old, happy Elsie that I bade goodnight an hour later.

The next morning was Sunday and I slept late. Finally the sound of voices across the hall in the living room awoke me. "Something terrible is going to happen, mother," I heard Elsie say, "Oh! Why didn't I leave things like they were?"

I jumped hurriedly from the bed and threw myself into my clothes. Then I crossed the hall to find Elsie in mother's arms. I could see that mother had been affected by Elsie's tale. I made Elsie repeat it to me. She had gone to bed determined to forget her foolish worries and had fallen asleep soon enough. She had not slept soundly and the noise of the midnight train which passed a block from our homes was sufficient to awake her. A moment later as she was about to drop into slumber again—one, two, three! Footsteps echoed on the roof above her head! They stopped a moment, then—one, two! and all was still. For a long time after they died out, hours it seemed, she lay there waiting for something to happen, but nothing happened. When she finally did lose consciousness she sank into a restless sort of coma. With the first streak of dawn she arose feeling dead tired. My mother has always been an early riser, but this morning she was hardly awake before Elsie was over, telling her everything, trying to relieve the heavy weight of vague terror clutching at her bosom.

"You aren't well," I told Elsie. "You've been working too hard. You need a good rest. Promise me from now on you'll leave everything to Mrs. Jones." Mrs. Jones was Elsie's housekeeper.

Elsie sensed that I was doubting her, that I was attributing to her nerves conditions which she had described as facts. She was hurt.

"Oh, John!" she cried, "it's not my nerves. *I know!* As I lay there I heard. Father would have understood. Now I know why he never repaired the old place!"

"Hush, Elsie! You're all to pieces!"

"The Travers are reproaching me for destroying the old home! They love and cherish it as I should have done. I can see father shaking his head sadly."

In spite of the extraordinary circumstances causing it, I was startled to hear Elsie express such a strange belief. We had discussed many times the grotesque, the weird, the supernatural, and it had always seemed preposterous to us that a soul once beyond the great pale could return and communicate with this world. The living and dead were two kingdoms, and it was fated that man should never know what awaited him until he had crossed to that final bourne, the destination of us all. And when his soul was wafted away, it was written that he should be powerless to convey it to his dear ones that he had left behind.

Twice Elsie had heard ominous and mysterious footsteps above her head, moving about in the dead of night. It was sufficient to change her life-long convictions. I saw the danger of this. Unless this delusion could be arrested it might cause a physical or mental breakdown. I kissed her quivering lips.

"Sweetheart," I said, "do not weary your mind with these thoughts when we are going to be so happy. There are no ghosts wandering around to harm you. They could not help loving you, and I shall not let a ghost take you from me. Forget it all. It is impossible. That walking you thought you heard was just some of the timbers creaking. I have known of such things."

She returned my embrace. As I gazed into her loving eyes, with my whole soul I resolved to fight this unseen force which was threatening the woman I loved. I resolved to break up this ghostly business which was causing her such intense suffering.

That afternoon I found myself studying over the problem in a calculating, analytical way. I made a complete examination of the interior of the house and then climbed expectantly to the roof. I had saved this for the last for I felt that if I could not find anything elsewhere the answer to it all would lie here.

The roof over Elsie's room was apart from the main roof, for the room extended abruptly from the back of

(Continued on page 26)

Care and Comedy

"So you have just finished at the university and are looking for a job?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you think you will be able to handle our work here?"

"I ought to be able to, sir, having received an 'A.B.' in commerce."

"Oh, so you graduated in commerce? Just what did that sort of course constitute?"

"Besides courses in economic theory, sir, I had courses in salesmanship, in marketing, in business administration, and in the correct methods of business letter writing."

"I take it for granted, of course, that you always excelled in scholarship."

"I wouldn't exactly say that, sir, my degree shows that I passed them all."

"What do they call these—activities, that's it—did you take part in any of your college activities?"

"Football team, sir, right tackle."

"H'm, that's interesting," and the president of the bank tapped on the arm of his swivel chair and shifted his point blank gaze from the flushed face of the nice-looking but embarrassed young male individual sitting in front of him. "This letter-writing business. Do you think you learned anything? How about collection letters, do you think you could handle some?"

"A fourth of the course, sir, was devoted to collection letters alone."

The president resumed his open-eyed stare. "Well, that's not saying how much you got out of it. There's a place open in our collection department. Dictating letters for overdue notes, drafts, and interest will be practically all that will be required of you. Do you want to make a try at it?"

"Yes sir," and he could not keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"There's a man outside waiting on me; so I can't talk to you about the kind of a salary we'll pay you, but I think we shall be able to arrange that satisfactorily later. You'll have a desk of your own and a stenographer. Just a minute while I ring for Sellers, who will explain your new duties to you."

* * * * *

"Good morning. Are you my new boss?" inquired an extremely pleasing voice, and the young man deeply engrossed in a stack of mail on his desk whirled around to encounter a figure so petite, and a face so piquant with laughing brown eyes that he would have thought he was a clerk in a matrimonial bureau and this a new client if he had not known that he had been hired to fill the position of assistant in the Collection Department of the American National Bank and Trust Company. Short black hair curled out from under a jaunty red hat cocked over one eye.

"Yes, good morning. How are you?" He really did not know what to say. "I'm Hugh Davis, you know. Won't you have a seat?" That "A.B." in commerce represented no course for the Wise and Efficient Management of Stenographers.

"Not just yet, thank you." The voice was really quite pleasing. Gracefully extending a small hand towards him, she continued, "I'm Louise Rose, your stenographer, and I'm very glad to meet you. I hope I shall be able to do everything satisfactorily for you."

"No doubt in my mind whatsoever. I'm sure of it." And the brown eyes looking at him seemed almost black through their black eye lashes. The brown eyes liked the broad shoulders. He was just tall enough, and had the most open countenance and the friendliest smile.

"Let me remove my hat and I'll be right back and ready to start," she said. He sat down but his mind did not concentrate readily on the letters.

"We've got a bunch of them this morning," he remarked when she was sitting down at the side of his desk within touching distance. With her notebook open, her pencil poised, and her smiling face upturned, she was a picture of readiness. "Shall we begin?" She nodded her response. "This letter is to a Mr. J. R. McBride at . . . Let me see. I can't make out his address. See if you can read it."

He handed her the letter, and she bending over it a second then responded promptly, "Room 12, Hunter Building, City."

"Now I'll continue. 'Your note for' . . . ." He stopped and looked at her helplessly. "You know I never have dictated one of these darn business letters before. There is something on this note about interest and principal. Do I write about them as one amount, or separately?"

"I believe it is best to put it separately."

"Mr. Sellers gave me a form letter to follow, but it is not as easy to do as I thought it would be. 'Your note for five hundred dollars with interest at 6 percent for one year amounting to thirty dollars will be due and payable on the fifteenth of this month. Your prompt

attention to this matter will be greatly appreciated by us. Thanking you for your business with us, we are, Very truly yours . . . .' Now, that's finished. Do you think I shall be able to break through the fifty-eleven more that are here?"

"You are doing fine. It won't be long before you get on to how its done and you'll go so fast that I can't keep up with you."

He had mopped his forehead with his handkerchief several times and also slacked his thrist at the drinking fountain during the two hours and a half that he had been dictating. Whew!! He thought to himself as he ran his finger around the inside of his collar, tackling a man charging down the field with two men for interference was taking a walk on a cool summer evening compared with this. Over half the stack yet remained. He looked at Miss Rose and wondered how she did it. She looked as cool and fresh as an ocean breeze, and her head drooping a little lower over her book was the only sign that two hours had elapsed.

"I am afraid I've tackled a bigger job than I can handle," he said. He was getting apologetic for the lengthy periods of time which constantly elapsed between his words, phrases, and sentences. Heaving a sigh from the very middle of his athletic figure he again began what seemed to him the ten thousandth "Dear Sir," and walked over all interference in the first paragraph only to find his way blocked by the second. He could not find an opening into the second paragraph to save his life, in spite of numerous "a-ahs" and "u-ughs" which he hoped would prompt Miss Rose to make another one of her thankfully rceived suggestions. However, she remained dumb like the perfect stenographer. "Darn it," he almost howled as he pushed upward for fresh aid. "What's wrong with the world? It looks like every body owes every body else."

"Why don't you put that in your letter," she inquired?

"You can write these letters a million times better than I can. Why don't they let you do it", he demanded?

"I did, before you came."

"Did they know it and put me in here over you? And at her not of assent, "What in the hell . . . . . ," I beg your pardon, Miss Rose, please excuse me. But I'm a little hot. Why do you stenographers stand being treated like this? Why don't you kick, and kick like . . . I mean, why don't you object?"

She shook her head. "We're used to it." And her smile still curved up towards her eyes even though her head drooped.

"I've got entirely new opinions of stenographers," he confided bending towards her.

"I hope they are nice."

"Nothing better in the world."

"I meant your opinions," she objected.

"And I meant stenographers," and at the look he gave her she believed him. "Let's get down to business. You've actually put an idea into this backstop of a head of mine. Ready?" "Dear Sir: Darn it! What is wrong with the world? Every body owes every body else. If you would pay us your small but long over due account of four dollars and twenty-eight cents, we would be able to ....." A pause, he floundered around.

"Meet some of our own obligations," she prompted.

"Right. Thank you. By the way, were you ever under obligations to anyone?"

"I hope not."

"Meet some of our own obligations," he continued, "and in that way," another pause.

"Help some other fellow put a clean sheet in his ledger book," she prompted again.

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"Help some other fellow put a clean sheet in his ledger book," he repeated, and ended triumphantly, "Try it and see. That ought to start a little action. Either that tight-fisted, low-down, son of a, either that gentlemen will pay us that measly little four dollars and twenty-eight cents or Hugh Davis will be out of a job and that's no joke."

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed since the erstwhile football player had first tendered his services to the American National Bank and Trust Company in the capacity of assistant in the Collection Department. The President of the Company sent a message to the department requesting Mr. Davis' presence in his office, and as Mr. Davis was not in at the time, Miss Rose said that she would deliver the message as soon as he came in.

He turned a little pale when she told him. "The old duffer wants to see me in his office? It's that letter. I know it's that letter. Which means my job has gone fluey. And I'm sorry, Louise. You don't mind if I call you Louise, do you? Or shall it be Rose? You really are a perfect bud, you know. I had been planning to tell you something. I haven't known you very long, but, we don't believe in long, overdue accounts, do we? We believe in prompt payments and discount for cash, don't we? I might have had trouble in saying what I was hoping to tell you, but you would have prompted me, wouldn't you? Let me go to see the old . ., but I can't hate him because if it hadn't been for him I never would have known . . . oh! You know."

In spite of the brawn in his arm it was a feeble knock that Hugh Davis made at the door of the president's private office.

"Did you want to see me, sir," he questioned politely.

"Come in and have a seat, Mr. Davis. Here's a letter signed with your name. Did you write it?"

"Yes sir."

"Mr. Davis, that isn't the kind of letter . . . "

"I'm sorry, sir."

"That isn't the kind of letter that it would pay us to write as a rule. But in this case it was excellent. He had been owing us that amount for over a year, and if he had not returned the letter with his check I would never have known about it. You did not tell me that you were the only original business letter writer, when I hired you."

"No sir."

"I'm not praising you for the letter. It was a very rash thing to do, and shows the rankest inexperience, but we are promoting the head of the collection department

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"Why I'll try it, sir. With interference I'm sure. . "

"With what?"

"I'll do my best, sir."

"All right. That's all."

* * * * *

"Louise, little did I think when I started in this collection department, that I would collect you." And he did right into his arms.

"What shall we do now, Hugh," she whispered?

"Start a museum to hold our collections," he whispered back.

The Warning

(Continued from page 22)

the house. It was as though the builder years ago had suddenly decided when the work had nearly reached completion that the house would not be large enough and had added another room to the back. Its roof sloped only enough to provide drainage in rainy weather and created the appearance from above of a kind of porch extending from the main structure. A window opening over the room from the second story provided the means for one to climb upon the roof. My investigation showed me two things. One was that an improvised clothes line was stretched across it to a post on either side. The bed clothes now being aired on the line told of its constant use. The other was that it was impossible for Elsie to have been mistaken in hearing a man walk upon the roof. The repair work that had been done had included a new tin roof. It was a stiff, thick quality of tin that had been tacked down and as I walked across it, it cracked loudly, announcing my presence. I was glad to be convinced of what I had told myself all along was true: that the forces that were harrowing Elsie were not supernatural ones. "If there is any ghost wandering around here," I mused, "it's a hundred and fifty pound one."

I did not tell Elsie all that I had learned, for I did not see that it would prove a great relief to her to learn that someone, an escaped lunatic perhaps, was prowling about on her roof at night. Besides, this hypothesis entailed further difficulties. For him to reach the roof, it seemed necessary that he be within the house, as a close inspection convinced me of the impossibility of scaling the wall. That he was not in the house now, I was sure. I had gone from room to room and I did not believe he could have eluded me if he were there. There was one other possibility, that he ascended by means of a ladder, would walk across the roof and climb back down again, and then make his escape. Whatever it was, I determined that I would learn everything that very night. I told Elsie as much as I could without adding to her uneasiness. I assured her she was in no danger, that she need have no fear of the ghosts of the past coming to haunt her, and that I was in a fair way to solve the mystery. She trusted me and obeyed me when I told her to spend the night there again and try to feel as though nothing were going to happen.

It seemed to me rare good fortune that a splendid moon cast down a silvery glow that night. On a dark night one feels as though enshrouded by the inky space

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—then is not a time when one wants to look for ghosts. One can see a short distance, then everything ends abruptly. Prison walls rise up on all sides and when one gropes about to find his way one does it as if expecting each moment to feel the sides of those walls. How different it is when the moon smiles down upon a placid earth! The walls recede and the landscape seems to fade gradually away into the distance. The glare of the daytime sun is not there to make one half-close his eyes to protect the aching orbs. Instead, eyes can be opened full-wide to rest upon the soothing velvet of the hills covered with rustling trees, sprinkled with the soft moonbeams. But there are also shadows passing which always give one the creeps—suppose something should jump out! It was on such a night as this that I armed myself and hid in the shadow of a clump of bushes a short distance from Elsie's room. The tin roof was plainly visible from where I lay as I began my long vigil—my wait for the strange nocturnal visitor.

Finally the light that went out in her window, told me that Elsie had retired. The hours dragged slowly by and I found myself waiting for the approach of the late train as a relief from the monotony. And I remembered also that the other visits of this strange creature had occurred shortly after the coming of the train. Could there be any connection between the two events? I wondered. The rumbling of the train in the distance ended these thoughts. I changed my position. I could feel my muscles tense as I waited for whatever might happen. The great search-light cast an arc over the landscape as the fast express rounded a curve not far distant and then thundered on. The noise died away in the distance, but nothing came out of the darkness to terrify Elsie. I felt my hand quivering, and cursed involuntarily.

Then suddenly a deep cry of fear rang out. I felt a chill run up and down my spine and lodge in the roots of my hair. But only for a moment. Then I rushed forward to save Elsie from whatever danger was threatening her. The light went on as I rushed into the house and banged on her door. "It is I, dearest!" I cried. "My God! What has happened?" Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, had hastily thrown on some outer garments and joined me at the door. Together we entered when the door was thrown open a second later. Poor Elsie rushed forward half-clad and threw herself sobbing on my shoulder. She was alone in the room.

"My dear," I said as I drew her tightly to me, "you sha'n't stay in this house another minute." Picking her up and holding her tightly in my arms, I carried her across the street to mother. Mrs. Jones followed closely in our wake. "I'll not stay in that house, either," she muttered.

The terrible fright to which she had been subjected had worn Elsie completely out and she fell into a deep sleep almost before mother had finished tucking her in. As for myself, sleep was impossible. I seldom smoked, but tonight as I sat on the veranda one pipeful after another disappeared as I tried to steady my nerves. I turned my mind back on the night's happenings, but try as I would I could throw no light on them. I fought desperately against the supernatural hypothesis, but when at last the golden sun peered above the horizon I had

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to admit that the spiritualist would be able to account for what I could not. Nevertheless, I saw but one course for me and that was to fight for what I believed to the bitter end. Anything else would be equivalent to passive submission while these forces were conspiring against one who was dearer to me than life itself. Besides the whole business was out of the question, impossible, mad. There was a flaw in it somewhere. There must be! nerves? No, not *that!*

I phoned the office I would not be in that morning and waited patiently for Elsie to awake so that she could tell me everything. Late in the afternoon she regained consciousness and called for me to come to her. The last two nights had told heavily on her. There were rings about her eyes and a leaden look on her naturally bright face. It goaded me immeasurably to see her poor, drooping features and realize that I had failed to help her. She had faced unknown terrors all to no avail. She told me as I held her hand in mine what had happened the night before. The footsteps again, only this time they were louder and more ominous than before. The others might have been wandering spirits but this was an avenging one. I patted her cheek and tried to laugh it off. But it could not be done. Her nerves were shattered. She must go off for a rest.

"I shall never enter that house again," she said. "Something dreadful's going to happen, that noise is a warning, and I'm going to take it."

I did not try to dissuade her from this, but told her that she was to make her home with us at once. Her eyes thanked me. I did not say much more, for I knew the subject was a painful one to her. Sensing that she wished to be alone, I left the room soon afterward.

Taking my hat from the rack, I left the house and strolled aimlessly off. I wished only to think, think. I must solve the appalling mystery. So much depended upon it. I turned the events over in my mind again. Elsie no longer had that vague feeling of dread. Things had now shaped themselves definitely. These supernatural instances had resolved themselves into a threat, a warning. A threat against what? I did not know. Could it be, as Elsie had at first imagined, that the spirits of former Travers were angry because the old home had been rehabilitated? I discarded that. I could not see what objection they could have to a tumble-down dwelling being repaired. If it had been left to the elements much longer it would soon have been destroyed. Thus its time had actually been lengthened. Then my mind wandered off farther. Why had the last footsteps been heavier than the first? Elsie's feeling that the other spirits might have been wandering ones, but that this one had a definite object did not account for the differ-

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ence in sound. Wandering spirits would weigh as much as those with a definite object. But suppose spirits differed the same as mortals did? Then it would be plain that the last spirit was a different one from the other two, just as Elsie had divined. The idea of spirits wandering about visiting early habitations was a difficult one for me to accept, but their having different footsteps and weights, I threw from me as untenable. Here, something seemed to whisper to me, must lie the solution to the mystery.

For the first time I noticed where I had wandered. I was on an unfrequented country road perhaps a mile from my home. In the distance I saw a lad approaching me. For some reason my eye rested upon him and remained there. Gaily he came up the road. As he neared me a peculiar clicking noise enveloped him. I gazed curiously at him, forgetting my problem for a moment.

"What have you in your hand, sonny?" I asked him.

"They're givin' 'em away at the store," he replied, with childish evasion, poking out a queer looking button to me. I took and examined it. It was another of these ingenious novelties which enterprising concerns use to keep their wares continually before the eyes of the public. A luscious salad stared at me from the celluloid front. I turned the button over in my hand. On the back a stiff piece of tin was fastened at the rim, and, by means of a wedge at the foot of it, was made to extend from the button at a slight angle. It was an article known to all growing boys as a "snapper." Holding the button in one's forefinger, one could press down the protruding end with the thumb and release it a moment later to produce a metallic snap pleasing to the youthful ear. I handed it back to the boy and continued my walk. "Strange what people will capitalize," I thought. "That tin is protesting against being used for that purpose. No, it can't be protesting, for if it were, it would cry out when the boy bends it down. It is rejoicing at being released, for the louder sound comes when he takes his thumb away and it straightens out again. H'm, that tin's moralizing; it says: You can always come up after a superior force bends you down."

Suddenly it occurred to me that it was around a tin roof that all my troubles centered. Could there be any relation between these two things? Was not the tin roof bent down when one walked across it? And could it not later—I felt a great thrill run over my body—straighten out? Then, overcome with the simplicity of it, I shouted out in my joy. I wanted to run back at full speed and examine the roof at once to convince myself that there could be no mistake. I did turn around and start back at a much more rapid gait than I was accustomed to. As I walked, I thought. How perfectly everything fitted in now! The clothes line, the train, the new roof. During the day the tin was bent down when Elsie or her housekeeper walked across it to hang up the bed clothes and take them down again. At night the train would come by and the shock would straighten the tin out. The vibrations would go from end to end and so produce the effect of footsteps just as though some one were walking across the roof at the time. Why were the footsteps louder the last time? Why, of course: I had been on the roof the last day and naturally my foot had been planted more firmly than that of Elsie or her servant! How easy! How simple! How quickly had a natural conclusion shattered a supernatural hypothesis!

There is not much more to tell. A subsequent examination of the roof proved the correctness of my theory. I explained it all to Elsie and while she outwardly accepted it, I could see that strangely enough she still clung to the idea that the supernatural was in some way connected with the episode. Under no circumstances could she be induced to set foot in the house again. Knowing the great strain she had been under, I quite agreed with her that it was best for her to stay away.

Now for the queer end to the business: A few nights later we were aroused by cries of fire. In spite of everything that could be done, Elsie's old home burnt to the ground. The old, rotten timbers proved excellent fuel for the flames and the place was a heap of smouldering ruins in an incredibly short period of time. The fire was probably caused by rats, the chief reported.

Elsie and I were married the other day. Ever since the house burnt down she has picked up wonderfully, and now she is healthier than ever before. "I knew that I had been warned against some danger," she tells me. "If I had stayed in that house I might have been burnt to death." And try as I will, I cannot convince her that a tin roof was the cause of all her worries.

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The God Complex

Occasionally the class was gladdened by the presence of Peterloo, editor of the quasi-monthly Arcanium, dabbler in psychoanalysis, and campus genius extraordinary. He dropped in when the spirit moved him and settled himself in regal state in the rear of the room, fully equipped with a button hole bouquet and a maddening air of superiority. The greater part of the time he maintained a lordly silence, listening tolerantly to the inferior efforts of the mere worms whose good fortune it was to be in the same section with him. At intervals the teacher halted the recitation, peered anxiously over his glasses, and inquired in hushed tones, "What do *you* think about it, Peterloo?"

Then Peterloo surveyed the class to make sure that every ear was properly straining in his direction and drawled, "Probably the hero had a God complex." Having delivered this weighty but rather obtuse opinion, he subsided gracefully into bored retirement; the professor bestowed a glance of adoration upon him; all was well.

Later during the recitation the professor became tremendously daring and prodded the literary lion a second time. "Why do you suppose the author made that statement, Peterloo?"

The final authority rested his chin fetchingly in the cleft of his fingers and rolled a blasé eye toward the blackboard. "Possibly it was due to a God complex," he murmured. The instructor beamed with gratitude; the day was saved.

Some folks say that a few years ago Peterloo acted almost human, which gives a distressing idea of what localized fame can accomplish. Now he is the cynic, the supercilious man of letters, the modern untrammeled worldling. Being a big star in a horribly little firmament is no cause for inflation, but he basks in his own radiance and condescendingly accepts the plaudits of the multitude. As long as he has a train of bovine satellites who consider him as Edgar A. Guest's only rival for first place among American writers, he will pose and posture and make himself altogether absurd. Why should his naturally attractive face disfigure itself into a mask of conceit? Why should his very walk proclaim that homage and worship are his just reward for penning stupid editorials on Freudian theory? Really, I don't understand Peterloo at all; perhaps he has a God complex.

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Stars

It was beneath the starlit sky of the Tropics,
Where the stars shine brighter than anywhere else,
Where they seem to crowd each other
For a place in the blue heaven,
And their combined radiance
Colors the night with mystery
And weaves peace and contentment in your heart,
Tender thoughts and fantasy in your mind.

* * * * * * * * *

I said to the silent shadowy silhouette beside me,
"Would you mind satisfying an idle curiosity?
Why do you come night after night
To sit and gaze at the stars?"
A quiet voice answered:

* * * * * * * * *

The stars, to me, are like to people,
A countless, myriad, teeming throng.
They seem to live and breathe as humans.
I often sit and gaze and marvel,
Finding for each one a character, a type.
Why! this one shines so brightly
With a tender, true and steady light!
'Tis surely a Minister of the universe.
And that one—see how fiercely and consistently
It twinkles. Is not that some Senator
Of some starry body politic, proclaiming
The benefits to humanity of a one-way bridge
From Stardust Center to the Gates of Heaven?
And that one, too. See how warm and wide it sheds
Its radiance. Ah! a Mother-star, that!
Feel the beauty, the tenderness of that sacred light
Whose elements are heart-throbs, sacrifices, tears.
And over there is one. No, it's gone! Ah! there it is!
Some poor soul struggling against the darkness
That would engulf him, fighting on,
Yet hardly knowing why.
But this one! This one haunts me.
I see it night and day.
It thrills me, warms my heart,
Carries me onward and makes life worth-while,
And yet just when I am strongest
Fills my eyes with aching, burning tears.
I can not describe it,—no one can,
But for one short glimpse men have dared to die,—
Yes, even dared to live.—
Once I saw it—that same entrancing, glorious gleam,
Saw it in misty, star-bright eyes
That said "I love you."

* * * * * * * * *

And so it goes, my friend,
For every human heart Fantasy
Can find a starry counterpart.
Some shine brightly—they lead the way.
Others' lights are dim and obscure.
Some are fierce and bold,
Others are content to radiate more gently.
Some flash for an instant and are gone.
Millions more we never see.

* * * * * * * * *

I've read that some ancient race
Believed the stars to be the souls of the departed.
I wonder, were that true,
Which would be my star, my soul
Which one yours.

* * * * * * * * *

You ask me why I come here
Time and time again just to sit and gaze.
My reason is—
The stars, to me, are like to people—
A countless, myriad, teeming throng,
Whose very being, seen, or reckoned,
Sings their mighty Maker's song.

W. B. Peters

The Ninth Watch

The dry metre of some footstep sounds
Along the street;
The maker, thinking of some spirit
He might meet
Hurries through the changing shadows that
The oak weaves
With its lofty swaying canopy
Of many leaves.
A night hawk vents his lonesomeness
By one bleat,
Which a slum'rer hears in dreams that would
Have been sweet.
Shadows round the walls of sombre stone,
Lesser gray,
Are pierced by one golden square,
Light as day.
Slanting moonbeams sift thru fading leaves,
Over the walks.
Cocks awake and serenade, for fear
That morning stalks.

E. P.

Query

Is he a poet
Or a laborious pedant
Digging yarns out of
Old books?

Is he a poet
Or an ego-centric amorist
Blinded by
His Cupids?

I hold not life a dear thing;
I hold not you a near thing,
And this much is reality.

For life is but a fear thing;
For you are but a drear thing,
And this much is fatality.

Life and you with me are one;
Death comes quickly, you are gone,
And this much is mortality.

Sunset

Darting shadows before
A scarlet background,
The homing birds swing
In ever-narrowing circles—
Hasting to their nests.
Golden lances pierce the
Somber shadows of their leafy retreat;
Flecks of light climb upward
To the last gently swaying
Leaf-poise before their leap
Into Eternity.
Only the muted twittering,
The shell-like tints of the heavens above,
The slowly gathering dusk spreads its mantle
Over peaceful, contented creatures.
The great curtain of darkness has ended
The last act of the day's play.

B. E. S.

Consolation

When—
The nighthawk hides, the shadows flee;
The sun comes golden from the sea,
The grasses bend and dewdrops shine,
The hawthorn's breath is sweet as wine.

A soft wind steals across
The meadow where the violet grows.

Violets
Blue as your eyes, which hearts beguile;
Their faint perfume sweet as your smile.
I gather them with fervent prayer
That they, exotic mutes, may declare
My passion—like whispering pines.
—Why should I wonder about God?

E. P.

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ed, covered with shame, and painted in lurid colors, red being the predominant. In other words we find that parents and outsiders are dictating to youth a particular code of morals and are demanding that it measure up to standards which no generation in the past has ever been able to reach. And the real trouble lies, not in the conduct of youth, but in the narrow, inflexible, prudish rules by which hypocritical writers and Victorian thinkers attempt to measure their modern offspring. Von Bernhardi, in discussing a similar subject, says:

> Established law can seldom keep pace with this inner development, this growth of moral consciousness, it lags behind.

And the term *established law* might well be changed to read *established moral law,* such as critics are forever quoting to the younger generation. And it is these laws that need changing in the letter as well as in the spirit. They need renovating and broadening to fit youth which, contrary to popular conception, has changed very little. The average boy or girl, who is so inclined, pets the first or second date, while our fathers and mothers, in the good old days, played postoffice the first few dates in order to break the ice. And our grandparents courted as long as a month preliminary to their petting. It wasn't termed petting in those days because, deprived of the vocabulary and the brutal frankness of modern youth, they fooled themselves into thinking it was love. But call it what one may, the result was the same. And by result I mean the bringing down of an avalanche of condemnation from their elders.

For critics regarded our grandparents' youth in about the same light as our own is regarded today. In the *Eclectic Magazine* for September 1863, we find this:

> The first thing that strikes one in mixing with the young people now is the absence of that diffidence or timidity which has been supposed to belong to inexperience. There is in them generally, though in different degrees, what in the few may be called self-possession, but in the many must be called self-assurance. Afraid of nothing, abashed at nothing, astonished at nothing, they are ever comfortably assured of their own perfect competence to do and say the right thing in any given position . . . . . Want of reverence is one of the common faults of the young in our day . . . . . Nor as we have said are they chary of their superior wisdom, but willing to impart it; the misfortune is that the terms in which it is expressed are not always clear to the uninitiated, to the decrepit understandings whose culture is mostly affected while slang was denied the privilege of decent society.

With the proper subtraction for the meticulous style and purified language of the author of this article which he calls *Our Modern Youth* we reach the conclusion that he thinks the younger generation at that time was going to the bad. The whole article could have been run under a 1925 date line and passed as a rather mild criticism of this generation. Here is another which appeared in the *London Outlook* for 1903, when our mothers were young:

> The debutante is young in years, of course, but her knowledge of the world is considerably greater than that of her mother or grandmother . . . . . Every man who has sat out three dances with the debutante knows more about her than her mother who has studied her for years.

And here the author of this article makes a good point. He says that the debutante's knowledge of the world is greater than that of her mother. If that was true then, how much wiser is the debutante today! For Flapperism is nothing if not an educational institution. Not in a literal sense perhaps, but in the purveying of needful knowledge it cannot be overestimated. Every boy or girl who pets soon acquires a certain amount of "savoir-faire," or to use youth's own terms, "they know their stuff." And it goes without saying that in this variegated existence of ours the girl who knows her stuff is the one who is most able to preserve her real character through the age of apple tasting.

Not long ago we were engaged in conversation with a delightfully modern girl and chanced to remark that it was rather hard that the younger girls could not orient themselves to the changes of adolescence until, in many cases, they had been harmed.

"Yes," she replied slowly, "if I had known three years ago, what I later found out, I could have avoided several mistakes I made in learning." Luckily she had learned from her own mistakes and with the resiliency of youth had recovered her moral balance. That is a feat peculiar to the younger generation, for it appears that no matter what a girl's relations to the opposite sex may be, she can overnight become as virtuous as her innocent sister who has never gone wrong. And this proves nothing so well as the fact that the flagrancies of youth are not immoral but simply unmoral. But they make an excellent target for stones.

A friend of ours once told us that he met a girl at a dance who attracted him very much. He made a date and the next night took the girl riding. According to his story, after several dates, all of which were petting parties, more or less, he discovered that she was quite famous for that kind of entertainment. All this occurred before the opening of school. And our friend said that when he returned home for the Christmas holidays he called on this girl, naturally expecting the same kind of date. However at his first attempt to pet, the girl told him quite frankly that she had quit.

Subsequent inquiry among the other callers only served to confirm the statement. And, far from dropping the girl, he now values her acquaintance.

On another occasion we had a girl to confess to illicit relations with a boy because she said she didn't know at that time how to prevent them and at the same time keep the boy's friendship—she rather earnestly assured us that she loved him. Such affairs are not immoral, they are only ignorant mistakes due, in most part to the girl's parents who have tried to shield her from contamination and have only succeeded in making her susceptible to that which she knows little about. However, instances of actual illicit relations are rare and if we made an estimate, exclusive of professional affairs, it would be less than five per cent. This small per cent on the other hand does most of the talking.

We have in America the system of universal vaccination to prevent smallpox. The actual process of vaccination hurts; it makes one sick, and sometimes very sick, but in the end we become immune to the more terrible disease. The analogy is very obvious. Flapperism, with all its petting parties and ridiculous affairs is only nature's way of vaccinating her offspring, in the time when it hurts least, against the dangers which attend growth. It may hurt and make some sick; but they become immune to the more dangerous disease.

According to the old system of raising girls, and we shall confine our discussion to girls, (for the preposterous double standard by which we live freely excuses masculine transgressions) the parent was supposed to assume some sort of obligatory pledge to keep the girl ignorant until she reached the proper age to receive information relative to sex matters. As to the success of this system, Helen London, in *The Arena* says:

> At the very time when nature prompts a search for knowledge, we withdraw (as we think) all knowledge that is sought; and by negative if not affirmative education we inculcate a vicious *quasi* knowledge of shame and evil which did not exist before. We do worse than that—we create the very shame and evil, till then non-existent.
>
> No greater mistake has the world ever made than its conventional acceptance of innocence for virtue. Ignorance may be purity but it can never be virtue. No soul in, as we say, "virgin purity" can ever have the worth of matronly virtue. Nothing is so easy to sully as innocence, nor so difficult as virtue. In this realm ignorance is not bliss: it is the path to a very tormenting hell.

It must be borne in mind that this and the following excerpt were written in the '90's. Later writings show the same conditions but make a stronger appeal for a new system. The next was taken from *The North American Review*, May 1894, and is called *Our Modern Girl*, by Sarah Grand:

> The girl, like the boy, comes to a very impressionistic age, and is highly sensitive to the tabooed subject, and the only sensible way to educate her is to watch for this time and then instruct her. . . . . .
>
> Girls generally know more about the world they live in than they are allowed to pretend. They learn somehow, as often involuntarily as not. But it is not what she knows that coarsens a girl—it is the way in which the knowledge has been conveyed.
>
> She may receive a certain amount of teaching in all serious subjects but that which concerns the very reason of her being. She is expected to have the highest principles in the matter and yet know nothing at all about it.

Miss Grand admits the old system's failure in her article but she attempts to bolster it up by suggesting that we watch for the time to give instructions. The absurdity of such a method is only exceeded by that of thinking that a modern or any other girl can come to the age to receive such instruction without having already been filled with that *quasi* knowledge which Miss London so eloquently deplores.

Floyd H. Allport, in *Social Psychology* has this to say about the old system:

> As adolescence approaches, jealous parents set up barriers against free expression of the sex interest by building up in the girl a repression based on fear or abhorrence. Sex life is submerged and introverted; and emotionality towards persons who appeal to her is therefore raised to a high intensity. No understanding of her own nature, no knowledge of the forces about her is permitted.

And the result of such a system is clearly stated by Elsie Clews Parsons in *The Nation*:

> With little or no self knowledge, or knowledge of men, a girl often marries in order to find out how much she cares or whether or not she qualifies, and then when her experience has begun she finds herself an expectant mother, and maternity supersedes other interests. She may become a parent without the assurance of being well mated, if not, more tragically, with the assurance of being mis-mated.

That, however, is in part a theoretical condition. For it is here that the School of Flapperism, from under its cloak of calumny, supplies in graduated doses that knowledge which enables youth to protect itself. Little boys and girls at three or four soon learn, in this school, that innocent things they observe in each other are considered nasty by their mothers and fathers and that questions on these subjects are followed by punishment from well-meaning parents. Thereafter the children learn in silence, giving their own erroneous and infantile ex-

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The Path of Pan

There's a gay little path
That my heart longs to know
Winding off through the dim of the trees;
There's a bit of a song
That is calling me low
In the hill-wandering lilt of a breeze.

There is laughter of youth
And a love I would reap
Gleaming there where the little path bends;
And I'll run till I'm weary
And glad for the sleep
Which waits where the little road ends.

For the road I would take
Is a by-path of life.
It's the trail of the little god, Pan—
And the love that I'll find
Will mix pain and high strife,
But—
I shall be glad that I ran.

R. H.

The Racer

My soul
Is not a mendicant,
Begging sustenance
From a generous god;
Nor a sycophant
Singing praises for bread;
Nor is it a cynic
Scoffing at those
Who beg
And praise.

My soul runs naked
Against the wind,
A racer—
Joying not less
Because he knows
The silent racer
By his side
Is mocking
With pretense of rivalry
The sureness of the end.

R. H.

Loves

Outside the house of my mind
There are footsteps,
Steady,
Rythmic,
Passing,
Throbbing into silence.

Some footsteps pause
And then
I cannot hear the beating
Of the rest,
Because my ears are deafened
With the joy
Of steps that come within.

But afterward,
It is the echoing
Of never-pausing steps
That haunts
My silences.

R. H.

The Fall of the Kingdom of Khati

By E. S. Barr

He that hath a hundred desireth a thousand; he that hath a thousand would have a hundred thousand; he that hath a hundred thousand longeth for the kingdom; he that hath the kingdom doth wish to possess the heavens. And being led astray by cupidity, even the owners of riches and wisdom do those things which should never be done, and seek after that which ought never to be sought after.... Wherefore there hath been written, for the benefit of those who do nourish their own evil passions, this legend from the forty-sixth book of the Fa-Youen-Tchou-Lin.

* * *

Long, long ago, when the gods were wont to descend from their homes above the fleecy clouds which bar Paradise from the view of mortals and walk upon the earth, covering it with wondrous flowers and filling the air with drowsy perfume, there was a kingdom called Khati, ruled by the favorite earth-child of the gods. Even unto his father's father and his grandfather's father, had the ancestors of Matnifal, the King, been the favorites of the gods, for they had been wise men, making due obeisance to the gods, as behooved those who reverenced the rulers of the earth, the sky and the sea.

To reward them for their humility and the justness of their treatment of their subjects, the land of Khati was made to exceed all other kingdoms in the world as the rainbow surpasses the cold, grey light of early dawn. The mountains stretching up to touch the sky were filled with all manner of precious stones. They gave forth with a lavish hand all manner of metals, the lustrous gold with the valiant iron. From the azure sea that caressed the shore came pearls of perfect hue and surpassing size. The exceeding fertility of the land brought forth an abundance of food of all kinds without more than the dropping of the seed. The silk worm spun so unceasingly that the humblest laborer wore garments suitable for a prince. The cities swarmed like the hives of bees, but there was plenty throughout the land; no one could find reason for discontent.

The people passed their time in all manner of pleasant ways, finding nothing lacking which could be desired by mortals. The days were passed in hunting the beasts of the forest or in games of skill and strength, and the nights were given over to feasting and merry-making.

The harvests, like the waters of the ocean, were inexhaustible, so that every man could live with but little labor and all through the land was content, as if the dreams from the smoke of poppy juice had been solidified and brought to earth.

One day it chanced that while idly turning the pages of an ancient book, the King happened upon the record of the utterances of one of the wise men of old which said, "Let a man know a thousand and one books; let him be familiar with the ways of man and beast; let him know all things except that which is learned from Misfortune, and he is still an ignorant man."

The King, who prided himself upon his wisdom, was struck by this and resolved to himself that he would seek out this Misfortune and add still more to his wisdom by learning from it all that it could teach.

He summoned his council to his chamber and after reading to them the words of the book, said to the vizier:

"Who is this Misfortune? I have learned the words of the sages and have the writings of the priests in my heart, but never have I heard of this Misfortune."

The vizier whispered among the councilors and they whispered among themselves and sought in vain to learn from anyone among them anything about Misfortune. They were ignorant of the word, since it had not been uttered in the memory of the oldest man, nor been used by the writers for such a long time that it had been forgotten by even the wisest of the scribes.

When this was made known to the King he was very wroth and said unto them that unless they should find the meaning of the word and tell it to him, they should pass the remainder of their lives in the depths of the mines.

The King's advisers, being much afraid at this, went about all over the land asking of all they met, "What is the meaning of Misfortune? Where can Misfortune be found?" until at last one of them found a woman, wrinkled and toothless, who said that she remembered hearing it spoken of by her father's father, who was a very learned man, and said that it was something which the gods bestowed.

Straightway the councilor sought out the King and on finding him, said:

"Oh, Beloved of the Gods, I have found the meaning of the word Misfortune. From a woman whose age cannot be reckoned I have learned that Misfortune is a gift of the gods, which they bestowed in the ancient lands in the past."

On hearing this, the King was very much interested, for he had thought that the gods had given him all that

man could be given. That night he lay awake, thinking of this which he thought to have been denied him, and became very much displeased at the gods having withheld it from him.

The next morning the King, sitting upon his chair borne by four sturdy men as black as ebony and dressed only in a scarlet girdle embroidered in gold and silver, was carried to the abode of the priest Aboutmar, who did commune with the gods.

The priest, though older than the very city of the king's palace, stood firmly upon the marble steps worn down by countless rubbings of bare feet on their way up to the holy shrine. His hair mingled its snowy whiteness with the silver mist of his beard, leaving only the gentle light of his eyes to be seen.

"Oh, Most Ancient One, the Interpreter of the Gods, grant that I may speak to you," said the King, kneeling before the priest, as he extended his palms.

Taking the hands of the King into his own the priest raised him, pronouncing the blessing of the gods upon him.

Then did the King tell him of his discovery of the word Misfortune, and did beseech the priest to ask the gods to grant that he should have this crowning boon which would make him the wisest of all men.

After the priest had communed with the gods he returned, very troubled, saying:

"My son, the gods have given you all that could be desired by the most ambitious man. You live at ease, surrounded with the fairest maidens and most valiant men; you eat only the choicest morsels; you sleep upon beds whose softness rivals the caress of the breeze; you have all precious stones and metals—nothing is lacking to make you the most blessed of mortals. Yet you come to ask the gods for more. Desist lest the gods become angry and take away even that which they have given you."

But the King vowed that he would not be content unless he was given this gift, and set everything as naught beside it.

The priest then gave the words of the gods to Matnifal, saying:

"The gods have commanded me to tell you the thing you seek is to be found in the far eastern mountains. There is a shrine there with two great elephants carved in stone beside the entrance. Ask there for the keeper of the shrine."

The King departed greatly pleased, forgetting the warning of the priest, and commanded that messengers be sent into all parts seeking the shrine. When the moon had waxed and waned, one of the messengers returned saying that the keeper of the shrine had been found.

"What is this Misfortune?" asked the King eagerly.

"It is a beast such as has never been seen," answered the messenger.

"What does the owner demand for this wondrous beast?"

"A million gold pieces."

"Then buy it and find out from its keeper what treatment it must have."

The moon waxed and waned again before the messenger returned, bringing with him the beast. He told the King that the beast must be fed on a bushel of needles each day, lest he die.

On hearing this the King was greatly amazed, but commanded that this be done.

In all the kingdom there were only twenty bushels of needles, so it was ordered that the ironmongers make each day a bushel of needles for the beast. But in all the land there were not enough ironmongers to make more than half this much, even though they should work day and night.

To dig the iron and prepare it for the needle makers the people were ordered from their pleasures to work in the mines. Day by day the beast devoured the needles and steadily the amount of needles diminished, even though men died daily in the mines from the arduous labor.

At last an edict was announced compelling every man throughout the kingdom to furnish fifty needles each day or receive on his bare back one stripe for each needle less than fifty. Not only did this work great hardship upon the people, but needles became even rarer than precious stones and more sought after than gold itself. The severity of the King's order caused people to rise up in revolt all over the kingdom and the rivers were filled with blood. At last the vizier told the King of the condition of the country but was beheaded for troubling him. Then the ministers came to the King in a body.

"Grant, O Most Merciful, that we be allowed to kill this beast and save our country from destruction, for in all the land there is famine and disease and bloodshed, where for ages has been peace and plenty," they implored.

The King relented and permitted that this be done; so the beast was led forth into a public place and the King's soldiers were commanded to kill it. The mighty bowmen loosed their steel-tipped arrows against it, but they only splintered. The strongest men sought to pierce it with spears, but the hide of the beast was as steel and their efforts were to no avail.

Finding this to be so, the King commanded that the beast be chained to an iron stake and be burnt. This was done, but when the flames leaped upward, they did not harm the beast. More fuel was heaped upon the

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Revival

O hallelujah yes! 'tis uh Heav-un,
And uh Hea-vun to know my sins forgiven.
On land or sea, what matters where,
Where Je-e-sus is, 'tis uh Hea-vun there.

The frail timber church rocks to the deep, powerful rythmn of a hundred negro voices. There is no organ or piano; the only instruments played on are the rich, vibrant vocal chords and the emotional souls of the negroes; and they have charmed themselves.

But there is at least one whose charmed condition is not due entirely to the music. Tom, leaning back in his seat, is dreaming; and he might call his dream heaven, but more likely he would call it Phoebe. She is sitting over on the right; the women always sit over there, and it is a bold man who sits with them. Once in a while Tom catches Phoebe's glance, and he sees her blush, for she still has the simple timidity of youth, is red-blooded, and, although both her parents are black as darkest night, she is almost white. This has never caused her mother any embarrassment, or disturbed her father very much; instead, she is the hope and pride of the family. And the soft, dreamy glances of the young preacher who is conducting the revival are not unconnected with their hopes.

As Tom rises to preach he knows he will save many souls on this night. He feels, stronger than ever, that glorious surge of emotional power with which he, many times before, has filled the mourner's benches. He sees Christ in heaven beckoning to him with a golden wand, commanding him to save sinners from the awful fires of hell. "I'se got a message fum Je-sus foh yo all," he says, "and I'se got a message fum de debbil too." He starts in a low soothing tone, almost monotonous. There is no harshness in his voice; there is no querulous rasping, but a deep, mellow rumble, slow, very slow at first, like the approaching storm on a summer's evening, gradually quickening, rising, falling with a quaver and a break. The dark bodies of his hearers begin swaying like the dusty brown wheat tops in a gentle breeze.

And Phoebe's body sways, but her eyes are intently fixed on him. Phoebe's mother sees, she knows, and her soul rejoices.

The intensity of the sermon increases and the tempo quickens; there begins from the audience a low, murmuring response. Heaven is laid before their eyes. They will be angels there, white as snow. Golden streets, starry crowns, wonderful harps, all will share alike. No work, no pain, no sorrow. "Ah Lawdy, I wan' tuh go tuh hea-vun when I die, doan you? Sal-va-shun full and free, ef you only take Je-sus. But what ef you doan? The Lawd is said, 'Come unto me all ye what am weery and heby laden, and I will give you rest'; and ef you doan come the wages of sin is death.

"Father Abr-ham is open up his bosom an' he tek you to his bres', woan you come? Sinner, woan you come? The debbil he's awaitin' fuh you ef you doan come home, Sinner, woan you come?" Hell fire or golden streets. Pitchfork or golden harp, black or white, work or rest.

Ponderous words, mighty hell-raising sentences roll and volley from the speaker like thunderous rumblings in the heavens, or crackling, shattering crashes across the skies. Sobbing, moaning, crying Oh Lawdy! the audience makes response. And sinners come to the Lord. "Oh Lawdy, I sees de light," cries big black Liza, jumping up, waving her arms and sobbing. She shuffles to the mourner's bench, and there swells with deep sobs until the pins in her dress pull loose; but in her heart-rending agony she is unmindful of it. When some kind-hearted sisters try to pin her up, her heaving sighs, waving arms and shaking head discourage them. They try to comfort her, but she will not be comforted.

Sinners come. The bench fills. Abruptly the preacher stops. "Let us sing," he says, and a deep, moving, full-throated chant arises, broken by cries and groans; sinners come, broken, and the saved ones work and sweat with the newly-won souls.

Phoebe has gone from heaven to hell. She sees Tom, an angel in heaven, all white, with his silvery wings half-spread, his starry crown gracefully set on his head; he is strumming a melody on his golden harp. And then he is sitting at someone's feet, someone also in white, and beautiful like an angel, but she cannot tell who it is. The blood boils through her. Who is with Tom? Then she goes to hell, and she sees herself there—black, ugly, alone. She feels the scorching fires of hell burning within her. She must be saved. "Oh Lawdy, Lawdy, save me Lawd, Lawdy, O-O-Oh Lawdy, save me Lawd," she moans and moans, while she wrings her hands. Her shoulders and full soft breasts shake with the agonized desire for salvation. Stumbling blindly she starts to the bench; quickly the preacher helps her find a place among the saved souls on the bench. Next to Liza, who is still in the throes of agony, the preacher finds her a seat. And when Liza sees, she stops moaning suddenly, and stares at Phoebe. The preacher does not see Liza then.

Thanks are given to the Lord for the souls saved, benediction is pronounced; the little crowd, pairing off, melts away gradually into the darkness. With difficulty Phoebe's mother drags off her family, but leaves Phoebe to make more sure of her salvation. And Liza, head high, seeing no one, goes out alone. But Phoebe, yellow, soft Phoebe, whose soul is on fire, needs comfort, and Tom gives it to her.

When she came in the cabin an hour later, her mother rolled over, nudged her Sam, "Bless the Lawd, Sam, I tol' you, Phoebe's done been saved." And Sam grunted.

On the same night, over on the other side of town, a great crowd has gathered under a canvas tent to hear a famous young evangelist. The Reverend Thomas Hankins, a young giant over six feet, with his able assistant, has brought many souls into safety. Leaning back in his seat he listens to the song which is rising heavenward:

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
When at evening the sun goeth down?

The voices rise faintly and querulously at first, and gradually grow into a great incoherent discord. On the chorus they beat the walls of the tent with such force that a sharp flapping noise rises in sympathetic accompaniment. The harsh, banging piano notes, the shrill, plaintive voices of anaemic women, the hoarse scrapings of the men, the flapping of the tent sides, all intermingle and cut the evening air, and make way for the spirit of holiness which descends upon the congregation.

The Lord's offering is taken while Thomas is dreaming, and his dream is not unconnected with Phoebe Deane, whose eyes drop when he looks her way; and he looks often. He can see her blush slightly, for she is sitting nearby, and she has some red blood. As he rises to preach he knows he will bring many souls into the kingdom this night; his whole being thrills with the surge of glorious power. Christ has commanded him to go into the world and lead souls to salvation. "I am going to give you the simple word of the Lord tonight," he says, "and offer you the grace of his salvation; woe unto you if you do not hear."

Divine inspiration moves him to describe the glories of heaven and the agonies of hell; he throws his passionate voice into a rhapsodic picture of golden streets, starry crowns, wonderful harps. In the palace of the Lord, about his gilded throne, heavenly music and singing of joyous souls. No work, no pain, no sorrow. "Salvation full and free He offers you now; will you take Him at His word, or will you go the way of the devil? He will bear your sins and give you eternal glory if you will only trust Him.

"The wages of sin is death. Unless you come to Him there is no escape. Which will you take?" Hell or heaven, pitchfork or golden harp, work or rest.

And the hell-raising sentences bring sinners to the Lord; sobbing, moaning, shrieking, crying, they crowd to the mourner's bench where the faithful surround them, and labor and sweat with them for their souls.

And Phoebe Deane has seen both heaven and hell. Phoebe is part of a tobacco factory in town. She knows exactly how heaven will be; she sees it all while the preacher is speaking. She will not want an automobile there because she will have wings. Her mansion in the skies will be better than any in this dirty little old town. She will have things just as good as anybody—maybe a little better. She will have clothes that will make them all sit up and take notice; she will be so beautiful she can have any man she wants. At thought of all this a warm glow flows all through her; through the mist in her eyes she sees the strong figure of the preacher, far off he seems in heaven, with snowy-white wings and bright halo about his head.

Then quick as the speed of magic the vision of heaven is wiped out and she sees hell. The place looks familiar. She sees herself chained to a machine. It is black, dirty and sooty from all over it, at every hole, crack and joint, there rises a continual cloud of smoke in a steady stream, a yellowish black, suffocating smoke, that is as hot as the fires of hell from which it comes. And the sight of it sets her soul on fire.

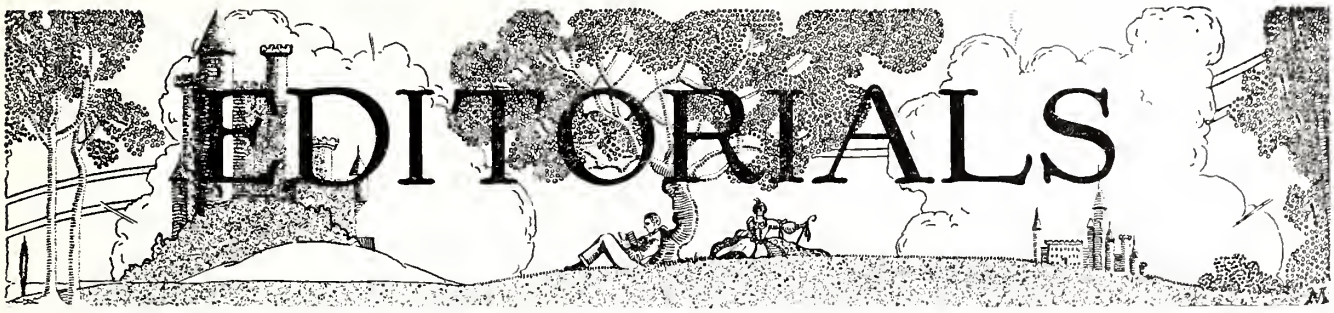
She must be saved from this. Again the conjurer's wand is waved; the cool, clean beauty, the restfulness of heaven comes to her, and the vision of a man. It is Thomas. She must be saved.

They are singing again:

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now. . . . .

Yes, Jesus will be good to her, and that vision seems to beckon. Trembling with fright and anticipation of blessings, she goes toward the mourner's bench where the preacher meets and welcomes her into the fold; his handclasp lingers. But it is not the faithful who comfort her, it is a vision and more than a vision.

Late that night, after Thomas had brought her home, she went to sleep; and she was happy, for she knew she was saved.



John Barleycorn—Dead?

They took a plow and plowed him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

If John Barleycorn is really dead he surely must have a ghost stalking about doing business in his stead. For if we judge from the number of investigations and the great number of articles which have appeared recently concerning him, he is still much alive—at least in the minds of many people.

We have only one thing to say about the old fellow. Years ago we lived in a town where he roamed free; we lived in the same town after he was declared dead. And the town was a much more decent place for a decent citizen after his reported decease than before. That to our mind is sufficient justification for keeping him in his ghostly state—if so it be.

We sincerely hope the spring never comes for John Barleycorn.

* * * *

To us there were two things of especial interest in the recent Oxford debate held here. One was the demonstration of our weakness in matters of form—the other was the overwhelming sentiment in favor of the World Court.

There is something else about which we have a lot of curiosity—something we would like to know about these Englishmen: Does their easy assurance come from simple, confident child-like souls, or is it a consciously fabricated cover hiding a complexity of emotions?

* * * *

We aren't much concerned just at present about World Courts, International Peace and the rest of the Weighty Problems with which we should be laboring. We hope our admission that we are not concerning ourselves very much with the steering apparatus does not cause any one any great alarm—there really is no cause for becoming anxious, the old works will probably wag along for awhile without our guiding hand. Indeed it may be better that we take a vacation—for if we were steering right now we might take pleasure in running into a little war, or almost anything else. Six months on a chain gang would do us—and most of us—a lot of good. After it, for a while we might enjoy being able to move only when the spirit moves us.

* * * *

Some day we hope to become imbued with the idea of progress. When we do we shall write a book about a super-civilization and how to attain it. We shall advocate the control of populations by the sterilization of all those who do not believe as we do; and by this simple expedient, of course, a most wonderful order of life will arise.

But as we write this, the spirit is not in us. And we gladly allow someone else to express the way we feel about it. "This poor old world," says this sage, "works hard and gets no richer; thinks hard and gets no wiser; worries much and gets no happier. It casts off old errors to take on new ones; laughs at ancient superstitions and shivers over modern ones. It is at best but a Garden of Folly whose chattering gardeners move a moment among the flowers, waiting for the sunset."

* * * *

The Editor was hoping to be able to write an editorial for this issue on the subject of literary criticism. (We say "literary"; perhaps you may be able to think of a more exact term). As those who have read THE MAGAZINE this year may begin to suspect—we think we have no illusions about the quality of the work published in THE MAGAZINE. Neither do we have any illusions about the quality of the work of many of the professional writers—and those who desire to be professional—of today. Our sense of humor may be perverted but we got more fun out of *There is No Place Like Home* than any humorous writing we have read recently. (The thing was so thoroughly well done that we thought it was the product of a genuinely simple mind. We have found out since that we were badly fooled.)

In both of the previous issues Mr. Bluske has added greatly to our enlightenment, not to mention the other things he has done for us, and which he is now kindly doing for the most estimable editor of *The Tar Heel.* In its way we think most of the stuff which has been in THE MAGAZINE has been exceedingly worth while—but more of this anon. We must not use all of our ammunition before we start the scrap.

Definitions

Poetry? A blend of silence,
Symmetry and song;
Dropping tears of liquid music
From a brazen gong.

Silhouettes against the twilight;
Shadows on a mist;
Flash of red, swift-winged and startling
Where a bird keeps tryst.

Was it poetry you spoke of?
Ignorant, you lied!
Poetry's the ghostly remnant
Of a soul that's died.

R. H.

I Love Thee Mary

I first loved thee, Mary,
Where ran a stream clearly,
Half-hid by the sedges
And wild hazel hedges,
O, Mary.
Sweet tawny-haired Mary
I need thee now sorely;
So mercy, I pray now
And wed me, I say now,
Dear Mary.
My fortune's not grand yet;
(I'm still at the school yet)
But we can get married,
Our papas have carried
Us before, Mary.

Two Ladies Who Held Aloof

I

Why did you stand so tall and purely straight
Like an unlit candle over an empty grate
If when I'd passed and groped a step before
You meant to flame with Dante's bright *amore?*
My soul is shy and dim with wordless fear
And dares not trust you, floweret pale and dear.

II

Do you look tender, Diane
Do those gray eyes serene,
Look am'rous flighting message
Of what is or might have been?
Beware the dart of Cupid, lass;
(I take the air paternal, see!)
Is one eve squandered on the grass
Worth worship through the ages,
Real wantoning with one man
Worth ten who read the pages?

G. C.

THE PASTURE

I heard a student tell a pathetic story the other day—one of those little anecdotes which may strike the hearer for its humor or its irony.

"I had just arrived in Chapel Hill," he said. "Fired with enthusiasm and a thirst for learning which is so characteristic of an entering freshman, I gazed with awe upon the piles of stone and mortar and the venerable oaks, to me the symbols of scholasticism. Pride and reverence filled me as I realized that I was about to become part of this great institution.

"Here one might search for truth with freedom; one could delve into the mysteries of science, of philosophy, and of all branches of learning. Being of a quiet and studious nature, I was impressed with the atmosphere of stately dignity and grandeur. Tears filled my eyes as I realized that I was entering a great adventure—an adventure which was the culmination of my boyhood dreams, an adventure that I could hardly realize I was really beginning.

"I waded across the street to the campus wall, and strolled over toward the little Methodist church. On the sidewalk before me was a stone tablet, a memorial to one of Carolina's great benefactors. Beside the tablet was a fountain, above which was the inscription:

The Waters of Truth Flow Freely
Drink
When and Where Ye May.

"I bowed before the marble shrine, and, like a thirsting pilgrim, pressed my lips to the fountain to drink. The fountain was dry."

I have just been to see a picture in which Gloria Swanson acted a triple role. She first appeared as a young married woman of the nineteenth century; next as a 1925 model flapper; and then as her own mother. At first I thought that perhaps Gloria, feeling that she was getting old, was simply trying to accustom the public to seeing her in the part of an older woman so that she could step gracefully into the part when she grew too old for the flapper role. But more thought has led me to the conclusion that she was merely "stealing Lon Chaney's stuff."

Whenever any new successful development is made in the movies, there immediately spring up dozens of imitations. There are a myriad of would-be D. W. Griffiths in the movies. Likewise, when an idea is successful it is too frequently overdone by its originator. This is occurring in the case of Lon Chaney. He was wonderful as Quasimodo, the Hunchback. He has been equally good in a number of dissimilar parts since. In *The Unholy Three* he made a much better old woman than Gloria Swanson. Yet the novelty is now beginning to wear off, and the producers do not realize it. Instead, he is being featured more, and imitators are arising. Undoubtedly, Lon Chaney will be played for all he is worth and as long as he will last, for that is the way of the movies.

In his next picture, I expect to see him take the part of all characters, including furniture and fixtures.

Advertisement in the *New York Times*, October 1, 1925:

TO PROSPECTIVE WIDOWS

It should not be left to you to choose the family burial place. Then it is too harrowing, too tragic a task.

Talk to your husband now while the choice can be made with light hearts and mutual hope. . . . . .

Five years ago we were living in a continual state of mental fear. It seemed to us that the very foundations of civilization were disintegrating. We had all the nightmares about the awful results from over-population, and exhaustion of natural resources; wars and armaments, we felt, would eat up the remaining energy and people of the earth.

We have no doubt now but what all this will happen; but it is no longer an awful nightmare. It is welcome relief.

Just think what will happen if this disintegration does not occur soon. By the year two thousand, if something does not stop their increase, both the air and ground will be filled with Fords, billions of them, thicker than the mosquitoes of this last summer.

There is something to die for after all.

I Am What I Am

I have the artistic temperament. If I were ever to do anything perhaps I would really be an artist; but my temperament is so thoroughly artistic that I cannot suffer

myself to be bothered with monotonous work. It is lowering, debasing—and besides my time is *so* valuable.

I have a wonderful appreciation of music. Of course, I always understand the intellectual meaning of it, and enjoy explaining it to those who are not so fortunate as myself. And as for the emotional, indeed, I do not know anyone whose soul throbs with greater ecstacy than mine at the sweet clear notes of liquid beauty. Long ago, when I first heard Paderewski my whole being was just carried away with the wonder of him. Levitski tore my heart out. Heifetz ravished my soul. When I heard him play his—Oh, I forget the name, but that doesn't matter—I felt like a little bird and I thought I was chirping and making music. Yes, I have a wonderful power for appreciating music. Everyone who really knows me understands the way I just—oh, *you* understand.

It really is quite tragic that I never learned to play. My friends almost weep when they think of what a wonderful musician I would have been. Of course I sympathize with them, I feel their loss as much as they do; but my greater intellect tells me what they cannot understand, that it really doesn't matter after all; one is what one is, one cannot be more, and that is all there is to it. Besides I do not care for the plaudits of the vulgar herd—not that I think myself superior, oh no!

I certainly should have been a painter or sculptor. I naturally have such a fine acute *discriminating* feeling for things beautiful. It seems to matter not how much one studies and works, if one does not have this,—what shall I call it? discrimination? Oh well—the exact word doesn't matter, you know what I mean. Isn't it just wonderful to think of standing before a beautiful figure you have done yourself? See the hard or soft line, the sharp angle or divine curve which you yourself have made?

I once drew a flower. Everybody said it was wonderful and I was so thrilled—I almost decided to go into painting. But paint is so messy; it takes so long to do anything with it—and then, too, people don't really know how to appreciate things. But even though I was rather young at this time, I was already very intellectual and recognized that it really didn't matter: one is what one is, one cannot be more.

It is often thought by those who do not understand that people distinguished by the possession of artistic temperaments are extremely fortunate. But really, they aren't. They are the ones who have to bear the burdens of the world: they are the only ones who really see and really understand. I myself have always felt a great sympathy for suffering humanity. Once I saw an old woman in church. She was wrinkled and worn and bowed with the sorrows of ages, and she was still reverent toward God. My heart swelled with sympathy for her; I wanted to tell her what I felt but I couldn't —I knew she wouldn't understand, and that redoubled my grief for her.

I have long ago given up thoughts of serving suffering humanity—it is so naïve to think that one can do anything for them. I have decided that I shall write: I have seen and know so much—I just must write. I must not be selfish, I must help mankind to appreciate life, I must serve by writing.

And so I have decided to start a literary renaissance. I am quite sure some rich man will be anxious to serve mankind by feeding me and clothing me and housing me while I write to enlighten and release mankind from his bondage to darkness. And I must have a salary from this rich man, so that I may be able to give my artistic temperament free sway.

* * * *

It is now three months since I decided to write. I am disappointed, disillusioned—unappreciated. People, both rich and poor, will only pay for writing that satisfies their plebeian tastes, and I refuse to debauch my art. So I shall not write. I see there is no hope of elevating the tastes of hoi polloi; they may go their way and I shall go mine.

But still there is a great sadness fills my soul. My artistic soul weeps to see itself so unexpressed. And through the long years I shall suffer, suffer. But no one will ever know. Silently will I bear my burden. And always will I hold close my one consolation: one is what one is, one cannot be more.

Broke in the Cruel City

THERE are places to be broke in and then there are places in which it is best not to be broke. I have tried it several times and I know. I've been broke, for instance, in Chapel Hill (I am chronically broke there), in London, in Montreal, and in New York City. In Chapel Hill to be strapped is a bore, in London it is an experience, in Montreal it is a tragedy, but in New York it is a lot of fun—if it doesn't last too long.

In Chapel Hill being out of funds means simply that one refrains from going to the Pick and borrows one's fags from one's roommate; in London it means living at a Sailor's Rest, eating bully beef, and haunting the office of the American Express Company; in Montreal one sleeps in the police station or at the Old Brewry Mission and hustles about for a job with a gang of Frogs to recoup one's finances; but in New York City one has the time of one's life, unless one be quite commonplace, in which case one looks up a friend and touches him for a loan of twenty dollars.

Now I wouldn't sell the next to the last time I was broke in New York for any twenty dollars or for a gift of twice twenty dollars. Really I wouldn't. Oh, I admit to being broke there last winter, and I would gladly sell that experience for a thin dime. In fact, that is just what I did—fished a dime out of a subway ventilator with a wad of chewing gum on the end of a stick, bought a frankfurter, and caught a subway to Morningside Heights, where I borrowed a tenspot from an old acquaintance and wrote to Philadelphia for more permanent financial assistance.

But I mean the time two summers ago on the tail end of a ten-thousand mile bumming tour. I clattered down the Hudson on the old Hendrik H. and disembarked at Cortlandt Street with great expectations and enough coin, so I thought, to last until the fifteenth of the month, when I should have a check waiting for me at 45 Broadway, which is the base of operations of the United States Shipping Board. That is to say, I should have enough with a telegraph money order which was due on the tenth.

It was the evening before Labor Day and the fall theatrical season was opening with a crash the coming week. So I rounded up a good night's sleep and next morning made a round of the box offices (having my schedule made out to the minute) and secured tickets for all the shows that I intended to see, in this way securing excellent seats at minimum prices.

Spiritually and intellectually I lived like a lord for almost a week and physically I fared well enough, knowing something about living economically in New York. But suddenly I discovered that a one dollar bill I was changing in an Automat was the last of the lot—and it was yet two days until the tenth. Frantically I searched through all available pockets but no merry crinkle of legal tender rewarded my straining ears. Then it was the fun began. The spiritual and mental exhiliration continued but the physical well-being was more or less a matter of history.

To have scratched up a loan somewhere would have been quite out of tune with the rest of that summer's experiences; so I resolved to form a copartnership with Lady Luck and make the best of it.

The solitary dollar lasted until the next morning with enough left over for a minimum of subway fare and three oblong meals, each one consisting of one frankfurter, one roll, and a dab of mustard. But my lodging had expired. That evening at Jolson's 59th Street Theatre the father-confessor of the Chauve Souris—jovial old Balieff with his double-barrelled breadth of beam—invited the audience at the intermission to step out into his private gardens across the street, meaning Central Park. Probably I was the only member of that enormous audience who took his invitation in good faith, though I waited until after the performance.

When the last gob of Rooshian had been flung at us, when the last huzzah had died away, I shambled out of the playhouse and across the street—into Balieff's private gardens, where I had elected to spend the night. A night in the park and I the virtuous son of Christian parents! Whoops, what of that? was not tomorrow the tenth? I actually thrilled at the prospect.

But before that night was finished I had shattered a personal record, having slept for five minutes or less in more different places than I was ordinarily accustomed to snore in during the course of a year. Naturally, I had no overcoat and to the best of my knowledge there were no heat prostrations reported next morning. I traversed the southern half of that park inside out and reversed, breaking the endless trek with numerous brief dozes and varying their monotony by the simple expedient of refusing to use any one kind of newspaper more than once—as a blanket.

By daylight I had exhausted every English-language paper printed in the city and was using *Le Temps* for a

bed spread and coverinig my shivering form with a Yiddish news sheet.

The several hours just after dawn I spent in the Central Park Zoo, where I became quite chummy with a baby hippo. Here, too, I did all in my power to avert an intimate acquaintance with a female who was quite evidently balmy, since she insisted on inquiring after my health and relating to me how she used to make fancy butter pats on her father's farm in Vermont.

I escaped Hecate's clutches and finally rushed off to a subterranean wash room and thence to a delicatessen, where I invested my last dime, hoarded against the clutching hand of the B. R. T., for a tiny can of kippered herring and a box of crackers. Thus did milord of the gutter feast, for today was the day of days—the tenth of September.

Fortunately it was a free day at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and I bathed my soul in the glories of the Egyptian division, where the contents of a great king's tomb, newly discovered, had just been arrayed for public view, throughout the morning. In the early afternoon, sans lunch, I hiked down to a matinee off Times Square and thence miles to the Western Union money order office at City Hall Square. But alas! no coin; hence, no dinner, no piece of mind. Lady Luck, let me hold your hand.

Well, Jeanne Eagels was in fine form that night and a superb performance of "Rain" allowed me to forget for two hours the scrap that was going on in my stomach between duct and endocrine glands. But I am glad no fair young skool marm from my home town, or anyone else that I knew, saw me there, though I spotted a professor from this dear University several rows in front of me.

So far, thus good, but at eleven-thirty the audience debouched on 39th street and it was tramp, tramp, tramp for me—down 4th Avenue and the Bowery, down, way down to the Bowery Mission. I flopped into a seat there in time to hear the closing part of a service, and afterward fell in the shuffling line of derelicts, which led toward the front door of the chapel, now locked. Here we turned to the left down a narrow stairway and filed through a long passageway and past a well-worn counter. Yes, you've guessed it—the Bowery Bread Line. I was a bum now in my own right. They gave each of us a cup of utterly dismal coffee and about a third of a loaf of bread. I poured the coffee in a drain when nobody was looking but the bread was manna from heaven.

We were let out when we had finished and I wended my way to Chatham square and Chinatown. There was nothing to do in that dinky little tinsel-papered excuse for a hell hole, nothing to do except pop in the Old Mission House, formerly a Chinese theatre, and gaze for a moment at the motley collection of human junk gathered from all corners of the earth—asleep here, there, everywhere in about the filthiest place in all creation. A moment was enough and I soon sought the slightly purer air of Doyer Street.

Now, on a sudden impulse, I set out for the telegraph office again. Tramp, tramp, tramp. Then, "Is there a money o—? Wot ho! *Yes?* Ach, Himmel! Food, cleanliness, a bed! What—nine A. M.? But, Mister, oh, kind sir, I must have, for I am completely busted and have been for days on end. Huh? Not even if I show you my family tree, not even if my father is governor of North Carolina, not even—? NOTHING doing? Oh, well, see you at one second past nine in the morning."

Oh, temporary! Oh, mortuary! Where is thy sting? Flot and jetsam for another night. In a short time I was ensconced on a bench made of swans-down and satin and comfortably wrapped in brocaded newspapers. I slept most solidly and dreamed of Welsh rarebit and Chinese torture chambers for all of an hour and fifteen minutes, and then—Bang! A resounding blow on the soles of my feet chased itself with variegated ramifications to my brain and I arose from dreams of She to count the nickle-plated buttons on the coat of a very efficient-looking N. Y. cop. "Avaunt!" said he and with no to do whatever I avaunted.

Back it was to Broadway and down to Trinity, which was barred like a gaol. But there was a blind stairway to a subway station near the corner and into this I descended. I found a sporting sheet of an old newspaper and a map of Brooklyn; an hour later I could have found my way about that Burrough blindfolded on a dark night in February. However, it grew draughty on the stairs and I hied me down Broadway, trying various doorways, but finding none to suit my fastidious taste. I finally wound up under the stairs to a basement shop just aft the Customs Building, and here I slept after a fashion until past six oclock, when the bright chirping of the larks and the thumping of the tumbrils of trade and the increased roar of the elevated forbade further slumber.

So I joined a bum's convention around a roaring fire of newspapers in Battery lane. And the things I saw and the things I heard would make your hair stand on end, while the things *they* had seen and the places *they* had been would jerk it out by the roots. I counted three races and at least nine nationalities, all of them jolly—all except one sour old devil, whom they called Dad—

(Continued on page 30)

The Last Laugh

By R. F. Jones

There was about the house an air of surprised disdain, of stiff and relentless hauteur. Its calm Italian perfection sought to withdraw coldly from the noisy disorder which it contained, but it did not quite succeed. It seemed rather to shrink back in affright, primly, almost ridiculously. In its circular hall, the soft, glowing rugs had been rolled back, their heavy protecting mats of building paper, carelessly kicked aside, lay torn and crumpled against the walls. Scattered about in various grotesque postures upon the black and white marble of the floor lay a number of forms each clothed in vivid evening dress or disordered tuxedo. Only the stiffled, frantic music of the victrola and the singular isolation of each separate figure destroyed the illusion of a modern bacchanale stricken suddenly to immobility.

Dick Henegar, leaning lazily against the wrought iron balustrade half-way up the majestic sweep of marble stairs, looked on with twenty-one's nearest approach to a sardonic smile. To him irony was almost life and subtle ridicule the language of his pose, a pose which even his thoughts failed to betray. Here surely was irony in plenty. Lord! but it was funny. Debutantes and potential clubmen playing statues in the Monday's house. The Monday's house, that perfect copy of a famous Florentine palace built to impress local society with a dignity and security of position present only in the fondest hopes of a fond mother. Dick laughed to himself. He could picture that fond parent upstairs in her gold and rose brocaded boudoir wrapped, probably, in a brilliant magenta dressing-gown, which added twenty pounds to her already ample and, at present, uncorseted figure, and a strained air of apprehension which gave her round, stupid face an expression of comic despair. How she must wince at each fresh outburst of reckless gaity! In what fearful expectation she must strain to catch the brittle crash of some fragile porcelain upon the polished floor! What an agony of desire must seize her to rush downstairs; to set these impudent youngsters about their business; to straighten her rugs, then to gaze fondly about the rooms with the complacent satisfaction of recent possession! What but an overwhelming fear for her daughter's social safety could have restrained her? Who was it that had said love was the most powerful thing in the world? No matter; he was wrong anyhow. He should have said desire. That was much more inclusive, more powerful too.

Through the French doors from the gilded music room a girl walked into the black and white semi-circle of the hall. She was tall and somewhat large. Her black hair was inclined to kinkyness; her features were large and more than a little common, but she walked with the swaying grace of the most modern and expensive finishing school. Her clothes, too, had the finished charm of knowing sophistication. All other thoughts sunk into oblivion as Dick studied her, detail upon detail. She looked unusually well tonight; she would have been distinguished but for an indefinable air of apology which dulled the perfection of her make-up. The heavy sheaf of gleaming black satin which swathed her body swung open from the waist to reveal five panels of silver georgette, accordeon-pleated, each panel surmounted by a silver leaf set with a dew drop of rhinestone. Against the black of her shingled hair glowed a bandeau of small silver leaves and brilliants, and about her neck was a double strand of pearls and jet. Her stockings had the warm sheen of tarnished silver, and the heels of her black satin slippers were incrusted with rhinestones which turned to brilliant darts the soft light from the great alabaster lamps. Certainly she had her good points besides that great inducement of money. The only child of five millions—that shadowed a multitude of faults. Still what of that dull, sluggish complacency of mind, that expression of a sleek cow chewing her contented cud? Could he endure that; would it not drive him mad? Drive him to bitter, unforgivable words, to worse? And the inherent vulgarity of those plump, reddish hands. Imagine them touching one; caressing one, ever growing fatter, more heavily weighted with rings. He shrugged. But after all was not expected contempt and boredom better than harsh disillusion? Here there would be no blissful daze, no awakening. But with Helen, how long could love withstand the cruel intimacy of everyday life? How soon would it turn to blind hate, to the despair of empty, shattered dreams?

As he thought, the girl crossed the hall until she stood by the side of a clownishly handsome boy who squatted upon the floor, his legs drawn up, one hand scratching his head.

"You win, Jimmie." She said in a loud and toneless voice, "And in honor of your ability most nearly to

depict an ape, I hereby present you with this masterpiece of Monsieur Darwin."

Amid the laughter and noisy scrambling which followed, Dick slowly descended the stairs and approached the girl in black and silver.

"Kate," he called.

She turned and smiled at him broadly.

"Why, Dick!" she cried, "where have you been keeping yourself all evening? I hope you don't feel that all this is beneath your superior dignity or anything like that? So childish, don't you know." Her words seemed to rush on endlessly, without direction, without meaning, and Dick interposed hastily.

"Far from that! I've been having quite the time of my life." Then, as he saw others approaching them, he added, "Don't forget about tomorrow night. I'm taking you to Helen's swimming party, you know."

She smiled warmly in answer, and then turned to the laughing group, almost aggressively anxious to perfrom her duties as hostess.

Dick lighted a cigarette and leaned against the living-room door looking about him with an assumption of amused indifference.

He smiled.

Over in one corner Judy was up to her usual tactics; this time she had a bewildered freshman whose air half of fright and half of satisfaction would have won the appreciation of one less sophisticated than he. In another corner two couples played at bridge with a grim determination suggestive of the fact that more than their reputations as players was at stake. Nearer the center of the room a group of eager boys surrounded Kate's visitor who seemed more than a little bored. From the terraces which sloped down to the distant river came the soft murmur of voices; the occasional music of a pleased laugh. At intervals the velvety blackness was broken by twin points of glowing light.

Dick flipped his cigarette carelessly into a marble urn. It was one thing to see through it all, to be able to appreciate the rather grim humor, but then one was a damn fool to deny himself any pleasure which might come his way, and the visitor looked far from bad. He crossed to her side, completely ignoring the clustering group of boys, and looked at her appraisingly.

"Jackie," he said calmly, "you'd be much better in the dark," then added as he linked her arm in his and led her out through the open French doors, "with me."

When they returned, slightly flushed and rumpled, perhaps an hour later, the party was breaking up. They stood in the window a moment watching.

"Don't forget," Dick admonished, "all I told you about the spiritual horse laugh."

"Don't worry," she laughed, "I understand. He who sees through the joke can never be wounded. Well, goodbye."

She extended her hand slowly and Dick kissed it with mock ceremony. Then he hastened to join the chattering group about the front door. As he pressed her warm hand, he said softly to Kate.

"Till tomorrow night then."

And again she smiled in hurried reply.

Alternately blinded by glaring headlights and relieved by patches of soft gloom, he walked down the gravel drive waving and calling replies to the gay goodnights shouted at him from the passing cars. As he climbed into his racer and sunk low in the luxurious depth of cushion, he approved fondly its low hung grace, the beauty of its deep cream finish. Thank the Lord he'd bought the thing, foolish or not. It had taken most of his money, but then eight thousand wouldn't last long at best. Damn thoughtful of Auntie to leave it to him though!

The five miles to Park Place throbbed by in a rush of wind broken only by the laughing shouts from other speeding cars soon left far behind. Dick slowed up sharply, turned in between the twin marble posts and drove easily up the curving tunnel of darkness which was the road. When he had rounded the curve at the top of the hill, the bulk of his house loomed before him half-blotted out by giant tulip poplars. He turned in at the first entrance; the gravel of the drive crunched softly beneath his tires in subdued welcome. He drove around the house and down a sweeping curve to the garage which adjoined the laundry and servant's house. Mechanically he turned off the lights and the ignition, locked the door, put the key in his pocket and walked toward the house. When he had bolted the front door softly behind him, he drew a deep breath. Lord! what a relief it was after the stiff perfection of the Monday's house! The great, dim-lit hall with its painted walls of soft green and blue and tan; its beautiful curving stairs of worn and polished wood. The living-room with its rough gray walls, its tall windows draped in old hand-blocked linen, its comfortable supply of chairs and reading lamps————

He reached his room without waking his mother, a rather unusual feat, and began to undress slowly. When he had finished he stood looking at the room about him, mentally cataloguing its attractions.

He laughed harshly. Again he was attempting to stall for time; to delay that moment which he so dreaded when he must really think, must make his final decision! How much of his life would he pass like this evening in vain attempts to deaden his mind with monotonous details, to forget himself in diversion? A hell of a lot probably, if he married Kate.

Well, this was about the end of the rope. He'd have to go to bed soon and then there would be nothing to do but think. It wouldn't do to try to write tonight. He might reveal too much of himself for comfort. He could read for a while, Balzac's *Contes Drolatique* for instance, but then it would be so futile. No, the time had certainly come to think about—well, not about kings, at any rate. Still, there was always Selina's encouraging remark.

Dick smiled ruefully as he turned out the central lights; opened two of the windows, and got into bed.

He might as well be business-like, this was no time for sentimentality, far from that. He loved Helen; she was the one idol of his iconoclastic life, and she loved him. Fine! The natural conclusion, marriage. Natural all right but Helen and he were both highly civilized, sophisticated, they "moved in the best circles." They were rational, and nature and logic rarely coincide. He wanted to write, he must write, and a life of struggling poverty was not for him. He had been raised in luxury; had been used to everything he might desire; to him wealth was a necessity, was life itself. Unfortunately, his father had left nothing, even the old house must soon be sold.

Helen was accustomed to even more than he. The Webb estate was the show place of the region, the family one of the most noted in the state. Helen herself, president of the Junior League and queen of last year's debutantes, had been entertained and honored as never before in the city's social history. She lived like the beautiful princess of fairy tale, and yet Dick knew that it was all empty display. He knew that Mr. Webb had nothing but debts; that the estate was mortgaged to the limit; that they were only keeping up appearances until Helen should save the day by a wealthy marriage. And Helen knew it, and she would come through, would be true to her training, unless——No! He couldn't do it. Kate and her millions were for him. He was a fool to be romantic, anyhow; to idealize Helen. He knew that to have an ideal was only to ask disillusion, bitterness, hate! How often had he said that it was all a farce, that love was the dirtiest joke of an incurable practical joker; that all that mattered was to hold one's self aloof, to laugh,——, that was it, the spiritual horse-laugh—he must go to sleep; he'd get nowhere like this.

He turned out the lamp at the head of his bed and rolled over. His mind would not remain blank. Vague figures danced to and fro mocking him, ridiculing his despair. Hands stretched towards him. Rough, red hands holding piles of gleaming gold; pale, slim hands heaped with dull ashes.

He dozed.

A light shone before him. He was standing in the door of the drawing-room which glowed in the light of a dozen flame-colored bulbs. In the center stood a black-clothed woman, distorted, horrible. Her huge red hands stretched avidly toward the dazzling crystal chandelier above her. Greedily she removed its pendants; she twined them in her hideous kinky hair; hung them about her neck. They turned to staring diamonds, sparkling coldly against the faded blue and rose of the walls. The figure turned towards him, beckoning him with her red hands; her thick lips parted in a leering smile. Suddenly she seemed to draw away, to become more distinct. It was as if he turned a wheel focusing upon her the glasses through which he looked. In the distance the figure stopped, swaying gracefully in black and silver.

"Kate," he gasped. Again the wheel turned, and the figure rushed down upon him, larger, more loathsome, now only coiling hair and red, grasping hands.

He sat up with a start, awake, shuddering; then laughed harshly. He lay down, forcing himself to think of other things; to count the sheep jumping the fence, until finally he again slept.

* * * * * * * * *

The next day passed quickly. He slept late. Then there was riding with Annette followed by lunch at the club and afterwards, an unwelcome foursome at golf arranged some days before. He reached home hardly in time for a seven o'clock dinner with his mother in the candle-lit vastness of the dining-room. A dinner somewhat spoiled by the knowledge that he must rush upstairs to shave and dress hurriedly in order to get to Kate's by eight-thirty.

However, it was hardly a quarter of nine when he stood before the iron-grilled doors watching her as she came down the marble stairs. She didn't realize he was watching, Dick decided, as he noticed that she was walking too hurriedly, with an almost complete absence of her usual studied grace. She was well-dressed though, as always. Tonight she wore an ensemble costume of printed crepe-de-chine in green and white with a small green hat to match. A hat rather amazingly trimmed with two soft white plumes which met at the top and waved gaily above her head. In one hand she carried a square bag of green rubberized silk. What sort of bathing-suit would she wear, he wondered. He hadn't been swimming with her since last summer.

The door clicked open, and Kate stood before him.

"Congratulations, Dick," she said as she handed him the bag and her keys. "You're quite early, for you! How did it happen?

"Oh well," Dick laughed, helping her into the car and then climbing in beside her, "the best of us slip up sometimes, you know."

He drove fast, even for him. He didn't want to talk, and it was the best way to keep her from making any more of her maddeningly inane remarks. The forks of the road flew by; the lights of the country club jumped into sight, then vanished as swiftly as they had come. He slowed up as they turned to the right and climbed the long drive which led between rose-covered banks to the flat hill-top where stood the Webb's white pillared home surrounded by its lawns and gardens. They passed the house, circled by the garage, and stopped close against the evergreens which screened the pool from the drive. Something was obviously wrong with the lights, and Jim's Cadillac was drawn up on the grass, the light from its headlights throwing the pool and its bordering lily-pond into startling relief against the surrounding darkness. As Dick and Kate pushed through the bushes beside the car into the flood of light, someone called to them from the direction of the hidden bath-houses and they separated with mutual promises to hurry.

Dick dressed swiftly, heedless of the remarks of the boys about him. He ran down the lane between the tall rows of shrubs and paused a moment at the end of the pool. He hesitated, blinded, then with a short run plunged from the springing-board far out towards the light. With a slight splash he sank into the dark, soft water. It was rather like death, perhaps; a moment of blinding light; then cool, caressing darkness. He rose to the surface and lay there quietly, taking a sensuous pleasure in the soothing touch of the water. There was a swift, staccato patter of feet, the jangle of the board, a languid, undecided splash, and a second figure drifted up beside the first. A figure which might have been that of a slim, graceful boy, but which was not.

"I hoped that it would be you," she said in a cool, decided voice which scorned the cowardly half-meaning of low caressing tones.

"What more could be necessary," he questioned, still looking up at the disdainful stars, "than your wish?"

"Quite pretty! and not even a moon to justify it."

He turned towards her, serious in spite of his bantering voice.

"The moon is like liquor, Helen, necessary only when true emotions are lacking."

"Perhaps," she admitted, "but the moon makes them true, like liquor."

"That's more of the spiritual horse-laugh. Those who can hear it are safe, even from the moon."

"Only for a while," she contradicted, "even they must slip up sometime. There's always a last laugh,—on them." She turned and swam towards the group which had gathered at the end of the pool. After a moment's pause, he followed slowly——.

The rest of the evening was a background of gay shouts and laughter, against which individuals stood out sharply. First there was Helen, no longer boyish, but now bewilderingly provocative in misty blue. Her shining corn-colored hair, her deep blue eyes, her cool, slender hands were unbearably lovely. Then somehow the picture changed, perhaps after the second trip to Bud's room for a liberal portion of gin, perhaps after the third, and Kate was dominant. Her black hair was even more kinky, her red hands larger, more coarse, she fascinated him, he could think of nothing else. Her every feature burned itself into his memory with a painful distinctness. He made a fourth trip, a fifth.

The party was over. Dick drove silently, one thought in his mind. Once long ago Kate had said that she wanted to be proposed to in the rustic summer house which stood so incongruously upon the landscaped order of the second terrace. She must have her wish. Involuntarily he slid his right arm along the back of the seat, started to draw her closer. He caught himself abruptly, jerked back his arm. He must wait. One false move might spoil everything.

They had reached the house; had walked through the archway of the loggia and down the shallow steps; had entered the summer house. She stood looking toward the river, one hand resting lightly upon the post of the entrance. In the darkness she seemed elusive, unreal, and yet compelling. Dick seized her hand, drew her to him, pressed his lips roughly against hers.

"Kate," he muttered, "will you marry me?"

She did not draw away, but stood silent, thinking. His arms relaxed. Again her hand rested on the post; again she looked down at the river. Then she turned toward him; drew herself up:

"No, Dick," she answered, "I can't see it through. I know it's the logical thing; the thing our families want, but it would be too hateful."

"But you don't understand!" Again he drew her close. "I love you! I want you!"

Before her passive submission he became wild, lost control of himself. Frantically he kissed her hands, her hair, her unresponsive lips. She broke away and ran towards the house. He stumbled blindly after her pleading passionately, brokenly. At the top of the steps she turned.

"Don't be foolish, Dick," she called back, "I've decided to marry George, anyhow."

The great doors closed behind her with relentless finality; Dick climbed drunkenly into his car. Again he turned down the pike, away from home. He drove fiercely, mad with drunken passion and frustration.

She'd turned him down, refused him! And to marry

(Continued on page 29)

Confessional

By P. N. Olive

"I see," said my old friend Billings to me one day, "that a bunch of sociology students, 'moderns,' and 'new freedom' cranks in one of the big universities are advancing some sort of a trial marriage affair as a solution to all misfit marriage and divorce problems of the country."

"Yes?" I encourage.

"Now my opinion is that they are going about the problem in the wrong way. They attack it with Mr. Waterman's little 'mightier than the sword' weapon from the stronghold of the swivel chair, instead of from the inside. These young intellectuals have had no experience with bungalow aprons and curl papers and burnt toast for breakfast at closer range than an orchestra seat. And what's more, they haven't the conviction of their courage. They shout a lot of stuff about new thought and modern youth, they talk about birth control and pajamas with a blasé manner in a mixed company, and they smile tolerantly when such words as 'convention' and 'propriety' are mentioned; but they still wear starched collars and supporters, and when Morpheus turns the clock hands insinuatingly to eleven, they grab their hat and cane and say, 'Well, I must be going, Miss Smith. It's getting rather late.' They are would-be bohemians without the nerve."

"Yes, but about this trial marriage—" I began, drawing him back to the subject.

"Ah, that's all the bunk. The trouble is they don't know psychology. I don't mean the stuff you get in the laboratory chasing a hungry rat through a maze, but the kind every true disciple of Eve knows instinctively when she chases a hungering man in a daze. When our old mother served Adam his first apple tart and donned the fig leaf as the latest 'creation,' do you think she said, 'Adam dear, we'll stake a claim just outside the Garden and try farming for a couple of years—just you and me'? No, I'm thinking she wanted to get him away from those Eden flappers. A woman has got too much sense after spending twenty summers, with the other seasons in between, on a man hunt, to sign a five-year lease on him. I'm afraid this university bunch knows about as much about the persistent sex as a professor of economics knows how to make his salary meet ends.

"And think of the business complications. The market quotations on foreign counts would drop enormously. And the breach-of-promise lawyers would go out of business, for what woman would sue a man when she knows he would marry her for a couple of years rather than pay the damage? Why, shrewd women would take out advance options on their friends' husbands, and book their prospects as the Democratic machine fills the state gubernatorial chair—four or five terms ahead. It's awful to think, too, how precarious it would be for us 'lords of creation' if a million young widows who knew all about us were turned loose every few years."

"Still," I ventured timidly, "the divorce evil might—"

"The divorce evil!" Billings interrupted. "My solution for the whole hymeneal problem is this: When one of these little dears has got her man corralled, or the young fool has given himself away, before they give the preacher a ten spot and a promise to love, honor, and look after the old man's money, they should both seek advice from a specialist—not some hen-pecked veteran or disgruntled matron, but a professional expert like many of the big dailies employ. The sociologists and psychologists could learn a lot from these mentors."

"Ah!" I sneered. "One of these superannuated maidens who tells young girls how to catch a husband and gives advice to brides on the way to manage a man. *Miss* Martha Mix' Letter Box, *Miss* Dolly's Column."

Billings smiled condescendingly. "I see you are not well versed in the newspaper game. Did I ever tell you about the time when I was mothering these love-sick children and smoothing out their troubles for them? I was a reporter for the Richmond Landmark-Pilot, and was supplying temporarily in this 'balm for the balmy' chair while the lady who handled it was under the weather for a few days. But she was off the job longer than they expected, and I had to fill it for several weeks. My column was called 'Lovelore for the Lovelorn' by Miss Leatrice Fairbanks. That was the *nom de service* I inherited with the job.

" 'Kid Cupid is indeed blind,' I used to think as I noticed the pile of letters that would greet me. 'At least the misshots of his missiles seem to cause a plenty of troubles and discord.' And they would pour in daily—piteous pleas from senile old dames for the secret key to magnetic charm, tips on personality, and reducing formulas; letters from cynical old bachelors and misogynists, getting a few remarks on the modern flapper off their chests; confidences from brides, disillusioned because

Oswald forgot to kiss them good-bye after breakfast; trite problems in trigonometry, and parents seeking advice concerning their wild adolescents, feeding the baby, and laundering silk lingerie. One letter began, 'I am a boy 15 years of age.' Then the writer shot a few Latin phrases and diatribes against the laws regulating bathing costumes at the beaches. Another opened, 'Dear Miss Fairbanks: I am a girl of 37 and am in love with a gentleman of 19—.' I needed the combined wisdom of King Solomon, Montaigne, and Eleanor Glyn. Of course I didn't publish them all; they were mostly bromides. But a great many sent addressed envelopes for personal replies. But I soon learned to classify them, and I had a form answer for each file—the 'mother-in-law,' 'obstinate father,' bashful beau,' 'jealous husband,' 'other woman,' etc. etc. And I would write in the introduction to my column, 'Yes, my dears, each of your problems is as real to me as though it were my very own. I ponder over them for days and nights, and pray over them.'

"But the touchiest part about the job was being consistent and keeping on good terms with all my readers. What could a fellow say when a sweet little martyr was forbidden to see her Clarence by a heartless old man? Why, she could get platitudes on filial duty and the frank chat with dad from the Sunday School library, and if I tipped her to the little rebel or friend's home solution, I would have the whole Parents' League onto me. And the neglected wife—should I come out for divorce with these Southern Methodists, or exhort her to meek submission and have the editor descend on me with a warning: 'Make your stuff human. See it from their situation. Give them *advice*, not sermons.' I felt like an umpire in the bush leagues.

"Well, one morning as I was wading through the batch of letters on my desk and trying to unravel the tangled threads from the loom of the Three Sisters, my attention was attracted by one particular letter. I don't know why. There was nothing unusual about the problem; it was the old case of a disillusioned bride, but somehow it interested me. It was written in a clear, even backhand, indistinguishable from a million others—the sort of script which not even a chirographer can put his finger upon and say, 'The writer of this is such and such,' but only that she is a woman—I think I have that letter now."

Billings fumbled among the papers of the disorderly scrap pile upon his desk for a moment, and selected three or four notes and clippings.

"Here it is," he announced. "I will read it to you.

Dear Miss Fairbanks:

Oh, I am heartbroken! I don't know what in the world to do. I've been married only a short while, and my husband is the dearest man in the world. He always tells me that I am the only girl he has ever loved, and we have never had any secrets. But yesterday morning while I was cleaning up his study I noticed a letter on his desk which he had just written to another woman. Of course I didn't read it; I never bother the papers on his desk. But I couldn't believe what my eyes told me.

Please, please, Miss Fairbanks, tell me what to do. I can't believe my husband is untrue to me, but I don't know what to do and my heart is broken.

A DISAPPOINTED WIFE.

"Can you beat that?" my friend laughed. "It's fortunate for her that she didn't marry a movie actor or an ice man, isn't it? I printed her letter the next day with this answer:

You dear foolish little child. The idea of being broken hearted and distrusting your husband just because you saw a letter to a woman on his desk! Of course you must not believe he is untrue to you. The letter was probably to some relative of his or just a friendly letter to an acquaintance. If there had been anything clandestine about it, I am sure he wouldn't have left it lying open on his desk.

What would you think if he should fly into a jealous rage because you wrote to some schoolboy friend of yours? Don't be little and jealous, my dear; men abhor pettiness and jealousy. But sometimes it tickles their pride, and then they take a cruel joy in proving it.

My advice to you is to think no more of the matter. It is probably nothing at all. You are fortunate in having a husband who loves you as you say, and in being so fond of him as your letter proves. Selfishness would be unworthy of you.

"A fellow had to read between the lines a good deal in these letters sometimes," my friend continued. "They seemed to think I was a sort of clairvoyant and priest combined. The information was usually pretty meager. But the problems were almost always so simple and stereotyped that any village loafer could solve them as easy as the tariff question. You see they only look big to a person when they're real. Objectively they're trivial. It's easy to say, 'If I was in such-and-such a predicament I would do thus-and-so.' Even a nightmare is only a child's bugbear once you're awake.

"Well, I thought this matter was salved over and I

had forgotten it in the rush of others when one day about a week later while I was sitting in my confessional, I noticed a second letter from the same person. It ran like this:

Dear Miss Fairbanks:

Thank you so much for your answer to my letter in Wednesday's paper.

But, Oh Miss Fairbanks, you don't understand. I am afraid my husband is two-faced. I found another letter a few days ago that he had written to this same woman, and today I noticed still another. There was one in the wastebasket that he had decided not to send. And they are real love letters too, Miss Fairbanks. I know I ought not to have read them, but I couldn't help it. I am afraid my husband is untrue to me. I don't know what to do.

"I didn't publish this one, but I inserted these lines in my column:

If A DISAPPOINTED WIFE will send me a stamped addressed envelope, I will be glad to reply personally. I regret that I cannot answer in this column as space is limited.

"This brought the envelope toot sweet, backed in a clearly disguised scrawl: Miss Madeline Meisenhammer, care of General Delivery. She said that she would call for it, but that she preferred to withhold her real name.

"I replied with form number 17, but I tried to make it *sound* personal. The old gag, you know—have a heart to heart talk with hubby. Give him a chance to explain. Don't decide on anything until you understand fully, and don't go to mother or best friend for advice. Don't act jealous or threatening. There may be an explanation, or if not, repentance. And all that sort of thing."

My friend paused in his narrative, shuffled through the letters and extracted eno, and tossed the others aside on the table. "Well, there's one more," he announced, "a long one. This one was about two weeks later.

Dear Miss Fairbanks:

Please forgive me for bothering you so much, but I have no one else to go to for help that I can trust. It was so sweet of you to answer my letter and show such kind interest. But Miss Fairbanks, I can't do it—I can't talk it over with him. I shouldn't ever have read the letters. But I can never trust him again. I thought of seeing a lawyer about it, but I don't know whether to or not. Almost every day I find a letter which he has written to this hateful woman. He always disguises his handwriting and signs with some pet name so she couldn't ever use them against him if she decided to double-cross him. He says mean things about me and mother and says he is not satisfied at home, and he tells her his troubles, but he won't ever mention a thing to me. Listen to this which I copied from one of them: 'My dear ————:

You are a perfect dear! I got your letter and I did what you said. Everything worked lovely. Mother hasn't said a word since. It was so nice of you to answer so soon. Many thanks.

'SWEETIE.'

It's a shame, Miss Fairbanks; mother has always been nice to him. And I don't know what tricks he's been up to. He often comes home late at night. In another one he says:

'I met a good looking girl at the dance at Lakecrest a few nights ago. She's from Suffolk and is spending a week here with her cousin. I made a date with her for last night, and while we were out——'

The sheet was torn in two here and the other half lost—mercifully, I suppose. And that very morning he told me he had been kept up rather late at the office the night before.

Oh Miss Fairbanks, what must I do? He is a regular Mormon. I think I shall divorce him. If you can help me, please do, for I am

A DISAPPOINTED WIFE.

Billings laid the last letter aside, leaned back, and smiled reminiscently. "That was an interesting case," he mused. "I have thought about it many times since."

"But your answer?"

"There was none. That was all."

"What!" I demanded. "Do you mean you quit right there—lost your job, or heard the alarm clock and woke up from your dream or something like that? What sort of a joke is this, anyhow? You stop short in the midst of your melodrama leaving the heroine in the clutches of the villain without even so much as a 'Continued Next Week.' Seems to me that you have about as perverted a sense of humor as the skunk. You started off by advancing a cure-all for divorces and matrimonial troubles, and your story turns out a hoax."

"Aw wait a minute—my wife and I have lived as chummy as Katzenjammers. How did she know I

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was Miss Leatrice Fairbanks? She didn't even know what paper I was on. You see I used to bring my letters home at night to study over them, and sometimes I carelessly left one on my desk. I understood it all when I got her last letter and we had a lot of fun laughing over it."

Youth

Love and Laughter—
Racing down a hill.
Pushing, shoving, breathless
We stand still.

Breezes from the West Winds cheeks
Pull and tease your hair.
"Lord, I love you.
Come on, let's tear."

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves
Brown—old—red—dim—yellow,
Flutter down—
Or slowly drop—
Leaving bare the branch
To creak desolate
Unforgiving
In a winter wind.

Like slow tears
Which trickle out,
After a storm of weeping.
So the twisted leaves
Ceaselessly falling,
Seem to pantomine
My mood.

With tarnished beauty
Unable to cling longer,
The leaves—drop—pause—
Then drift on down.

My ideals once
I grappled close.
No wind could shake
Them free!

Then the dry rot.
I drop them—
One by one—
Not even a breeze.
They just drifted
Inevitably—sorrowfully—
Down.

Slowly—gracefully—
Pausing—drifting—
The leaves are
Falling,
Falling
Down.

These Perilous Times

(Continued from page 7)

planations to the many puzzling and troublesome phenomena of life. Why they are not told the truth seems to be due largely to a loss of true morality in the labyrinthian code of contradictory and odious moral dogmas.

Over and against this we have the appeal for the new system, that of tolerance, of ready and accurate information, of free expression. In *The Contemporary Review,* Vol. 115, we find such an appeal by Louise Creighton:

> But the young must be left free to lead even though they may not know themselves where they are going. The old must cherish no delusions that they know and understand what the young are wanting. Even the most wide-minded among them have little idea of the ferment going on in the minds of those of the younger generation, who think. Everything is questioned, the old sanctions are swept away and to destroy seems the first necessity. Yet in all the seeming chaos of ideas and opinions there reigns an indomitable search for truth..... Children used to be taught not to speak unless they were spoken to, and the old people will do well to return, in this respect, to their childish days and not give advice or even opinions unless they are asked.

And just one last excerpt to reassure those who fear to turn the world over to the next generation. Though why they should think that youth could do any worse with it than they have done we cannot see. This article appeared in *The Outlook* for March 1922, after the author, William I. Engle, had made some extensive questionaire campaigns among school students:

> Deductions from the questionaire replies as a whole tend to show that the overwhelming majority of the children, underneath an exterior of frivolity, are sober and practical and conservative enough to make any good radical despair of the future of the world.
>
> But considering the fact that the world has been going to the dogs (for a variety of opposite reasons) with every rising generation since the canine terminus was first discovered, it is surprising how seldom it gets there.

A little boy hung on his mother's arm,
She guarded him and kept him from all harm,
"Oh, mother, look the pretty girl I see."
"Come, my child, away, she's no lady."

Dedicated to Logic Ten

"What is Truth?"
Asked Pilate, ages long ago,
And ages long
'Fore Pilate saw the light,
And now for twenty centuries since,
Men of every tongue and clime
Have asked, have longed to know,
"What is Truth?"
And now at last
The query of the ages,
The query of Greek and Roman,
Egyptian, Indian, ancient, modern,
Socrates, Buddha, sage and saint,
Is answered.
"What is Truth?"
'Tis easy. In Logic Ten
Is the answer found.
Says the Philosopher,
"What is truth?
'Tis nothing but,
In structure difference, unity.
That is truth."

Tinsel

The strings are loose.
The joints creak and stick.
The marionettes
Are in disrepair.
Pull down the curtain—
The show's off!
Yet there is still one
Chance—illusion—
And anyway
The seats are sold.

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The Fall of the Kingdom of Khati

(Continued from page 10)

fire until the beast became as bright as the fire itself and the chains melted, leaving it free.

Then did the beast dash through the city, leaving blazing houses and ruined walls behind him. The panic-stricken people fled from the city, leaving all their belongings behind them. On to the palace he ran until he came to the King's dwelling and on entering it, rushed upon the King and killed him.

All over the land the beast roamed, leaving behind a path of destruction, until no one dared live in the country. Thus the once prosperous and contented land became a wilderness; but not until grass was growing in the streets of the capital, did the gods remove the beast Misfortune from the land.

Sayings of the Country Boy

Some boys likes to live in town,
The reason I can't tell why,
'Cause they jest hangs 'round and smokes
And then gits old and die.

I think the country is the place for me
Although the city boys say I live in the sticks;
But if I had to live in a closed-up town
I'd think I was in a heluva fix.

I like to live out in the country,
Out in the fresh air and the breeze
Where I can chew my ole Climax
And specterate where I durn please.

Were it not for we farmer clod-hoppers
I don't know what the town boys would do,
I think they would be like the lady who went to church
And sit in the wrong pew.

If they want to, let 'em live in town
But give me a life on a wide open farm,
Where I can milk the cows and feed the pigs
And grow a muscle on my arm.

R. H. J.

Like a lonely thief you have taken my heart.
You possess my thoughts too,
But you do not possess me!

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The Last Laugh

(Continued from page 19)

George. Her mother would raise hell, but what did that matter? He wanted her, wanted to cover her red hands with passionate kisses; to run his hands through that kinky black hair,——.

The club flashed by, now dark and deserted. The Webb's drive. The car climbed a steep grade. At the top, the road turned to the right and wound away in the distance. Straight ahead behind a frail, rotten fence, was blackness, and the river.

Why turn? What was the use? Why follow the road on to agony, misery, to despair? It would never lead to Kate. It would go on and on, endlessly, monotonously. It would always be empty, crude, bitter. From beyond the fence coarse, red hands beckoned him; thick red lips seemed to wait smilingly for his kisses. He stretched his arms toward them eagerly, gasping with emotion.

The brittle crash as his car plunged through the fence cleared his mind.

Kate? Why she was nothing to him. He loathed her, had been forcing himself to marry her. It was Helen he loved, Helen——.

The air about him was filled by a discordant laugh. It mocked him; beat upon his ears; bore into his brain, benumbing it into blankness. It grew louder, harsher, more terrible until it blotted out everything; filled all space——.

The last laugh! and on him!

At sunset then I climbed Fiesole
And turning at the peak I saw below
The Arno sweep into the Southern mist
And up the Appenines unto the snow.

It was late—the path was long and steep
And I had gathered violets by the way
Till now the Sun was trembling in the West,
And soon would yield to night the losing play.

The springtime hum rose up from all the land
And with the flowers filled my solitude,
And there, alone, I mused upon the past,
The past that is to Florence a beatitude.

Of Buonorrotti, Vinci Rafaello,
Of Dante Alighieri and of Marco,
Who wandered in the kingdom of the sun,
Of Farinata and of Tiziano.

Of these and many others did I dream;
But from this golden mist two clouds rose high
Of those who loved sweet Florence, and the two
Were Anatole and Lanodor, sad the why!!

Lullaby

Rock-a-bye baby
Go thou to sleep,
Fear not, my baby,
God will thee keep.

He made the blind boy,
The cripple you know,
He let thy father die
Out in the snow.

The beggar who shivers
With tatters for clothes
Is one of God's creatures
Each Christian Child knows.

Rock-a-bye baby
Go thou to sleep,
Weep not, my baby,
God will thee keep.

Broke in the Cruel City

(Continued from page 18)

all on a dead social level, all seeking a bit of the warmth from the blazing papers.

I had to laugh at myself and it was a full-fledged, soul-satisfying laugh. Here was I, a junior at a University of which none there had even heard, with one point less than Phi Beta Kappa scholastic average, with a set of trick ambitions fit to choke a horse, with my waistcoat pockets even then stuffed with tickets to the best shows in town—yet I was as cold as the coldest of them, I craved the heat with the worst of them, and I was hungrier than most of them.

But one thing, two things, I shared with none of them: At nine o'clock precisely I would receive a small roll of bills and four days later I would have received another roll and be on my way to another year in college.

Ah, what a stimulating thought! At nine o'clock, in just—gosh! in just half an hour—I had thirty minutes more in which to remain a gutter rat. I silently faded away from the crowd and up Broadway, now alive with traffic. In the shadow of the statue called Civic Virtue I parked my weary bones for the few minutes remaining before nine. At five minutes after nine I was entering a barber shop. At ten I was partially decent again and *enroute* to the Y where my luggage was checked—*enroute* to civilization.

But, as I said before, I would not take a great deal for those forty-eight hours. It's a great life if you don't get sorry for yourself.

—H.

To R. H.

Shadows deep beneath your eyes
As those the sun casts—
Merely to intensify its glory.
So
Your eyes
The pool of all my soul's desire
Gleam forth
To make the world a cradle of
Star-lit dreams.
Yet
Vital like the glare
Of a blast-furnace against
The black.

Laughter

joyous laughter bubbling free—
the spark that flames
within the soul. Making
the very sun eclipse itself.
And yet all this emotion
stirred in me
which thrills me
like a river risen beyond its depths
is merely from a smile
you gave to a kitten
  sleeping
    purring
on a step.

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Out from the sunset's brooding curtain,
Spreading in immortal art,
There comes a whisper, soft, uncertain,
To heal my heart. . .

Far on the reefs the surf is sobbing,
Near the ocean's heaving breast,
Sending a song of tender throbbing
That brings me rest. . .

Far in the azure's infinite splendor,
In vast, cerulean aureole,
Their lies a ken of the great defender,
That calms my soul.

E. P.

Yon tree,
Bare limbs against a winter sky,
How like a man
It stands.

Spring, summer,
Falling leaves of autumn,
Seeming death in winter,
Such is the life
Of a tree.

Youth, manhood,
Failing strength of age,
Death and the grave,
Such is the life
Of a man.

Man dies,
But for the tree when winter comes,
There is still hope
Of another Spring.

Make Life Worth While

Do you belong to the pessimist crew,
The biggest curse the world ever knew?
Do you plant thistles where flowers once grew,
And prophesy rain so the sun can't shine through?

He who looks dreary when others look bright,
And tries to bar pleasures out of their sight,
Often wonders why neighbors can rest well at night,
While he lies and worries because of dangers to fight.

He sees far ahead darksome shadows and drear,
Weeping willows that soon will hang low o'er his head.
A life without joy he finds he has had,
And then he concludes he'd rather be dead.

If you be like this, then take my advice,
The suggestions are cheap, you won't mind the price.
Just try them once, they'll surely suffice
You to live long and happy on this little device.

Speak cheerful words, wear a friendly smile,
Reach out for joys and make life worth while;
To friendship and love give an honest trial,
That will make you a man of the optimist style.

"Jurley Murley"
University of North Carolina, 1925.

NOTE: This may be sung to the tune of *Brighten the Corner Where You Are.*

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Writer Considers Most of the Articles Vaguely Composed.

By M. L. Radoff

The forthcoming issue of the *Carolina Magazine* should prove interesting to the feminist and to the anti-feminist. It is, therefore, a production which will interest the entire male student body of the University. It is a kind of performance by a minute minority staged for the benefit of a huge and critical majority.

Everything that interests modern womanhood: prohibition, smoking, dancing, love, marriage, romance, God, and the emancipation of their sex, with special emphasis on the attack on man's stronghold, the fine arts, is discussed and explained. For all of this the entire *Magazine* should be read no matter what its value as an artistic production may be.

Immediately after the "Table of Contents" Mr. Couch has for some reason, known only to himself, introduced the issue with a "Swan Song." Being nominally the editor of the magazine Mr. Couch has forgotten that for this issue he has delegated his powers to the contributors. He uses this "Swan Song" paradoxically placed at the beginning of the work—to vent his spleen on the women's literary organization, Chi Delta Phi. This tasteless criticism indicates nothing less than an aberration of the critical faculties of Mr. Couch. If he thought the thing was funny then he has been misled. If he meant to attack such things as national literary fraternities as such he should have singled out such an organization as Sigma Upsilon to which he belongs. Above all it is not chivalrous to betray the intimate knowledge which Mr. Couch seems to have about a group that has volunteered to put out an issue of his magazine.

Passing to the real contents of the magazine, we find first "The Lamb and the Lion", a story of the incorrigibly masculine boss and the reformingly feminine stenographer. The story is not too interesting and in spots it is so badly written as to defy reading. The author, Miss Naomi Alexander, does present a queer slant at the situation, but her ideas bubble overmuch and her style is neglected.

Miss Ruth Hatch offers "The Mystic Caravan", a poem in free verse which takes as subject matter the endless and vain search of man for knowledge. She makes of this time-worn theme a delightful fantasy, and more than that she seems to grasp, at least in spots, the lyrical possibilities of "vers libre."

"Jumpin' the Broom" is a one-act play by Miss Cara Mae Green. Miss Green has handicapped herself by trying to develop a play in a few pages. Her plot is almost annihilated by this ill-judged effort, but there remains a skeleton of scene and character which is encouraging. The dialect impresses the reviewer but as he is not a Carolinian he cannot rightly pass judgment on its merit.

The first section of editorials is taken up with a consideration of woman's place in the realm of the arts and with the causes for this place. None of the explanations are convincing, and the writer shows a lack of study of this great problem. The next section, oddly entitled "Our Professors, Geraldine Farrar, and a New System", is a humorous consideration of the problem of professor and pupil. The humor does not catch and the editorial becomes more and more pointless until it ends in a directionless waste.

"The Pasture" is interested in the individual ego of man, a woman's view of the too-much discussed Carolina dances, an absent minded stenographer who furnishes a moral, and a girl's sense of the boredom of a dancing partner who is "hung" with her. This section is vague, wandering, and much, much too long. "The Pasture" seems to be a section of the magazine which is always badly used.

The last half of the issue is taken up with a group of short stories and sketches. That by Miss Mabel Evans, "Another Case of Then and Now," is a coast guard story without any great value. At times the scene becomes very real and the writing good but the subject defies genius. "A Ruby is Red" by Miss Eunice Erwin, is marred by an odd style. The leading figure cannot take form as his character and his speech are recorded in a careless manner. The subject too is a bit grotesque, and the element of chance employed is not artistic. Miss Erwin would do well to choose simpler themes.

"In the Garden", another story by Miss Alexander, is almost good. Her delicate notice of detail is commendable. But she wanders on and on until she falls over the end of the world into plain unadulterated sentimentality. In "In the Spring" Miss Erma Green interprets Tennyson's so badly-used lines in "Locksley Hall." Her interpretation is as good as any other. She is interested only in a situation upon the development of which hangs the intellectual soul of her one character. She succeeds fairly well and her style is pleasantly readable, which last quality in the nature of things detracts from the tensity of the work.

(Editor's Note: By mistake this review was left out of the last *Tar Heel.*)

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED IN 1844

Published by the University of North Carolina Publications Union

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOMETIME LAST YEAR a small group of ambitious Co-eds decided they wanted to start a literary sorority—the men had one, so why shouldn't they have one also? By organizing they would be enabled to open new paths for women in the literary wilderness, they would be able to give organized inspiration to aspiring female geniuses, they would write in every way more and better every day. The campus, the state and the world needed enlightenment, needed to be weaned from foolish ideas, false pride, prejudices, superstitions and Babbitry. The general public was suffering for need of song; and they needed to give expression to their poetic souls. Ah, thrills and more thrills, absolutely! What a wonderful prospect, so much to do, so much to appreciate. And the first progressive step was to organize. So they organized.

¶ But there is never any use in organizing unless one can nationalize—all the poetic souls must belong to one great body extending north, south, east and west; and all the little hearts must beat like one big heart, each rhapsodizing in perfect time with the others over the poem each and the other has written. So they joined a national literary sorority. But it costs money to join a national literary sorority. The High Mogul has to be paid for the mystic symbols and the secret passwords without which one simply cannot be literary. * * * But the High Mogul must eat * * * And so the dear poetic co-eds had to rake up fifty dollars to pay for the mystic symbols and the secret passwords. But where, oh where could they scrape up fifty dollars?

¶ It happened that a paper junk man who would pay for old books, copies of *The Golden Treasury* or Keats or Browning or anything of the sort, came to town about this time. And soon, very soon after, a brilliant idea came to the girls: they would sell the paper junk man their dusty old books. Later when they had plenty of money they could buy nice new ones, if they wanted them.

¶ So they sold their books, paid the High Mogul, and forthwith became nationally literary.

¶ With these few words the Editor introduces to you the Chi Delta Phi National Literary Sorority XYZMNOP. The members of this powerful and fearfully organized national organization are entirely responsible for everything in this issue of THE MAGAZINE excepting this swan song.

¶ The Editor takes great, you cannot imagine how great, pride in presenting to you this issue—last year you got only six. From the bottom of his heart he is grateful to the Chi Delta Phi National Literary Sorority XYZMNOP. They organized for literary production, and they have produced. Let no one suggest that they have more dealings with the paper junk man.

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The Lamb and the Lion

By NAOMI ALEXANDER

"The Wild Hyena is going to hire a new Rough Baby today."

"He is? Well I'm glad of that, and I hope she will be a rough enough baby to help us jazz out some of his lengthy letters."

"Oh, she will be no doubt. You have never heard of the Wild Hyena hiring any one for her decorative abilities. However, I hear that this one is no backward daughter when it comes to adorning herself."

Their cogitations were abruptly ended at the sound of a gruff, "Good morning," delivered in an adjoining room.

"Gee, Sal, I didn't know that he was in there, and if she isn't arriving in his private sanctum! Isn't she the brazen one?"

"You had better lower your gab, Liz, he will be in here in a minute."

Liz uncorked a bottle of gasoline, anointed a small brush, resembling a tooth brush in size and shape, and fell busily to sideswiping the keys of her typewriter with it. An accumulated pile of letters, to be filed, of two days duration and two feet thickness, seized Sal's attention for dividing into the respective A's, B's and C's of the alphabet.

A door marked private was opened and a man entered followed by a girl.

He turned to her. "This is the room of all work and no play. The nervous energy that has been expended in this room exceeds the currents of air set in motion by an electric fan.

"Miss Carroll, this is Miss Harrison and Miss Kerney. These young ladies possess great mentality and intelligence at times—by times I mean the number of times a clock strikes. Their minds and ears are atune to the one stroke at 12:30 and the five strokes at five. I know that you will be greatly benefited by working with them, but I hope that it will not have the effect of making all of your great minds run in the same channel."

"Miss Harrison, I am glad to meet you, and Miss Kerney, how do you do?" she said, stepping forward to shake hands. "I am sure that nothing could give me any more pleasure than working with you, and I hope each of you has a lovely wrist watch."

Sal Harrison scattered the correspondence, to be filed, over the floor in the attempt to proffer her languid hand.

Liz Kerney offered her's affably, saying, "I'm glad to know you, Miss Carroll. Don't get frightened by what Mr. Brighton says, for we manage to live here through the hot weather by emptying the water cooler every half hour. We really don't need wrist watches since we spend all of our time hanging out of the window to see the time clock."

"Here, we must not start in this way with Miss Carroll, as she might not want to work with us, although we really display the spirit of youth occasionally. Miss Harrison and Miss Kerney both know that we could not dispense with each other for the world. Where is Miss Rosney this morning?"

"I don't believe she's come yet," Liz answered.

"Miss Carroll, Miss Rosney is the sort of person who, the smaller amount of time she reserves for her work, the faster she works. She does not believe in the daylight saving plan, because she thinks that the more time saved, the more there will be wasted.

"Miss Carroll, that partition over there divides the sheep from the goats. The goats are the adders. By that I do not mean reptiles. They are simply the benighted young men who manipulate the adding machines in the accounting department. If the personnel of my accounting department were ever weighed in the balances, they would certainly be found wanting. I think that I have now introduced you to our menagerie. I believe they call me the Wild Hyena; on that side of the partition are the goats, being adders; on this side are the sheep. The sheep remind me of pretty maids growing in a row behind the typewriters, and I believe

that they must have been nurtured in the garden of Mary, Mary, quite contrary.

"I suppose, however, that I am creating a delay. Miss Kerney and Miss Harrison are always impatient to begin their work. Miss Carroll will handle all the routine mail, Miss Kerney. Miss Carroll, I shall ring when I am ready to give my dictation. In the meantime —Good morning."

Nothing was said until the door was securely closed behind him.

"Whew, isn't he on the rampage this morning? Sal, I never saw him like that before. Miss Carroll, he must have been trying to show off for your benefit."

"He did sound rather cynical and discouraging, didn't he?"

"Well, I'm glad it's the first time he's ever been like that, but you can never tell what he'll do next," Sal half groaned. "Here, let me collect these letters."

The outer door burst open.

"Girls, I've got the most exciting thing to tell you."

"You had better keep it to yourself, Len, and creep in here on your hands and knees. If the Wild Hyena were to hear you now, he would fire you without so much as a week's pay in advance." Liz knew how to give advice.

Helen's excitement was effectively squelched. She closed the door silently and tiptoed across the floor.

"What's up?"

"Miss Carroll, meet Miss Rosney."

"How do you do, Miss Rosney."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Carroll. Are you a new one?"

"Yes, I started in this morning. I am afraid my arrival caused all the trouble. I knew Mr. Brighton casually long ago, but that is no reason for his acting as he did this morning. But I have caused enough delay; do not let me deter you any longer. Where shall I put my hat?"

The bell eventually rang and Miss Carroll, not knowing what to expect next, went through the door marked private with a rather frightened feeling of doubt, yet with perfect outer composure.

The boss did not look up as she entered. His mail was arranged in neat piles on his desk, and he was concentrating intently upon a letter. As he did not point out a chair, she took one immediately in front of him. His desk being flat she had a full view of his face, and while waiting took the opportunity for studying it. She saw immediately that he was a man who would never be remembered because of his looks. He was not good looking, because he had too much thought, purpose, and determination in his face, and he was not bad looking for the same reason. The deep thought wrinkle in his forehead made him look much older than his youthful figure indicated.

Anyway, he made her sick. There was no use in any sane person acting as he had that morning, absolutely without provocation. Why did he not let up on that awful, stinking pipe he was smoking? All the smoke was being driven right at her.

Although she was getting a good look at the boss, he was missing an opportunity in not studying her. She sat vigorously upright in her chair, with shoulders back and feet resting firmly on the floor. Her trim figure and the graceful relaxation of her arms proclaimed regular exercise. Her face would not have attracted any of the young bucks of her age, as a curving, humorous mouth was all it revealed at a glance. However, her skin was clear, without artificial color, and behind heavy-rimmed glasses were long-lashed, deep blue eyes. Fine, well-brushed brown hair was arranged becomingly as a back-ground for her face.

Growing impatient from waiting and from being entirely ignored, she crossed and uncrossed her legs, chewed the rubber of her pencil, opened and closed her note book, and fidgeted in her chair.

He began, "June the eighth, number one."

Did he think that she did not even know the date, she wondered?

"Mr. Albert Roberts, Box 149, Chicago, Illinois. Dear Mr. Roberts: In regard to your letter of the sixth beg to advise—."

Miss Carroll sat with pencil poised and note book opened, but made no motion towards securing notes. She wondered if he was going to dictate all his letters in that mumbling tone and with that awful, overpowering, odor belching pipe clutched between his teeth.

The boss glanced up, and frowned severely when he saw the clean page devoid of notes.

He growled, "Miss Carroll, I am in the habit of having my letters taken from the beginning. I see that you have made no notes; do you take them in your head? I did not know that I was engaging a memory expert."

"It is my custom to take notes on paper, but I did not know that you had begun."

"Miss Carroll, I usually begin at the beginning; so will you please get ready to take the dictation. Believe me, I would enjoy conversing with you and redictating all morning, but unfortunately I have other demands on my time. I was unaware that I was supposed to say: On the mark, get set, go. Now will you please begin. June the eighth, number one."

Two hours later the door marked private was opened from the inside. Miss Carroll came out and closed the door behind her, and, excepting a slight flush on her cheeks, she looked as cool as she had when she entered.

She seated herself at the typewriter that had been assigned to her and flipped a sheet of letterhead paper with carbon and second sheet into the machine. She was interrupted in writing "June the eighth" by three inquiring faces.

"How was he?"

"How did you come out?"

"Aren't his letters awful?"

She laughed ruefully. "Girls, he makes me sick. You would think from the way he acts that there is no such thing as real sincerity, earnest endeavor, or even beauty and loveliness in this world. He thinks stenographers are utterly hopeless and are incapable of possessing any thing like a mind. Does he never quit smoking that villainous pipe?"

"He never has stopped since we've been here."

"And how long have you been here?"

"I've been here six years," Sal volunteered.

"And I four," Liz contributed.

"Me two," added Len.

"Do you mean to say that you have put up with him for that length of time and never tried to reform him?"

"Reform him! We were only too glad to keep him from eating us."

"Well, why did you not go in for learning the business and at least convince him that lambs have as much sense as wild hyenas? Girls, that is what is wrong with us stenographers. Besides wanting a good time in life, leisure, money, and a palace to live in—we also want love. So we put our desire to be loved first and think that our only hope rests in getting a man, and all the other good things of life will be added unto us. Yet most of us die unwedded, unsought for, unloved, unsung. Instead of thinking about a man all of the time, we ought to think about our work and love it a little. I honestly believe that in that way we shall come into all that we want. But the road would be awfully rough. By the way, Mr. Brighton is not married, is he?"

"No, as if any one would have him," answered Liz scornfully, "but go on, finish preaching."

"Oh, I was just telling you what I think, but I also think other things. From the way he acts you would think that all of us were after him, and the only way that he can keep us from succeeding is by acting poisonously. Anyway, we have got to reform him, and it may end with one of us marrying him. I shall begin it tomorrow. Those of us that do not marry him will have to fall in love with the business. Do you always wear those dark, unbecoming clothes that you have on?"

"Why, of course, we do. We have to. If one of us would come here with so much as a white clock on a black stocking, he would fling a double-duck fit. Why, what do you intend to do?"

"Tomorrow I am going to wear a deep orange dress that makes me look like the Scarlet Woman in the Bible."

"If you do, he'll fire you."

"I do not think he will. I think he will like the change. But that is not all that I am going to do, I am going to bring him a box of cubeb cigarettes."

"Girl, how long do you think you have been here? Just one day, and you are already thinking of marrying him, changing his dislike for color, and reforming his taste for tobacco." Liz was the only one with gall enough to meet the gall of the newcomer.

The outgoing mail placed on the desk of Mr. Brighton that afternoon had never been more perfect, more flawless—every letter a picture of accuracy, neatness, and form. The deep thought wrinkle in the Wild Hyena's forehead relaxed a little.

When the bell rang peremptorily the next morning, a trim figure, in a slim orange dress, stood up, picked up note book and pencil, and started towards the door marked private.

"Goodbye, girls, I am nowhere near through."

"He's going to rage like a bull at the sight of red when he sees that dress."

"Give us plenty of time to call the police if he gets too murderous."

"Oh boy! I'm glad I'm not you."

"You all had better hush, it is not going to be anything but Waterloo, and I am Wellington."

The boss was again concentrating intently on his mail as she entered. She seated herself, and he began dictating immediately. Everything went smoothly until the fifth letter was finished; then he looked up.

"Miss Carroll, have you seen one of those eye shades anywhere around here?"

"No, I do not believe I have, but if your eyes are hurting, I shall be glad to find one for you."

"They just started bothering me in the last few minutes. I am not used to having any thing as bright as your dress so near to me."

"Oh, I am sorry. Try using your hand as a shade. Maybe that will help."

The dictation was finished, she was rising to depart, when he asked her, "Miss Carroll, have you met any of the accounting department?"

(Continued on page 29)

The Mystic Caravan

By Ruth Hatch

Across the misty vastness of Eternity
It moves—
That ghostly caravan.
There are no trails
To guide its slender winding.

Long centuries
It gropes its futile way
Across the spaceless void
Toward that illusive strip of merging clouds
And earth,
That haunting rim of things
Which distances pursuit.

The Travellers in that Mystic Caravan
Are strange,
Intent.
Each from an inner purpose seems to move
Questing the answer to some cryptic thought
Amid the lonely splendor of that silent reach.

There are the men grown old
With weariness
That comes from work
Which lacks its compensator:
Realization.
Their backs are turned
To the mirage
Which is the journey's end.
But in their backward look
Is understanding
And a quiet peace.

Beside the caravan
There swing the clean limbed youths
Whose eyes outstrip their feet,
Uncognizant of all reality.
They feel the swiftness
Of their blood
And sense its urge.
They do not look at the old men
Because their eyes are held
On the mirage.
But if they looked
They could not understand the mutterings
Of ghosts.

There are the men who walk with plodding steps
Between the young men and the old,
Who look not back nor fore.
They listen to the memories of age,
And measure it against their ebbing lives.
Then to the young
They turn relentlessly,
Giving their lore to these—
Precursors
Of another group of men
Who
With their task unfilled
Shall silently look back
Then toss their knowing on
And on
Until
One shall at last
Achieve the end.
And even he
May find it
A beginning.

Jumpin' the Broom

By CARA MAE GREEN

CHARACTERS

JENNY SIMPSON, *a young girl, 17 years old*
AUG. SIMPSON, *Jenny's father*
CHRISTIAN SIMPSON, *Jenny's mother*
DEXTER ADAMS, *Jenny's beau*
LENA SIMPSON, *older daughter*
COLIE JONES, *Lena's beau*

TIME: *The Present*

PLACE: *Eastern North Carolina, on a tenant farm.*

(The time of action is late on a Sunday afternoon and evening. It takes place in the semi-sitting-room of the Simpson tenant farmhouse. There is a bed in the left back of the room; a pine chest in the right near the door leading to the porch. Down front left is a bureau which stands beside the door leading into the bedroom. On the right of the stage is a fireplace in which burns a light wood fire. There is a small window on each side of the fire place over which hang cheap lace curtains with a design of George Washington on horseback. There are also lace pillow shams with the same design. In the center of the room is a square table upon which sits a lamp burning. Scattered around in confusion are a few fancy post cards, a red plush picture album and a catalogue.

As the curtain rises, JENNY *the 17 year old daughter, full of energy, and determination to enjoy life, and considered by the young boys in the community to be not a bit painful to look at, is standing before the bureau winding her hair from white cotton strings. She is softly humming to herself. It is evident that she is expecting "company." She goes to the table, straightens the cards and picture-album, then arranges the cheap rockers into a more pleasing order after which she returns to the bureau and continues "primping." She glances at the clock just as the door opens and* AUG *enters with a lightwood knot in his hand.*

AUG *is a tall angular farmer with a long moustache which he constantly brushes back with his little finger. His trousers are very tight, evidently home-made, making his long legs appear even longer. He is wearing a black felt hat which he does not remove, a faded blue shirt and a short coat, which is too short in the back.*

Upon seeing him a look of disappointment crosses Jenny's face. She is conscious of showing her surprise, and, in an effort to conceal it from AUG, *she speaks.)*

JENNY: Well Pa, you near 'bout scared me to death! I thought——

AUG: What you scared o' me fer? I ain't no bear. *(He throws the wood on the fire, spits, then turns around and curiously watches Jenny who is vigorously powdering her nose.)* I wanta know what you mess yourself up that-a-way fer? *(Kindly)* Now ain't you a pretty lookin' thing!

JENNY: Do you think so too? *(She puts more powder on her face.)*

AUG: Well, uh—I don't know what'll become o' you! But I'm plim blank shore if Dexter Adams was to see you a-whitin' up yo' face he wouldn't be so shore about yo' pretty self. *(He spits into the fire and sits down.)*

JENNY: Now Pa, you don't think as I'd let him see me like this!

AUG: I'm a-gittin' tard o' seein' that up-start a-foolin' 'round here. Him an' that durn auto-harp, an' his pretty talkin' tongue has run every other boy away.

JENNY: But he's promised to learn me how to play the auto-harp sometime.

AUG: Playin' no auto-harp ain't gonna git you no meat and bread. You tell him that and see what he says.

JENNY: Meat an' bread ain't everything. I ain't lived 17 years fer nothin'——

AUG: *(Surprised)* Haah! You ain't seventeen. Lena's just that old!

JENNY: Maybe if you'd a-knowed it this morning you'd a let me a-gone to that Baptist 'sosation too—Lena's been off all day a-havin' a big time, seein' everybody—and—

AUG: What's a 'sosation? I'd ruther been right here at home—a-settin' by the far—

JENNY: Lena an' Colie 'ull soon be here—

AUG: Yer, I ain't never knowed Lena to stay off too late. If you uz just a little more like her—I—

JENNY: Lena's purty still an' quiet—*(mockingly)* don't never friz her hair ner powder her face—and she's nineteen—and can go off anywhere she wants to 'cause she always comes back 'fore dark—Ha! Ha! *(She glances in the mirror—then around the room.)*

AUG: *(Observing her slyly. He laughs and brushes his moustache back then stretches his feet toward the*

fire.) I don't see nary thing wrong with this room. *(Jenny blushes.)* Oh me! My ol' feet's plum tard down! *(He begins to unlace his shoes.)*

JENNY: *(As if struck)* Don't you want me to git you your Sunday shoes? They're right here in the chist an' I can git 'em in a minute.

AUG: What do I want with shoes this time o' night? I ain't a-goin' out no where.

JENNY: They're so nice an' new I thought since you'se a-takin' your old uns off you might want o' put your new 'uns on.

AUG: *(Dryly)* Much o'blige but you needn't to trouble yourself.

JENNY: *(Desperately)* Ain't your feet warm enough. It ain't so cold nohow.

AUG: *(Yawning)* No, it ain't so cold but I b'lieve it's gonna turn cold 'fore morning. *(He takes his tin snuff box from his hip pocket and begins dipping with a short snuff stick. He spits into the fire, then turns* toward Jenny.) Where's yo' ma, Jenny?

JENNY: I dunno, but I think she's a-strainin' the milk. *(She goes to the window and looks out.)* It's near 'bout dark and the stars is shinin' just as bright!

AUG: Yer, it wuz jist about sich a night that I axed Christian would she have me. Th' ain't never been sich a night 'fore ner since! I come home to Pa's a-drivin' old Bob as hard-as-life-ud-let me. An' when I come in the door an' turned over a cheer or two, Pa says "Aug, what's the matter with you?" an' I says "Pa, I'm a gonna git married." *(His story is interrupted by the opening of the door. Christian comes into the room with a pan of sweet potatoes and a pitcher of milk. She is a tall skinny woman. Her hair is drawn back from her face and screwed into a knot at the back of her head. She sets the potatoes on the hearth and the pitcher of milk on the table.)*

CHRISTIAN: I know you all can't be hungry after sich a big dinner so I thought I'd bring you some'n t'eat in here.

AUG: No, I shore ain't a-hungry—jist want a little snack.

JENNY: Ma, I don't see why you and Pa can't eat somewheres else tonight—There ain't no tellin' who'll come an' it won't look mighty nice to be a-eatin' in here—

AUG: Jenny can you fetch a glass o' water? I cain't eat nothin' 'till I git this snuff out o' my mouth. *(Jenny starts toward the kitchen. Aug turns to Christian with a twinkle and points toward Jenny with his thumb)* I got about my last year's work out o' that gal.

CHRISTIAN: Well, we'll have Lena here with us fer a long time.

AUG: Yer, Lena ain't like Jenny with her eye always sot on some boy o' nuther—She mought like Colie right well—

CHRISTIAN: Maybe more'n you think. *(Suddenly)* Aug! I wish you'd git yo' feet out-a them taters!

AUG: I reckon Jenny 'ud be glad ef I'd put 'em in some shoes. Ha! Ha!

CHRISTIAN: Aug, I don't know why you love to tease her so fer anyhow!

AUG: She gits as much fun out of it as I do.

(Jenny returns with the glass of water. Aug takes it and goes to the door to wash the snuff out of his mouth. Jenny sits on the pine chest and begins turning the leaves of a Sears Roebuck Catalogue)

AUG: *(Looking out at the sky)* These days shore air a-gittin' short. Who 'ud thought it 'ud be dark as a black cat this soon?

CHRISTIAN: I don't see why Lena and Colie don't hurry on home. It's a-gittin' cold!

AUG: *(Coming back into the room)* I wouldn't a stood around Oak Grove Church today fer a purty—

CHRISTIAN: I'd love to a gone to that 'sosation today but I'd shore caught fresh cold and been laid up with that old neuralgy again. *(Aug picks up a potato and begins peeling it, throwing the peels into the fire.)*

AUG: Lena'll come back after a-while an' tell you all about it. *(Pause)* Jenny, lay down that old book an' come eat a 'tater.

JENNY: I ain't hungry. Ain't you an' ma eat about enough? Ma, I'll take the things into the kitchen. *(She rises.)*

AUG: Just keep your seat. *(Jenny sits down, and begins looking through the catalogue again.)*

JENNY: Ma, here's the prettiest water-set. Just look! An' it ain't but a dollar and a half! *(Shows it to Christian.)*

AUG: I wouldn't pay no $1.50 fer nothing I ever seed to drink water outa—a clean brown gourd's good enough fer me.

JENNY: I'm a gonna have one o' them things one o' these days.

AUG: Maybe ye air—

JENNY: 'Twon't be so mighty long either.

AUG: I wouldn't be 'sprised if ye're drinkin' out-a a gourd next year at this time.

(A knock is heard at the door. Jenny jumps nervously. She looks at Aug's feet with shame and disgust)

JENNY: Ma, make Pa. put on his shoes.

CHRISTIAN: *(consolingly)* Jenny, it don't make no difference. Me and you's got feet, so has Dexter.

AUG: *(Does not rise from his chair)* Come in!

(The door opens and Dexter Adams enters. He is below average height, and very robust. He is wearing bright tan shoes, tight trousers and coat, a very high collar and brilliant tie. His hair is parted straight in the middle of his big head, and plastered down. He comes into the room with a cock-sure swagger)

DEXTER: Good-evenin' Mr. Aug. Good-evenin' Miss Christian.

AUG: Have a chair an' make yourself at home.

DEXTER: *(Turning to Jenny, smiles)* Much oblige, b'lieve I will. *(He sits down by the window and looks out)* It don't miss bein' a cold time, I'm here to tell ye!

CHRISTIAN: Yer, an' I reckon Lena's somewhere 'es cold as a frog!

DEXTERS *(Knowingly)* I seed her this evenin' an' she didn't look so mighty cold to me. *(He winks at Jenny)*

JENNY: I want a know, did you go to that 'sosation too!—I bet there wuz a heap o' folks there.

DEXTER: I mean there was; Never seed sich a crowd!

AUG: I better put another knot on this far, 'fore Lena comes. *(He slips his shoes on without lacing them and goes out at rear door)*

JENNY: Lemme take these things out a here.

CHRISTIAN: I got to run the cat out o' the kitchen, an' I'll take 'em. *(She picks up the pitcher and pan and goes out at left door. As soon as Christian is gone Dexter pulls his chair up very close to Jenny)*

DEXTER: *(Mysteriously)* I saw 'em when they done it.

JENNY: What do you mean?

DEXTER: *(Pulling at his tight collar)* Well, Jenny, they beat us to it!

JENNY: There you go again—always talkin' crazy secrets!

DEXTER: It ain't no secret—Me and Jonny an' Ran and Coy and a whole crowd o' folks seed 'em.

JENNY: I want a know what you're talkin' about. Seed 'em do what?

DEXTER: Seed Lena an' Colie when they got hitched this evenin'.

JENNY: You don't mean—

DEXTER: Shore I mean thet preacher tied 'em tight!

JENNY: Now ain't that a pretty come off! Lemme tell Ma—

DEXTER: *(Taking Jenny by the arm)* Naw sirree—Let 'em do their own tellin'!

JENNY: Course they'll say we didn't even think o' gittin off till they went and done it.

AUG: *(Comes in with a big lightwood knot and throws it on the fire)* I reckon that'll warm Lena and 'twont be very long about it neither—*(He sits down and pulls off his shoes. There is a sound on the porch—Aug looks toward the door, Jenny and Dexter straighten up and look toward each other. The door opens slowly and Lena steps timidly into the room. She is a small skinny worked-down looking girl. Although she is only 19 years old one would think on first seeing her that she is much older. She is dressed very neatly with a black velvet hat, a coarse brown coat and high-top lace shoes. Christian hears somebody come in and she hurries into the room to find out if it is Lena. Lena looks first at Aug and then at Christian as if she doesn't know what to do with herself)*

CHRISTIAN: *(Going toward Lena)* Ain't you plum froze Lena? I never knowed you to stay away so late.

LENA: I don't hardly know. There wuz sich a crowd o' folks there, I couldn't git away seemed lack.

AUG: Come up to the far I just made fer ye. *(Lena walks up to the fire and holds her hand out)*

LENA: I am sorta cold. *(She goes to the center table, looks through the post cards, picks up the picture album and glances through it, then returns to the fire)*

CHRISTIAN: Ain't you gonna take off yo' coat and hat?

LENA: Oh, I forgot. *(She starts to unbutton her coat but stops. She goes over to the chest and picks up the catalogue and begins turning the leaves)*

JENNY: To be shore you didn't come home by yourself?

LENA: *(Trying to change the subject)* Ma, I seed Uncle Will and Aunt Mary at the 'sosation.

CHRISTIAN: I told Aug I bet they'd be there.

AUG: An' I told Christian I *knowed* they'd be. Never knowed 'em to miss a big dinner.

DEXTER: *(Laughing)* Ha! Ha! I don't blame nobody to go to a big dinner if he gits a chance. And this 'un shore wuz a big 'un, warn't it Lena?

LENA: It shore wuz!

DEXTER: Never seed so much cake an' chicken an' backbone!

AUG: *(Watching Lena who has nervously sat down on the edge of a chair)* Where's Colie, Lena?

LENA: *(Nervously)* He's a-tyin' the mule!

AUG: Air ye-a-goin' to bed with yo' hat an' coat on?

LENA: *(Pretends not to have heard Aug)* Ma, I axed Uncle Will an' Aunt Mary to come to see us—an' they said they would. *(She examines her hands)*

CHRISTIAN: You'll git too hot in here if you don't take them wraps off. *(Continued on page 28)*

Women, Prohibition and Women

Somewhat less than four years ago we read an article in the "Literary Digest" concerning an interview with one of the literati which has occupied our thoughts at various times ever since. We have forgotten whether he was a critic, a poet, an author, an artist, or a scientist. From the impression that the article made upon us he might have been all of them. He was not a prohibitionist. This particular article contained a serious discussion of the advisability of prohibition as it was, a much more vital problem four years ago than it is now, since the public did not then know how little prohibition would affect the inalienable rights of man, and since the public had not then learned the ways and means of prohibition.

The literatus was quoted as saying words to the effect that, "The art and literature of the nation will be ruined. Without the stimulating effect of certain liquors our men of imagination, of genius, of talent, our creative artists, will be kept from the higher realms of the imagination, thus causing our literature and our art to suffer. Our poetry will lack imagery; our art will become commonplace; and our prose will degenerate into bulky unread material."

Any one with ordinary powers of understanding can see what a revealing light the literatus' belief of the relation between literature and liquors, art and absinthe, throws on the position of women in the higher arts of man in the ages past. This literatus said that unless a man is drunk he cannot write, he cannot paint, he cannot act, he cannot think any thoughts worth thinking. Now, even you who are sluggish in thought can quickly perceive why women, until just recently, have been considered of no moment in the things that make life just a little bit more than living. She, woman, the lesser man in muscles and sensibilities, was kept away from strong drink, as man liked to come to her after his debauch and find her pure and sweet. Vashti lost her throne because she would not wait upon her king and husband while he and his courtiers were in the midst of a drunken revel. Throughout her whole life up until that fateful moment she had been trained to look upon drinking as something unworthy of a queen and a lady. Refining, that is the word; men have always wanted their women to be surrounded by refining influences, not realizing that this was impossible if they themselves had coarsened natures. Not wanting his wife to drink, the husband would drink her portion for her. To the woman with a drunkard for a husband Tennyson said,

"Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his level
day by day
"What is fine within thee growing coarse to
sympathize with clay."

We, the women of the present day, have our literatus to thank for showing us why it is that women have made so few contributions to the higher arts. Our poor, weak, feeble imaginations could not compete with the inflamed imagination of a man who had just had his wine in all shades and volume to fit in with his certain mood. "But there have been women," you will say, "who lived and breathed in times long past whose contributions are still extant." Yes. We shall agree with you, there have been. But these women partook of some thing besides pulse and water. Sappho was drunk on the beauty of Greece. George Eliot was drunk on human nature, not because of human nature, as is so often the case. Mrs. Browning was drunk on love. All of these women had stimulants equal to or greater than wine, and their poems and novels are read by us today.

Since we have seen why so few women in the past were able to leave lasting records of their impressions, feelings, and conceptions, we will give our literatus' reasons why it is different with women of the present day. If men cannot obtain the sufficient wherewithal to stir up their minds to send forth lovers, maiden ladies, knights, villains, and landscapes of a kind excelling all those conceived by lesser inflamed imaginations, then that gives the lesser inflamed imaginations, or the imaginations of women, a greater chance. That is, the light fantastic toes of men's imaginations can no longer dance to the time, time of symphonies that women never had a chance to kick to. A Puritan age has come in and hung up a sign "No Admittance to Men or

Women." The Open Sesame to the palace of art, to the higher regions, has been snatched away from men, dooming them forever to the lower levels, and creative woman finds herself for the first time on the same plane with the creative man. The result is that woman is gaining herself a recognized position in belles lettres and beaux arts.

This solution is in accord with the beliefs of the literatus, yet there is another one to offer. Prohibition has made drinking so universal that perhaps the creative woman for the first time finds herself in a work shop with the same tools as those used by the creative man. For the first time she discovers how one can lose all care, leaving one's mind free of unnecessary luggage and ready for flights to the higher, airier regions. And such a mind! Inspired, inflamed, seeing things, hearing things, creating things!.

Perhaps the literatus predicted erroneously the effect of prohibition on the producers of our art and literature, since, apparently, the ranks of contributers have been doubled instead of diminished or annihilated.

Our Professors, Geraldine Farrar and a New System

Our professors! How well we know them! Their idiosyncrasies, the number of their suits of clothes, the colors of their different ties, their ways of thinking, and, alas, far too well their methods of teaching. There is never any doubt in our minds as to what part of the lesson assigned we shall cover, and as to the right kind of question to ask to delay arrival at the unprepared half. So well do we know them that it seems queer that we are unable to conjecture ahead of time the questions they will propound to us when quiz day rolls around.

We sit in front of our professor and while he thinks we are rising and falling with the Roman Empire, we are debating if his wife loves him and wishing he would buy a brown suit since we think that color would be more becoming to him. We wonder about him. It seems strange to us that he should continue to make the same mistakes that are so patient to all of us, mistakes in judging the fertile brains in front of him and their power of understanding what he tells them. Surely it cannot be that he was not a student at one time. Did he not observe the same mistakes in his professors that we observe in him and why does he not profit by them? "If we are ever teachers, which we certainly hope we shall not be," we say to ourselves while he thinks we are following him in Cato's great declamation, *Moreover Carthage must be destroyed*, "we shall certainly know something about what to do and what not to do in the classroom." Some times we wish that before beginning his lecture he would announce his subject as we think it would give both himself and us a better idea of his discourse. We grow tired of his sameness and long for something to take him out of his rut, to jazz things up a little, to make us forget that it is fifty-two minutes before the bell will ring.

Such is the state of things. And we go to hear a paid errant lecturer, a musical artist, and a poet in person, and clap and clamor for more when his program is concluded. And the lecturer, the artist, or the poet bows, and smiles, and is fully delighted with his intelligent audience. He then takes himself to the next place on his itinerary, filled with confidence from his preceding appreciated performance and with a great deal of good feeling towards every one which will help him tremendously in making another favorable impression. Think how quickly his tire of confidence would have been punctured if after his lecture, or musical performance, or reading he had pointed here and there in the audience selecting the most vociferous clappers and asking them questions concerning the points that he had developed most fully, if it had been a lecture, or their impressions or reactions if a musical performance or reading. Why the man would have needed a stimulant to get him off the rostrum and a rest cure before appearing at the next stop on his schedule.

How long do you think Geraldine Farrar would remain the beautiful, handsome creature that she is, if after her performance she should call on the buxom, bejewelled, and bedecked dowager in the orchestra seat to give her impressions or to sum up in a few notes the volume of golden sound that Geraldine had just poured forth so lavishly? For is that not just what we are supposed to do for our professors, give back to them what they have given us but in a form much more concise and one showing the great extent of our understanding? In one week all the life and joy would disappear from Geraldine's face, leaving her a haggard old woman; in two weeks she would have to be hiring assistants; and in three she would lose her voice. Wise was the person and a wonderful champion of the arts who made clapping of the hands instead of the tongue a signal of approval, appreciation, and understanding.

Suppose we dressed up in our very best to attend the lecture of our professor as one does when going to a show or church. What importance he would feel and how he would brush up and renew in spots his old lecture! Preachers are not always as cheerful and youthful looking as they might be, although they are listened

(Continued on page 24)

THE PASTURE

No Trespassing, Keep Out

These were the signs that the rightful owner of this real estate posted as a warning to us that his pasture, like the one where the "ole swimmin' hole" was situated, allowed no admittance to girls.

The editor willingly turned over to us all departments of the magazine except "The pasture" and for that he showed the same consideration as the man, who had a little pony whose name was Dapple Gray, showed when he said, "I would not lend my pony now for all the ladies' hire." The debate between the editor and us waxed long and furiously, and the outcome was . . . Oh, but you knew what the outcome would be, and our last words were (not counting those that we have here), "We'll let down the bars to your pasture and rant . . . . No. We'll gambol on the green right merrily."

We intended doing great havoc. But, alas, finding the pasture the long, weary, waste that it is, with no singing brooks and dimpling meadows as we had expected—a place far more fit for bellowing bulls than gentle-spirited "Besses" and "Daisies"—peacefully and contentedly chewing our cuds, and at intervals flicking off a bothersome fly, we look off to a field of corn, imagine that we are there, and assure every one that we feel kindly towards everybody.

It is nice to get out into the open where it is clean and fresh, away from the stifling atmosphere of people who talk in words, phrases, and sentences, instead of thoughts. How many people are writhing under calm exteriors, writhing because of the blindness of their fellow creatures, the injustice of life, and the realization of their own weak abilities?

"Seriously," some one asks, "what do you think of him?" "Dumb," "Impossible," or "Smart" is the serious reply given, and both parties go away confident that they have adequately summed up and found wanting or sufficient the attributes of a mutual acquaintance. As if any one could possibly in one word portray the sensibilities and powers of the intricate, complex being that man is, a responsive, conscious being who feels and thinks, hopes and worries, hates and loves! That question, "What do you think of him or her?" How foolish it is! For it is one that can never be answered.

What little things we all are!

Have you ever listened to people conversing? Some one says, "Give me time to think it over and I shall let you know what I think about it." Then if you happened to have the pleasure of hearing the reply, or if you were giving the reply yourself and chanced to stand off and hear it given, you would hear the opinion, not of yourself, oh no, but of any hundred million other people besides yourself, and listening hard enough you would realize that "your" opinion was expressed in the very words you had heard some one else use before. Truly, out of the mouth of a babe does it come. Why waste time to think it over? But let us caution you here. If you have never stopped to consider and weigh the value of what you say before you say it, do not begin the murderous habit, as it will kill the very words in your mouth before you get them said.

When talking to some one have you never wanted to stop and say, "Do you think me as dumb as I think you?"

Are we our brother's keeper? Some of us make ourselves so whether our brother would have us so or not. We turn a harsh bright light upon our neighbor which throws into relief his faults and blots out entirely his good points. As for accepting him for what he is, this we could not do. Great is our longing to take him into our house of correction and show him how he can and should improve himself. In her novel, *Middlemarch*, George Eliot described one of her characters as being "a creature who entered into every one's feelings and could take the pressure of their thought instead of urging his own with iron resistance." How nice it would be if just a few of us were like this. None of us know how to say, "I'll take you as you are, and let us live together in good fellowship, each of us giving of his best to the other."

Statistics concerning the length of time that a man is himself have been compiled and the information gained thereby is not exactly cheering. The sum total of the flashes of knowledge that a man gets from that great storehouse where the answers to all the whys in

the world are treasured lasts in all, no longer than ten seconds. That is the length of time that a man is himself during his interval of life. Ten seconds! During the rest of the time he is the fifteen million other people with whom he comes in contact.

A mother often prays for certain qualities to be endowed her unborn child. In order to be fairly sure of that child attaining its full share of happiness she should pray, "Let him have all the conceit possible, but, O Lord, no sense of humor." With the conceit the child will always be sure that he lacks nothing and without a sense of humor he will never have any reason to doubt his belief. One is always much happier without a sense of humor.

How reasonable we are!

Once the following conversation took place between a young lady aspiring to be the stenographer of the worthy being to whom she was talking. Whether her name was Miss Slipup or Miss Takedown we do not exactly remember, but feel that it was the latter.

Mr. Dictate asks her, "Now, do you think that your experience will enable you to perform the rather exacting duties that the position we have to offer will require of you?"

She was timid about forswearing herself and, trembling at the words "exacting duties," stammered, "I—I may be a little slow for the first day or two as everything will be n-new, but after that I—I expect that I'll g-get along all right."

Now remark his reply; that is what the whole story hinges upon.

"We realize," he said, "that it will take a little time for you to conform yourself to our methods, but we are reasonable."

Reasonable! ! ! !

Two days had passed since Miss Takedown had entered upon her new duties and at the moment in which we happen to see her she was in the august presence of Mr. Dictate living up to her name. Reclining in his swivel chair, Mr. Dictate, with one knee crossed comfortably over the other, was gazing out of the window through which was falling hot tropical sunshine. He was turned squarely away from poor little Miss Slowdown—Slipup—Takedown, and the words of pearl which he dropped from his lips were just as apt to roll away into any swine's mouth as into poor little Miss Takedown's, which was open and gasping for them. Suddenly a rain came up and the pattering of the drops upon the broad palm leaves outside the window obscured one of the precious words, and caused Miss Takedown to inquire, "Did you say vote?"

"Did I say what?" he asked turning quickly in his chair and gazing belligerently at her.

"Vote," she quavered.

"Say it again."

"Vote."

"What?" he bellowed.

"Vote." She was really frightened by now.

"Now, look here, Miss Takedown. One says 'vote' when one is talking about an election. Just how would 'vote' apply in this letter? I said 'devote.' You have got to pay careful attention to what I say, as I may be gazing out of the window with my head turned from you, making it difficult for you to hear what I say. Then, my cigarette impedes my enunciation. You must use your imagination."

Poor little quivering Miss Takedown was taken down as she took down. The rain, and the cigarette, and his watching the sun rays as they danced through the window, and her lack of imagination had caused her downfall.

And yet how reasonable he was, the sweet reasonableness of little Jumping Joan who said:

Here am I, little Jumping Joan,
When no one is with me I am always alone.

On with the dance! There is no place where more humanitarian impulses and greater intellectual sanity are displayed than the dance floor. The boy who considers himself "stuck" with a girl dances her up and down the stag line eager to share with his fellow man that which he has, and not once does it occur to him that she is aware of his generous intentions. Oh no! "She," he says to himself, "is too overcome by the pleasure of dancing with me to be aware of the cool, calculating faces on this road down which we come and go." Sometimes she is not as overjoyed as he thinks she is, the difficult situation in which she finds herself being equalled only by the difficulty of getting out of it. We wonder if the boy would appreciate the girl showing sympathy and understanding by her saying to him, "I am lots sorrier about it than you are."

Let us illustrate it for you.

The floor was smooth and slippery, and unless one held on very tightly when executing a curve one was liable to lose one's equilibrium. The music was good. The crowd was not very great. In fact there were all the elements for a fine dance except one, "boys"; maybe one around, maybe a few more. One girl after finding herself with the same partner through the beginning and ending of slightly more than one dance, and not seeing

or hearing any signs of a breaker on the shore felt that he needed a little commendation or acknowledgment for his worthy efforts.

"Is this the fifth or the sixth dance I've had with you? I can't remember. The next time I see some one I know I'll nab him, and you need never speak to me any more unless you want to," she said.

He laughed. This was an exhibition of sense that he was not used to beholding on a dance floor, and when a breaker did finally roll in sight he would not let her ebb and flow with the tide, but kept her for himself.

Forget all your conceptions of girls and conjure up one young and pretty, one who knows she is young and is glad of it, and one who hopes she is pretty but is not sure of it. Let us say spontaneous instead of naive; capable of thinking of some one other than herself, instead of eager for attention. The following is what she told us about her first Carolina dance, that is, if you think we can really afford to see ourselves as some one else does, especially as this young open-eyed feminine creature did, who was so naive that she thought all the boys who danced with her were drunk. "Why would they have danced with me if they had not been?" she wanted to know.

"I don't suppose it was very polite of me to tell my date on the way home that I didn't enjoy it, but it was the truth, and he said he didn't either."

Do not think that this was because she did not have the requisite number of different partners, as she did.

Yes, if that is what you want to know, her escort, contrary to the usual custom, put his arm around her on the way home, but withdrew it quickly upon her becoming very stiff. "I felt so proud," she said.

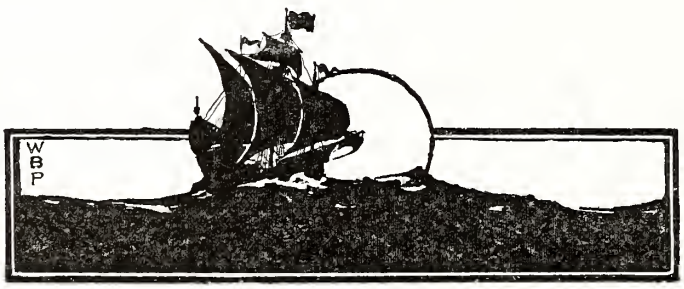
"I wanted to cry over one poor little boy," she told us. "He looked so young that I asked him if he was a Freshman, but that was before I found out that Freshmen couldn't go. He came back and danced with me again and again, finally informing me, 'You know, I feel better now than I did when I first came. My roommate wouldn't take me out when I asked him to.' I debated whether I should do what the roommate would not.

"But I wanted to laugh when I saw one point his finger at me, and heard him say to the boy next to him, 'Let's rush her.' The other one must not have liked the prospect because both of them turned around and went the other way."

Upon one of us remonstrating with her about her opinion of the condition of soberness of the young gentlemen, she added, "Well I know one of them had two drinks because he told me he had, and as he only danced with me twice, he must have taken his first drink before the first dance, and went back and got his second one before dancing with me again."

"Come in foolish virgins. Come in," said the professor to three campus lights whom he found cramming in the hall after the quiz had already gone up to the board.

"Back in the Land of Nod," remarked the student as he took his seat on the back row.



Another Case of Then and Now

Mabel Evans

The United States Coast Guard with its romantic background of adventure and heroic deeds has suddenly come before the American public through the newspapers, merely as that branch of the government service which controls the coastwise rum fleet. Perhaps it is sentiment that causes one to shrink somewhat from the idea that the highest duty of the old "Life Saving Service" is now, not that of saving life, but of rum-chasing.

An opportunity recently came to me to visit a portion of the Coast Guard Stations on the Carolina coast, and not only to see them as they are today, but to catch a glimpse of what this service was like forty years ago.

It was a wintry day to be traveling by pony cart relays down the Hatteras Banks. The sky had snow clouds, and the usual light yellow sand of the seashore was sodden and brown. Cutting across the barren beach, the winds whizzed over the lead-colored sea and snatched it up in whirling, foaming masses. For miles there were no communities and very few cabins. No trees changed the barrenness of the beach strip. The dullness of sea, sky, and sand was broken only by the gleaming, foaming whitecaps.

At intervals of from five to seven miles we came to the coast guard stations. I was told that one of these buildings was the oldest station on the Carolina coast. The structure was low, with shingled walls. Windows were built only in one end, the other end being closed with huge doors which I learned were opened only to allow the surf boat and other apparatus to be rolled out on their wagons, and carried to the beach for drill, or in case of a wreck.

While waiting for a fresh pony to be hitched I warmed myself in the lobby of the station, then ventured into the boat room. These two rooms took up the entire first floor of the building. The sitting room, or lobby, was furnished with a stove, a table, and sturdy, yellow oak chairs placed around the walls. The floor was sand-scrubbed to a clean, creamy color. A surfman tried to explain to me the uses of the mysterious-looking paraphernalia in the boat room. The self-righting surf boat, the egg-shaped life car, the breeches buoy, the line cannon; each had its interest-arousing story. The line cannon used to shoot a line across a wrecked vessel, and with this line other heavier lines, and finally the breeches buoy, or the life car, could be gotten out to the vessel, and by this means men brought safely ashore. Various types of signaling flags and chemical flashes were in their places about the room.

When I took up the last miles of the journey, we started out near the wash of the sea. It was not hard to imagine a ship helpless in the grip of that roaring, turbulent mass of waves. Suddenly the tide began to rise. The breakers burst higher on the shore and in a seething, tumbling deluge would plunge on the bank and then sink back to come again with a boom and a wider spread of foaming sea. There was something sinister in the way the waves clutched at the highest point of the shore line, withdrew, and made another swoop. Our pony with little guidance pushed doggedly toward the safer portion of a beach that appeared more than ever a frightening, lonely waste.

After what seemed to have been many hours Little Kennekut Coast Guard Station came into sight. By now a cold rain with sleet had begun to fall, and the wind had increased. As we drove up to the station we met the first man going out for the night patrol, and at the door the captain who had seen us coming met us with hearty cordiality.

In the lobby of the station, a newer type of structure than the one visited earlier in the day, a huge stove, red with heat, was surrounded by six men of the crew and one very old fellow, evidently a familiar visitor. The men were looking over oiled storm clothing and joking each other about finding a wreck on patrol. When they recognized their second guest they insisted that I was the first stranded sailor of the night and made all effort toward my comfort.

It became dark early. The evening would evidently be a long one; so the crew piled coal on the fire. They then got out more blankets for the cots in the surfman's big sleeping room that opened into the lobby, and prepared for light naps in turn, knowing that the storm might bring trouble during the night.

Finally all settled down around the fire to spin long yarns, or to listen to their visitors. The tall, old man happened to be "Cap'n Ban" of the Chicomacomico Life Saving Station in the early eighties.

The conversation drifted from the county school system and politics to a model Coast Guard Station recently built at Body's Island, in which there were electric lights, water, and a heating plant. Suddenly the

wind struck like a bomb against the corner of the house. The whole building quivered. Captain Ban sighed, and said: "I've heard it do that, boys, lots o' times. You fellows with yer radio and compass stations, and yer steam ships ter warn off, jest don't know the meaning ter the old sail vessel of er storm like this here one. In er no'east gale there wuz always er vessel in distress somewhere." Seeing our interest he went on:

"Now there wuz the coming ershore o' the *Sarah Goode*, a four-masted schooner, down 'tween Chicomacomico and Oregon Inlet. The night wuz jest about like this here one. I had sent out the patrol, one man going north and one south when er man in the lookout sent word down that er ship north of us wuz flashing distress signals. We signalled her back ter keep off, and did so over and over, but she seemed ter be beating 'fore the wind and not noticing our signals. For two hours we kept watch on her. She got nearer and nearer. At times her lights seemed ter be gone and we'd lose her in the dark. Our Coston flash didn't bring no answer, and after er while we calculated that she'd been beat about 'til her crew wuz 'most helpless, and she'd come ashore 'fore day. I had the men off duty called and we got out the wrecking tackle. By then the men on the second patrol had come in and they reported what we had seen from the lookout. As we wuz hauling the apparatus out of the boat room the man above sent word that he thought the ship had struck 'bout er quarter of er mile no'th of us. We hurried, and we didn't need no horses to pull that stuff to the beach neither. When we got the cannon and shot line in position we were doubtful where to shoot the line. Two small flickering lights were 'bout all we could see by then. The fore and aft lights were all gone. Again the wind freshened up from the no'east and 'twas blacker than ever. It drizzled so we couldn't keep er beach fire going, and we used our flashes until our supply wuz getting low. I calculated we'd have to shoot the line and keep doing it until it would reach across the vessel. We tried and tried, and at last knaw we'd got that line tangled on the ship somewhere, but we got no answer; no one pulled in for the whip line. It looked like there was no hope for gettin' that crew in on the breeches buoy or the life car. Our crew talked about trying ter launch the life boat and row out ter the ship." The old captain's voice quavered. He leaned forward and stared ahead as if seeing the thing in the distance. "They'd try, but my God, men! The breakers were coming in as high as this house." In his excitement he rose from his chair. "They'd never board that ship against such a surf, and ever get back alive. I couldn't send 'em out." On the last words his voice fell. He sat down, and hesitated before going on with his story.

" 'Twuz considerably after midnight by then, and while the men were yelling at each other over the roar of that sea, about getting to the ship, the sound of a crash 'peared to come across the noise of the surf; the last light which must 'a' been in the rigging, went out. It was jet black out there. We kept a light of some sort on the shore, and the men patrolled the beach up and down for a mile above and below the wreck with the ide' that a fellow might come in on some wreckage. We knowed the vessel must be breaking. Er long time 'fore there wuz light enough to see her outline we caught sight of er dark spot on er whitecap, and the spot gradually came into the break of the sea. Two of our men fout their way out ter it so it wouldn't be beat on the shore, and brought in a spar from the rigging with a man clinging and frozen stiff on it. From then on 'til daylight it wuz er sadder time than ever. Eleven men came ashore. Only two were breathing, and one of 'm died during the day. With daybreak the storm let up er little. Our men launched the life boat and somehow or other got ter that wreck, by then only the prow and one mast of the vessel. Lashed ter the rigging of the last mast they found two people, one a young sailor breathing but with arms and feet frozen; the other a woman with body beaten to pieces, dead. We learned afterwards she wuz the cap'n's young wife.

"We put the dead uns all in the boat room at the station, and the next day made boxes and buried them the best we could near the high sand hill. We found the names of er few of 'em and wrote their homefolks." There was emotion in his voice.

"The frozen boy came to his senses in er day or two, but wuz crippled up mighty bad. We kept him 'til his folks came for him."

The story was finished midst breathlessly intent listeners, as the telephone bell brought them back to their present surroundings. The storm had not abated.

When the station captain came from the telephone he told us as he hastened toward a speaking tube in the wall, that the compass station reported a ship having rounded Cape Hatteras, going north, and calling by wireless for location. For some cause she seemed unable to receive return wireless messages. We heard the captain direct the man in the lookout to send the "keep off" signal to a ship at sea. I went to a window and peering out into the darkness suddenly saw the brilliant flashing over the ocean of a light resembling a powerful searchlight.

(Continued on page 29)

A Ruby is Red

By Eunice Erwin

"Curses are useless in such a predicament as this. I will refrain from using them. Besides this air is much too cold to open one's mouth vigorously to it. Likewise, my dear young fellow, I will refrain from exerting myself in any way. You will remember that I declared your fare—the charge of bringing me in this wretched hack from Bennettsville to David's Flat—to be exorbitant. I will not even budge from this seat into that sea of mud unless we lose another wheel and I am dumped out. I consider this loss of a wheel but the judgment of Providence on a coachman who in the matter of fares practices highway robbery."

A faint mutter came from the front seat of the hack, then a distinct "Whoa, Bess." The old white horse was already standing very contentedly in the road, seemingly indifferent to the fact that the hack that she had drawn through the mud of a country road was held up on its three wheels only by the thickness of the mud in which they were sunk. On either side of the road were steep clay banks; above them, tall pine trees tossed in the wind, shutting out all but a narrow view of the sky. Only the last remnants of twilight remained.

The driver after a period of contemplation wrapped the reins around the dashboard, and climbed down over the wheel into the mud. He lighted his pipe, and stood looking at the fourth wheel that lay in the road.

"Hit'll be all of an hour before I git that wheel on good. Darkness is comin' on and maybe rain."

"You have a remarkably cheerful disposition, my friend," the voice from the carriage said. "Perhaps you can think of some agreeable amusement for me to pursue. Surely there's a graveyard near where I can have a stroll. Come, isn't there?"

"If you ain't 'fraid of crazy women there's one lives down the road. I ain't advisin' nobody to go there though."

"Why, you are really getting to be remarkable. Anything would be preferable to being a passenger in a carriage that doesn't move. And as for my being afraid of a crazy woman—just you watch me, my lad," the voice from the coach continued. The passenger thrust an ugly head from between the leather curtains and jumped down to the road. He was wrapped in a black and white checked cape that the wind caught at and fluttered about him in heavy folds. Under one arm he held a guitar encased in shabby oilcloth. He shook himself vigorously like an old dog.

"My—My! What a Christmas Eve night for a cheerful soul! You've got me into a piece of bad luck. I'll not taste a toddy tonight. Where is that house you spoke of? Within a hundred miles of this wilderness?"

"I'm sorry about the wheel's comin' off, sir."

"Never mind the wheel, my boy—I've lost many another from under me before. Where's the house, to the right or left—behind or before?"

"Forward, sir, to the right. I'll call when the wheel's on. Be careful what you say to Miss Mathilde, for they do say she'll let you in the house and then turn you out again no matter how rough the weather is if you chance to say somethin' that don't please her."

The man started down the road, struggling with the mud. Before him the road was black—behind, the lights of the carriage gleamed like the eyes of some big beast. He was half tempted to turn back, for the wind dragged more boldly at his cape, and the mud pulled at his boots. Five minutes of walking brought him to a place where the banks were low. A light shone to the right. He climbed out of the road, and following a fence found an opening that gave entrance to the grounds of a house, for under his feet he felt the hardness of a brick walk. The light was a candle that glowed behind red curtains. The wind's roar mixed with the noise of an approaching rain, and he reached the porch just as the rain cloud burst. Crawling on his hands and knees so as to avoid the rotten places on the floor, he reached the window, and with his face on a level with the sill, stared. The room was lovely in the light from the fire and candle, with the shadows moving like dancers to the rhythm of an unheard song. With his cape spread out on the floor behind him, he looked oddly like one at prayer. He disappeared from the circle of the light, and suddenly a persistent knocking resounded through the house. There was no sound of movement in the house. After the third knock the man drummed steadily at the door. The window where the candle was placed leaped to a brighter glow. Someone in the room had lighted a lamp.

After a minute's wait a door inside opened; someone walked from that door to the porch door and stopped. Then a key scraped in the lock; the door swung back wearily so that the glow of the lamp fell full upon him.

A woman stood holding the lamp. Her face gleamed white above the black of her dress, and the blackness of her eyes and eyebrows was unreal. The two faces stared one at the other, asking questions. The man stood oddly against the night with his long cape, his red muffler, his slouch hat. His face was a caricature. His nose, once broken, reflected the glow of the lamp in a broken line, the lower part of his face was covered with a stubby beard. Remembering his hat the man removed it quickly, and uncovered a bald head and a forehead disfigured by a diagonal scar. The face made one feel that there was a reason for the beard.

"Good evening, ma'am. Had a bad time reaching your door. I am Sebastian Cily—just passing through—on business. My hack lost a wheel a piece back, and I wonder if you would be so good as to let me have shelter for an hour while it's being repaired?"

The woman stood holding the lamp. The rain drops came through the roof of the porch and made thin streaks in the light as they fell. The man looked uncertainly at the crack in the door and then at the night, black beyond the porch.

"Certainly, Mr. Cily. Come in. It is Christmas Eve an' storming outside."

He followed her into the room where he had seen the candle and the fire. The woman was very small and she clutched the lamp as if fearful of dropping the heavy thing. She wore a multitude of skirts that swept around her. The tight blouse and the long sleeves fitted her little body and waist-line closely. A big black and white cat followed her. The walk from the door to the room was something of a procession, the little woman with her sweeping skirts, the cat that dodged them, and then the man in the cape.

The room had been lovely in the firelight; the lamp dispelled all charm. The furniture, which was heavy and dark, had all of the fatality of pictures pasted in a scrap book. Two of the walls were lined with yellow law books. Over the tops of the book cases the green tips of trees reached up into the faded gray sky of a landscape paper. At intervals on the wall at the far end of the room a paper lady with fluttering white dress strolled with a paper gentleman dressed in black.

The man stood on the hearth with his coat-tails spread apart. The woman sat quietly with her arms folded. There was one picture on the wall of a heavily bearded man and a woman with a thin, anxious face and a brooch at her throat. It was not difficult to imagine them out of the picture and on opposite sides of the hearth. The woman before the fire was not the woman of the picture. Her face was like china that had grown old and brittle, but had not yet been broken. There was a bitterness about the mouth that was no longer questioning. It was a face in which the fires had gone out.

The man, when the clock on the mantle had struck seven, sat down in a chair that creaked as he rocked to and fro. The woman had forgotten that he was there. The cat opened her eyes to watch him, and stopped her purring when the old chair creaked. The sounds of the night came into the room sharp and insistent. Rain beat upon the window like hand slaps. The man leaned forward, and smiled so that the old battered face had almost a boyish look.

"Mighty pleasant in here, ma'am. It sounds like a dance of devils outside."

"You are travelling tonight?" The woman had turned toward him and he felt her eyes as she looked at his nose and scar.

"Over those rotten roads—started from Bennettsville after dinner—thought sure I could get to David's Flat before night came on. Could have, too, but for the wheel comin' off. How much farther is it?"

"Just one more mile straight ahead."

As they sat, bits of the wood fire fell from the fire irons, glowed on the hearth, then turned to grey ashes. The silence was heavy, and once broken by the noise became whole again like darkness after a light is put out.

Then the woman went to a desk and brought from it a decanter of ruby glass and two ruby cups, and set them by the lamp. The cat followed, rubbing against her skirt and arching its back until its whiskers trembled. When she poured the wine he noticed that the little vest of her dress was embroidered with tiny red roses. She smelled like an old pressed flower, or it might have been the wine. He noticed too, that her hands were small, narrow, and veined, and that on her left hand she wore a silver ring that was heavy and elaborately carved, and was set with a ruby. The ruby and the red wine gleamed in the light, but the ruby was brighter.

She handed him a glass.

"This is a very pleasant surprise. Your health, ma'am." He poured a second glass, and made a ceremony of drinking it, holding it before the fire between sips.

"That is a handsome ring that you wear."

"Thank you."

"I remember to have seen only one other like it."

The man could not hear the storm for seeing the woman's face. She was listening, waiting for him to go on.

"It was years ago that I saw the ring—a bigger one like this that a man wore. I do not remember the man, but the ring I do remember. I have a sort of flair for

remembering things of the kind, but it's seldom that I get the setting of them right."

The woman twisted the silver ring about her finger, rubbing it with her thumb. Then she put out her hand with the ring in the palm.

"There was only one other ring like this one. Perhaps it will help you to recall that other."

He took the ring and turned it over in his palm, examining the carving minutely. The silver band was covered with tiny roses that clustered about the setting.

"You and this ring, ma'am, have done something to me that rarely happens—brought back a memory to this forgetful old head. I am a circus man, and every winter I go to locate the spring jumps of the show. Years ago I made the mistake of getting left overnight in one of those beastly river towns along the Mississippi. Even now I can't remember the name of the place. I was playing cards with a young fellow—I was young myself at the time, and he was little more than a lad. He lost his last bit of coin, and when he put down his cards I noticed the ring particularly—I had been curious about it all evening. I asked him if he wanted to stake it. He said no, he guessed not. I had taken a fancy to his face, and I wondered what he'd be like on further acquaintance. I asked him if he would like to come along and advertise the circus with me. He said no, he guessed not; he thought he'd be going East next day. He crossed the river in a storm. The boat capsized, and only the negro that rowed him reached the bank."

The rain ceased and only the wind roared about the house. The man gave her the ring, and she put it back on her finger and watched the light in the red stone. She turned the wick of the lamp down, and blew out the light. The dancing shadows came back to the walls and with them the shadow of the woman in her chair danced as though mocking her.

"A story for a story. You know the half of one—I know the other half. The man who wore the ring is the memory around which I have turned like an ox around a molasses mill. Tomorrow in David's Flat, if you care to ask, they will tell you of Mathilda Somerville, the mad woman who has kept herself for a lover who deserted her. He did not desert me, our natures parted us. I was the Puritan; he was the Cavalier. He went from mood to mood as a butterfly goes from flower to flower, and I would have made a jurist of him. I cannot think of him as being anything but young while I have hands misshapen with age. He did things that seemed rash and impossible to me. On the day that he left we had quarreled. There had been a horse race, and he had lost money. I scolded him and said things that I had often said before but never really meant. He waved his hat as he went off down the road. He was to have come back that night. I have never seen him since."

A piece of burning wood fell to the hearth and sent blue wreaths of smoke into the room. The man kicked it back into the fire.

"It seems impossible to me that I can tell it all in so few words. He would have come back had he lived. Now that I know that, I no longer feel old—I feel as if I were again a girl.

"Aye,—it is difficult to know when we go wrong. Yet I, who have been a dilettante at life, find in it my heart to envy you. I, who have been a taster of wines, salute you who have drunk the cup," and the little man drained another glass of red wine.

As he put the glass down he paused, listening, a hoarse voice on the outside of the house was yodling:

"Hallo! hallo! Mr. Cily, we're ready to go."

"That is my man now," and Mr. Cily drew on his cape and wrapped his red muffler about his throat. The woman lighted the man on to the porch. As they faced each other at the door he bowed deeply.

"I wish you, madam, many another Christmas Eve night if you so desire them. I shall not be passing this way again."

The woman smiled.

"That is a beautiful smile, a beautiful fresh smile. I am glad to see it on your face. I shall remember that."

The man went carefully down the old steps and set his face to the night. A moment the lamp light held him, the broad back and the white check of the cape. In a few minutes he climbed into the hack without speaking to the driver. He settled back and watched the light in the window as it became fainter. Soon there was only the black road ahead. The carriage lurched, shaking him from side to side of the dimly lighted hack.

The man unbottoned his coat. In the light of the carriage lamps there was a gleam of gold. It was the long watch chain that stretched across his vest. On the chain were a dozen rings of odd, unusual designs. The first ring next to the watch was of silver. It was heavy and carved, set with a ruby, and tiny silver roses clustered around the ruby.

In the Garden

By Naomi Alexander

Henry, aware of the dead silence of his house, sat sunk down in a chair on his side porch protected from the street by thick clematis vines. The hush of night was falling on the street, for the children had gone in from their play to supper. There was no one in Henry's house. He dreaded going in. Up until the time the crepe had been taken off the door that afternoon there had been hushed voices and officious comings and goings, but now there was silence. The sparrows in the hedge kept up an endless chirping. He stopped watching the objects growing dimmer in the approaching night and rested his head on his hand. Just what was he going to do now that Abbie was gone? He was used to her and her ways, although sometimes he, himself, would have employed other ways. If she were here now, he knew that their supper would have already been eaten and that the dishes would have been washed and put away. Abbie was that kind. It was the first time in twelve years, except for the past two weeks during Abbie's illness, that his evening meal had not been prepared and eaten at its usual time. Abbie's illness had been short and orderly and had had a definite result. There were no half-way measures about Abbie. He realized that his sitting here dreaming was in direct opposition to all his twelve years of life with her, and that she would not approve of it. She would want him to be inside the house and carrying on his usual daily existence in the orderly method that she had prescribed. He continued to sit. The people were beginning to come out of their houses now and were playing on their lawns with their children or walking up and down the street. He knew that they would not come in to see him, and he was glad. Their time of calling and of offering condolences had been ended by the funeral that afternoon. He knew that they had intended only kindness itself, but he wished that they had not been quite so thorough about it and had just let him alone for awhile.

The sparrows were nearly all silent now except for an occasional chirping. A little breeze had sprung up and brought to him the fragrance of heliotrope from the backyard. It was a habit of his to walk around and look at his flowers every evening, and for two weeks now he had not done it. It was dark enough for him not to be observed as he went down the porch steps and around the house to the back. The odor of the heliotrope was even stronger and sweeter back here, and going over to the bed where masses of it were growing he bent his head down for closer whiffs of it. The long rows of shasta daisies stood out white in the darkness. The grass was soft under his feet and he felt somehow more protected, shut in, and not so lonely as he had been on the porch where he could see the other people. He started walking from bed to bed where he knew the different flowers were, although they were no longer distinguishable in the night. In his peregrinations he drew close to the back fence, a low wire one in front of which he had planted a hedge of cosmos and which divided his own backyard from that of his neighbor's, whose house faced on the next street running parallel to his own. Feeling to see if his cosmos had grown any higher during his absence, he had almost reached the corner of the fence, when a movement close by in the other yard made him realize that some one was there. He stood still hoping that he would not be observed, when a low voice on the other side said, "Mr. Johns?"

"Yes," he replied.

From under the shadow of a tree some one barely visible except for a white face moved towards him and stood in front of him in the darkness.

"Mr. Johns," the low voice continued, "I do not know whether I should have disturbed you or not, but I saw you here and I thought you must be lonely. I have not called before as I thought it kinder to leave you alone. May I offer you my sympathy now?" He took the hand that she held out. It was soft and comforting. She withdrew it, said goodnight, and was gone as quickly as she had come.

Henry felt strangely comforted and he wished she had not gone. He had not felt toward her as he had toward the other people. The thought of his empty house and of spending the night there alone did not weigh upon him as it had before. He realized that he needed and wanted rest.

He went into the house and went to bed without turning on a light as the thought of seeing Abbie's things was unbearable to him. After that warm handclasp it was much easier to go to sleep than he had expected. It had been kind of Martha to speak to him, and he had been surprised, because she was consid-

ered excessively shy. Abbie had never cared any thing for her. Said that she was a useless creature; so Henry had never told her of the time when he was watering his flowers one morning before the sun was up, and had seen Martha Wise kiss a rose in her back yard. He had returned surreptitiously into his house, so that Martha would not know that he had seen her. She had gone from flower to flower tipping each blossom up with her fingers and looking at it, until finally coming to a full blown pink one she had bent down and kissed it. That had been several years before and he had felt kindly towards her ever since.

Martha, the only unmarried child of a large family, lived with and looked after her old father and mother. Henry knew that her highly successful and well-married brothers and sisters, many of whom were living in the town, patronized her and considered her a failure. She had never taken an active part in the community life—the women never considering her as one of them; the men never giving her a thought.

Henry rose early the next morning, as was his custom, and as usual brought in the paper from the porch and sat down in the sitting room to read it. Having finished it, he let the sheets fall carelessly from his hands and spread out upon the floor, and then happening to catch a look from Abbie's eyes from her picture over the mantle he bent down and picked them all up again, folded them neatly, and placed them upon the table in the way that he had been trained for twelve years. After scrambling himself an egg and drinking some milk for his breakfast he left for down town with a feeling of relief. Abbie was not part of the high dim shelves of drugs and tables of packages at his wholesale drug company, and people downtown would not have the look of commiseration upon their faces that he had seen upon almost every one lately.

He did not return home again until evening. After his cold supper, eaten without appetite, he went out in the back yard, and sat down under the apple tree to read in a part of the garden protected from the Wise's yard by japonica bushes. The sky was very blue, too blue to waste time reading. He listened for sounds of some one in the next yard, but no one came. A big fat bumblebee, caught down inside the mouth of a red snapdragon, buzzed loudly. Henry sat in the garden until after the day was gone and the stars came out. He could see a light in the Wise's house and the sound of some one talking there was cheering, not repelling him as the voices of his other neighbors, which he could hear when he was sitting on the porch. Abbie's voice had very seldom changed in tone and her words had always been meticulously enunciated. He thought how welcome a sound Abbie's voice would be to him now, yet he stayed out of the house where every object would remind him of Abbie. It would be necessary for him to visit the cemetery tomorrow, as people would think it strange if he did not. But he could not stand the thought of going out to the new grave and having idle passers-by in the cemetery stare curiously at him. It was growing late and he must go in. Having made all arrangements for the closing of the house, he went upstairs, carefully avoiding the sitting-room where Abbie's face was framed over the mantle.

Henry's sister, thinking that he needed companionship and youthful faces and voices in his house to lighten his sorrow, volunteered to come and spend a month with him and bring her two daughters. He did not want them to come, but he felt that he could not refuse since she was leaving her own home and husband just to be of comfort to him, and to get his house settled after Abbie's sudden departure. The passing of quiet, peaceful, detached evenings in his garden was no longer possible and he spoke only once to Martha over their fence while his visitors remained with him. Martha came to call on them one afternoon and, leaving just as he came in, gave him a rather hurried and a little frightened, "Good afternoon, Mr. Johns." His sister Jennie had remarked afterward that she was a very colorless young woman and extremely diffident.

Jennie and her two daughters had been gone a month now and the azuradums and marigolds were blooming profusely. Only a few straggling pansy blossoms were left and the cosmos had grown tall, thick and luxuriant, forming a screen between the two yards. Henry had spent nearly all of the time that he was at home in his garden. He never used the sitting-room at all now; the blinds of its windows were always drawn. He supposed that the woman that Jennie had obtained to look after the house and cook his meals dusted and swept it, but he never went in there to see. Martha had spent a large part of her time in her garden too, and she and Henry had had several friendly chats through the openings between the cosmos. Once she had remarked that she had a strip of ground which needed spading badly before she could plant it, and Henry insisted upon doing it for her. She never referred to the change that had occurred in Henry's life at the first of the summer and he was grateful to her for it. He no longer thought her shy, coming to look on her attitude toward other people as that of a bird that struts up and down and chirps perfectly naturally on a limb of a tree until approached by an alien presence and then takes flight. One evening he had gone over and joined Mr. and Mrs. Wise and Martha as they were sitting in their backyard. He did

not have a chance to do this often though because her father and mother preferred sitting in the front yard where they could see and speak to their neighbors.

The winter passed and Henry continued to live alone. He had spent Christmas with his sister and her family, but before he went he had made arrangements for a pot of the reddest cyclamen that he could buy to be sent to the Wise's home and Martha had thanked him ever so nicely when he called upon them after his return. All of his women neighbors, who had been friends of Abbie's, had been especially kind to him since what they termed "his bereavement," but of the numerous invitations that were extended him for New Year's dinner he accepted the one that old Mrs. Wise gave him.

When spring came he and Martha vied with each other over the number of last year's tulip bulbs each had to bloom and they actually made a bet as to whose flags would blossom forth first. There was an aperture in the fence for a gate, but it had been staked up years ago and the stakes had always been hidden by flowers. Henry changed this now and put a gate there. He had helped Martha several times, once with her sweet peas and another time in dividing her violets. He had even been to church with her once, causing Abbie's friends much excitement. They had stopped commiserating him over Abbie's loss. Spring seemed to have worked some influence on Martha as it had on her flowers, and she had worn a very pretty hat trimmed in blue ragged robins to church that day. Henry had liked it.

In the fall they were married.

Martha had refused to wear a white dress, because she said, "It is not as if Henry were getting married for the first time, or as if I were as young as Elinor Caswell who got married last spring. I'll leave the white for the June brides to wear and I shall wear yellow."

And she did, and looked, Henry thought, very beautiful in it. The wedding took place in Martha's garden in front of Henry's hedge of cosmos. It was October and the sky was as blue as the bed of azuradums. In one side of the garden there was a bush of flaming red leaves; the corner next it was a mass of gorgeous chrysanthemums. Martha carried an armful of magnificent golden ones that Henry himself had raised. Her yellow dress harmonized with the colors of the flowers in the garden and contrasted beautifully with the green fruit trees and the blue sky.

All of Martha's brothers and sisters were there and Henry knew that they were a little curious over his having chosen Martha; yet he felt that they were relieved by it, because her singleness had somehow reflected against their own honor. Henry had not allowed any of his own family to come.

Henry had always rather dreaded the coming of winter since it meant no garden to enjoy and only four walls when the day in the store was over. And Abbie's house had always been so orderly that Henry had never felt exactly comfortable in it. During Abbie's lifetime Henry had always been one of the last men to leave the store, but now the thought of going home in the evening acted as a spur on him throughout the day, and the smell of the drugs growing oppressive, he was frequently one of the first to leave. He could see the fire on the hearth in the sitting-room as he walked upon the porch and Martha always met him at the door with a smiling face. The book that he had been reading the night before was still lying on the table where he had left it, and there was a fruit bowl of the brightest red apples reflecting the light of the fire. After supper they would sit in front of the fire for a while without any light and Henry would put his arm around her. Once, as they sat there, she had gone to sleep with her head on his shoulder. Henry would always remember it. It had never occurred to Abbie, never the affectionate kind, that Henry would sometimes appreciate a caressing touch on his arm more than he would her keeping all his buttons sewed on securely.

Henry liked it better with the lights off, as Abbie's picture still hung over the mantle. One of the first things that he had done after Martha had come to live with him was to take it down, and he was on his way to the attic with it when Martha met him. She had misunderstood his intentions entirely.

"Why, Henry," she had said, "you need not put Abbie's picture away. I don't mind being your second wife. It is sweet of you, my dear, but just because she was your first wife is not any reason why we should try to forget her. Suppose I had been your first wife, Henry, and you had another wife who did not like for you even to think of me," resting her hand on his shoulder and looking up into his face, she added, "I would not like it at all."

They hung the picture back where it had been.

That night she continued the subject by saying, "Henry, I wonder why every one feels sorry for the second wife, because it is the first one that no one mentions or remembers, and the one that no longer has a hubsand. I'm glad that I am your second wife."

Henry gave orders the next day to have a sun parlor added to his house. If he was not permitted to put away Abbie's picture, he would certainly arrange it so that he would not be continually watched by her. And he had thought that if he took unto himself another wife he would not have to make the rather frequent Sunday trips to the cemetery that he had thought required of

him before this time. But Martha would not let him give them up because of her, and often planned the day on which they would take flowers to Abbie, saying that Abbie would like them. Henry did not tell her that Abbie had never cared anything for his flowers when she was living, and he could not tell her that he would be glad to forget Abbie.

Henry had never known that life could mean so much, could be so full as living with Martha made it. He wondered how he ever could have thought winter cold and dreary. Why, the house always seemed full of sunshine with Martha in it. They would often take long walks together, and everything, from the golden leaves overflowing the gutters to the little fat Italian baby standing in front of the fruit stand with his face all sticky with candy, produced a thrill in Martha. Henry, himself, was getting younger and sprightlier, and often laughed and shouted in the house like a boy.

Spring, always a wonderful event to Henry, was doubly glorious with Martha. All the flowers in the garden seemed to be doing their very best for her; more tulip, hyacinth, and jonquil bulbs bloomed than Henry knew he had. Everything that Martha touched actually burst forth into bloom, at least so Henry thought, and rose cuttings, that he had always had trouble with, flourished for her. She could just break off a rose twig, stick it in the ground, and it would grow.

Although she never became intimate with their mothers, staunch advocates of Abbie, the children of the neighborhood were frequent callers on Martha, and spent many of the long summer afternoons with her in the garden having a tea party of lemonade and cakes under the apple tree. She would tell Henry about it when he came home and about the cardinal that had a nest in the japonica bush. After supper under the apple tree, they would sit in the garden until the sky became a canopy of brilliants and it was time to go in to bed.

It was summer again. To Henry, life with Martha had continued in all its fulness during the five years that had passed by. Could it be over five years since Abbie died? They were sitting under the apple tree and there was a low green bowl of nasturtiums on the table. Everything in the garden was in full bloom, the tiger lilies, the marigolds, and the zinnias flaunting their colors indiscriminately.

"Henry," said Martha, "I had another tea party this afternoon. My guests change from year to year, but they are still the same sweet children. I think most of them have come to look upon having a party back here as a rite, for they are, oh, so careful where they step when they are walking through the flowers, and take such pains to admire them. Henry, there are so many children in the world that nobody cares anything about. Maybe, some day we shall have to adopt us one. I've often thought it queer that people should keep on having children when there are already so many in the world that nobody wants."

Henry reached for her hand and patted it. There was silence between them, and stillness and peace hung over the garden. A humming bird whirred in front of the tall red hollyhock for an instant; then darted away. The cardinal was whistling above their heads in the apple tree, and they remained still in order not to frighten him.

"Martha," Henry asked after their visitor had flown off, "do you suppose that is the same red fellow who has been nesting in the japonica bush for all the springs that you have been with me? I wonder if it is you who have attracted him or whether he thinks his shade of feathers will blend nicely with the japonica flowers?"

Martha laughed. The yellow dress she wore reminded Henry of his wedding afternoon and he kissed her because of it.

"I must cut some flowers early in the morning, Henry, before the sun is up; so wake me when the cardinal is singing," was the last thing that she told Henry that night.

The cardinal was whistling blithely the next morning when Henry shook Martha gently and whispered, "Wake up, dearest, the birds are singing and it is almost time for the sun to be up."

She scarcely opened her eyes when she replied, "I don't believe I'll get up just yet, Henry. Let me rest a little while longer."

Before midday she was gone. "Heart trouble," they told Henry.

In a week's time he had aged mightily; he could not bear to leave the garden where Martha seemed to live again. The house loomed up in his mind as a symbol of Abbie, and her presence again abode in it.

* * * * *

A man and two girls were decorating two graves which lay side by side; the tombstone of one appeared to be newer than the other. The man carried the flowers and had himself put them in jars at the head of each grave.

They were walking away when one of the girls looked back. "Oh, Uncle Henry," she said, "you have put more flowers on Aunt Martha's grave than on Aunt Abbie's."

"It doesn't matter, my child. Come, we must be going, as it is growing late."

"I can run back and fix them in just a minute."

(Continued on page 24)

Our Professors, Geraldine Farrar and a New System

(Continued from page 11)

to by an audience wearing its best bib and tucker, and although they do not hold quiz sections every Saturday morning. But preachers have heard death-bed repentances and they know how little of their paid-for sermons are taken home and made a part of their flock's daily life.

All right, let us start a new system and get all dressed up before we go to hear our professor. We shall give him careful and close attention and just after he has finished a lecture on "The Moving Part the Amoeba Plays in the Scheme of Things," we shall give him a hearty round of applause. The most graceful of our number will bear forward two dozen Killarney roses. All of us will advance and tell him how greatly we enjoyed it, how much it meant to us, how we could have listened to him for another fifty-two minutes, and how we hope he will continue the next day exactly where he left off. We, his charmed and interested listeners, will disperse only after he has been escorted out by one of our number who has issued him an invitation for lunch. There would be neither quizzes nor questions, questions nor quizzies, and our professor would brighten remarkably both in countenance and discourse; his agedness would roll away from him as the stone from the door of the sepulchre. Attendance would pick up. Why we might even pay to enter.

BECAUSE of the versatility of "Sir John Sack and Sugar" we might write of Falstaff, the witty man, who has enough wit to let us put our own interpretation on what stealing under the chaste moon means. We might write of Falstaff, the immoral man, but he refutes our argument when he says, "If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked." Again our subject might be Falstaff, the liar, for he says himself, "Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!" If we have narrow, provincial, imperialistic minds we might write of Falstaff, the coward, but again he disproves our accusation when he acknowledges that he is many things, "but yet no coward, Hal." If we must have an excuse, Falstaff, the psychologist, says, "I was a coward by instinct," and, although "I am as valiant as Hercules beware instinct." If we are still unsatisfied Falstaff, the theologian, answers us and says, "thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty."

So though some would class him with those who worship "the world, the flesh, and the devil," we prefer to gaze with the Shavians of 30,000 A. D. at the statue of Falstaff, the saviour of this world because he taught men the virtue of a pair of fleet legs as well as a fleet wit.

Falstaff in his "pure and immaculate valor" says "thou seest I am pacified," therefore "I like not such grinning honor—Give me life which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end." He, with others of the human race, objects to being "food for powder" and "cannon fodder." His ethics are not above reproach, but at least Falstaff prefers to make his living by lying and stealing rather than by killing. Live and let live is his motto. What is the use of honor to dead men? His daily prayer is "God keep lead out of me!" And we who "kiss our lady peace" believe with Falstaff that "young men must live" and re-affirm that "the better part of valor is discretion."

Falstaff says of himself: "Sweet John Falstaff, kind John Falstaff, true John Falstaff, valiant John Falstaff." We agree with him and add to his list "peaceful John Falstaff." And thanking him we bow to the spirit which "daff'd the world aside, and bid it pass."

In the Garden

(Continued from page 23)

As she joined them again, Henry turned around and sighed when he saw an equal number of jonquils waving over each grave. Anyway, he thought, they were jonquils and not snowdrops which they had tried to make him bring. They did not know that Martha had worn a yellow dress.

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In the Spring

By Erma Green

For weeks the thing had been getting possession of him. He had to call a halt sometime and it might as well be now. It had become unbearable. He had lain awake nights, hours after everything was quiet in the dormitory, feebly fighting the thing and yet strangely deriving from it a stimulation of the imagination which made him awaken in the morning after a short sleep with the feeling that he had been away to some entrancing Eden and had just returned to a suffocating reality.

Several times he had been on the point of talking the matter over with his philosophy professor, but every time the idea came to him the thought of the expression of unbelief and incomprehension that would spread over Dr. White's face always decided him against it. Dr. White would never understand—and never could. George could hear him say in his low, deliberate voice, "Well, everybody feels that way when he is young. It is just a stage, George, and of course must be treated as one. Five years from now when you're married and settled down you will look back on the time when you were a junior in college and think 'Well, how foolish I was to think that life worked that way.' " But wasn't that just what he didn't believe—that life worked at all, that is to say, with any sort of order? Marriage? Humph! No, George knew that he would never be able to speak of the matter to Dr. White. It just couldn't be done, he told himself. And yet, why couldn't it? he pondered. He felt free enough to talk to the Doctor about quality and quantity and the "begriff." Oh! Yes, Dr. White would stand talking and miss his next class and not even know that he was doing it, so engrossed would he become with such subjects. But he couldn't talk to the kind old man about this matter. It might mean the weakening of their friendship to no purpose.

The night before, after two or three hours of fruitless effort to concentrate upon chemistry formulas and French verbs, he had given up in despair and turned off his light, thinking that, since he was unable to study, he might get a little sleep. It was no use. The moonlight shining through the window wouldn't let him. The beauty of the light, the softness, the mystery got into his soul and set his heart to pounding like an engine and his blood to flowing through his body like a mountain stream. How beautiful it was, the soft, pale light. He looked over at his roommate who lay with the covers wrapped around him, sleeping soundly. He turned over, drew one arm from beneath the clothes and with it shut out the light of the moon from his eyes, he would sleep as his room-mate was—if sleep was to be had for the wishing. But an hour later, he still lay awake, on his back watching the slowly moving moonlight on the opposite wall. "What does it mean, what is it all about anyway?" No one could tell him and he had lain there upon the bed, tugging at the thin thread of existence which he felt to be real, attempting to weave it into a pattern which would bring him at least temporary satisfaction, but it was of no use to try; the answer would not come. For the past month, the whole thing had been pressing down upon his mind like a leaden helmet until his thoughts could turn in no direction without running into it. Although he never revealed the endless and inexplicable tortures through which his mind and soul travelled, he talked to those who seemed at all interested in such things. In fact he had come to the point where no conversation with his fellow students, no incident of the class-room interested him more than momentarily unless it had some bearing upon the one subject that troubled him so.

Only two days ago, as he sat in the study-room on the first floor of the Zoology Building with his mind entangled in a maze of drawings, a sense of utter futility of poring over the intricacies of the venous system of the frog swept over him with such force that he threw down his pencil and went out of the room in search of a human being with whom he could talk. He climbed two flights of stairs and found old Dr. Anderson in his labratory. Anderson, a biologist, would surely have some view of the matter which might bring a ray of light. Did he not study the living? Dr. Anderson's little, thin, cracked voice came back to him now: "It's a matter of cause and effect." The Doctor was talking about the thing called Life. "It's this way," he continued, as if he were holding up a frog before the class explaining the workings of it's digestive system, "you have to remember that only the fittest survive and it seems to me that the only thing for us to do is to ac-

cept the Law and adapt ourselves to our environment as well as we can and not waste our time worrying about the future. That's all intelligence is, you know, the ability to adapt oneself to environment." He left the old man soon afterwards and went outside for a breath of fresh air.

Only this morning as he was coming out of Freeman Hall, he met Mr. Scott, the freshman English instructor, for whom he had formed a strong attachment during his first year in college. Falling into step with him, Scott had begun to chide him for deserting the English Department for Philosophy. He had answered something about seeking the truth . . . seeking the truth being the supposed goal of the philosopher. Mr. Scott had made the brief reply that truth was too elusive a thing to be found in a Philosophy class. Then, as though the subject interested him no longer, Scott turned to one side and got into a shining new sedan parked beside the curbing. It was a Ford. George had walked on then with a mingled sensation of bitterness and disgust. Even Scott thought he had the answer. He suddenly remembered Scott had a baby now and he concluded that such things as baby food and teddy bears had become more interesting to Scott than the truth.

Such were his thoughts as he had walked earlier in the afternoon far from the campus. He had at last reached and climbed up the brown stubble covered side of the great hill known as Black's. Black's Hill stood almost in the center of a trough-like valley, the sides of which were other hills, nearly as high. Far down the valley, at the open end of the trough, the smoke and the sound of puffing engines coming to and leaving the village were intermingled. In the distance, on another hill across the valley, a buzzard sat drooped on a tall, white pine, and still farther away in the distance, as though coming from some deep cavern, sounded the melancholy cooing of a turtle dove.

"It's going to rain," he thought as he stood on the top of the hill. And he wished it would . . . big, heavy drops that would fall slowly upon him as he stood there.

He looked across the valley to the hill on the right. There was a small farm house and nearby under a peach tree, all pink and fluffy with blossoms, a woman was milking a cow.

Dusk was coming on, creeping in from the East behind him.

He lay prone upon his back, the earth felt cool beneath him, cooler and even sweeter than ever. He breathed a deep breath. Ah! Someone had been planting . . . . potatoes or cabbage. He could smell the newly plowed fields and it carried him back to his boyhood when he had worked in the fields at dusk with his father, dropping the potato sprouts as his father came along behind and pushed them into the ground. He shut his eyes.

Voices! Voices, clear and reverberating, sounded from the opposite side of the hill. A man laughed free, hearty and loud. Someone was coming up the hill along the plowed field. He could hear two voices. George raised himself on one elbow. They were coming toward him. No, they were going toward an apple tree that stood in all its Spring glory, a dozen yards from where he lay, and he could watch them clearly as they strolled along. They came nearer to him and passed by without seeing him. The girl's face was flushed and a smile was on her lips. The boy was eager, happy and carefree in every movement.

George turned away from the couple and lay resting for a moment upon his other elbow. A sudden, unaccountable happiness took possession of him. He stumbled hastily to his feet and strode back the way he had come.

"I swear to God!" he exclaimed, "I swear!"

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Jumpin' the Broom

(Continued from page 9)

LENA: I know—but—Ma, I ain't gonna take 'em off!

CHRISTIAN: To be sure I ain't gonna try to make ye take 'em off.

AUG: *(Slipping on his shoes)* The owls must a got Colie: I could a tied six mules by this time *(He starts toward the door. Lena jumps up and gets between Aug and the door. Dexter and Jenny look at each other and burst into laughter)*

LENA: Pa, you needn't bother yourself. He can tie the mule hisself. *(Aug pushes Lena aside)*

AUG: You set down I'll take keer o' him an' his mule. *(A sound is heard on the porch. Lena is frantic)*

LENA: But Pa him out there in the buggy's gonna take keer o' me now! *(Dexter and Jenny laugh again)*

CHRISTIAN: What do you mean! *(Christian and Aug stand staring at Lena)*

LENA: Ma, you might as well know it—Me and Colie jumped the broom this evenin'! *(Aug pushes his hat back and scratches his head in surprise and confusion. Christian merely looks at Lena. In the mean time the door opens and Colie Jones stumbles into the room. He is very conscious of himself)*

COLIE: Lena if it 'ud been warm weather I'd a-stood by ye but I couldn't freeze no longer. *(He digs his hands into his pockets)*

AUG: *(Looking around blankly)* I'll be danged!

COLIE: *(Suddenly realizing his position turns toward Aug and Christian)* Mr.—Mr.—Aug, I reckon Lena's done and told you how as we gut hitched this evenin'.

AUG: I might a-knowed something ud happen th'aint no business goin' round on Sunday to any sich gatherin's.

CHRISTIAN: *(Confused)* I didn't even know you liked Colie good 'nough to do sich a thing!

DEXTER: *(Philosophically)* That's 't'way 'tis though, them that you's allers 'spicionin don't never do nothin'. *(Looks at Jenny)*—much—but them that's like little still mice 'ull turn up an' 'sprise you 'fore you know it! Ha!-Ha!-Ha!

COLIE: *(Growing more sure of himself)* Well, Miss Christian, I'm plum shore me an' Lena'll git on allright together. She's smart and I—

AUG: An' you air too!

COLIE: *(Embarrassed)* Well, I ain't never been a'ccused o' bein' lazy!

AUG: 'Course th' ain't nary bit o' harm done to nobody that I know's uv.

LENA: Ma, I come by to git some o' my clothes an' to tell you an' Pa.

AUG: *(Piping in)* Help yo self—The satchel's in the back room.

(Lena goes out at door left, Christian following her. Aug and Colie go toward door leading to porch, Jenny and Dexter are almost alone)

JENNY: *(Sweetly)* I wish you-d-a-brought your auto-harp.

DEXTER: Yer, this is a good time to play *(Rising)* You know Jenny I allers loves to play fer you! Wait a minute! *(He goes out at door to porch and returns immediately with an auto-harp wrapped in a black cloth. Just as he seats himself to play Lena and Christian return, Lena carrying a small grass hand-bag)*

LENA: I'm ready to go anytime you air, Colie.

COLIE: I'm ready right now. *(He takes the hand-bag)*

LENA: Ma, I hates to leave you an' Paw like this, but—but you know how 'tis.

COLIE: It ain't like as if we wuz goin' away off yander twenty-five or thirty miles.

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AUG: No—'taint *(Spits into fire, Lena and Colie start toward the door)*

CHRISTIAN: Well Lena, you and Colie come—

COLIE: Yessum, we'll be a comin' aroun' every onct in a while.

JENNY: *(Stammering)* I—I—oh, Lena, don't lose that satchel! *(The door closes: Lena and Colie are gone, Christian wipes her eyes with the corner of her apron, goes to the chest at the back of the room, opens it and begins looking for some clothes. Dexter begins to take the cloth from his auto-harp. He turns toward Jenny who is standing beside the mantle piece)*

DEXTER: Well Jenny, I'm ready to play anything you wanta hear!

JENNY: *(Sitting in a chair beside him)* Play that pretty song.

(Aug goes to the hearth, picks up his heavy shoes and starts out)

AUG: Christian, I reckon they ain't nuthin' fer me an' you to do, but go to bed!

(Dexter and Jenny are absorbed with each other. Aug starts out, Christian following him.)

DEXTER: Which one? *(Laughs)* Sure! *(He strums across the strings. Slides his chair very near to Jenny's, then begins to play and sing, all the while looking straight into Jenny's eyes)*

"Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,.
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my darlin' was dead." *(Dexter strums across the strings)*

AUG: *(Turning around at the door)* Oh, Jenny! *(Jenny does not hear Aug. Aug raises his voice)* Jenny, kiver up the far! *(Still Jenny does not hear. Aug turns toward Christian, Dexter and Jenny are still absorbed in each other. Aug scratches his head, turning to Christian with a wry smile)* As I wuz a-saying, Christian, I got my last year's work outa that gal!

CURTAIN

Another Case of Then and Now

(Continued from page 16)

In a short time a patrolman came in with the statement that a liner had been near enough in shore for one to see the lights of her cabin, but had recognized the "keep off" signal, and was going out.

Almost regretfully Captain Ban murmured, "If she'd been er sail vessel in the old days, the Life Saving Crew would er had the wreck apparatus out by now!"

The Lamb and the Lion

(Continued from page 5)

"Yes, I met all of them yesterday afternoon."

"Perhaps with a little encouragement they could be made attentive."

"Perhaps they could be. However, one would dislike to divert their minds from the all important balance."

The conversation was not prolonged as the door was firmly and quickly shut behind the gleam of orange.

"We never thought we would see you alive and in your right mind again."

"I am alive, but I would hardly call it my right mind. That man makes me more furious every time I see him. He was simply disgusting this morning. From the way he acts you would think that I was still the fatuous little girl that I was when I first met him. It was years ago when I was in high school and different business men of the city were giving weekly talks to the student body. That Wild Hyena appeared on the rostrum one morning, and all the Senior girls, I being one, thrilled inwardly. He did not look much older than we did and when he got up there and gave a lecture on the "Incompetence of Youth" we almost passed out. He gave us to believe that an infant ought to be born wearing glasses, with a decided taste for tobacco, and a thirst for alcohol. When he finished, all of us met

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him, and raved and gushed over him. You know how every female high school Senior does over any man from the class photographer to the drummer peddling class rings. Anyway, from the way he goes on now, you would think I had not changed since then, when I have had a whole college education and received an 'A. B.' degree.

"Girls, I forgot to tell you that I brought the cubebs, and I am going to put them on his desk while he is out to lunch."

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the door marked private was thrown angrily open.

"Miss Rosney, would you mind asking the addled members of the accounting department to step in here a moment?"

They sidled in looking as guilty and uncomfortable as if they had made off with all of the cash surplus.

"Do any of you smoke cubebs?"

"No, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's mighty darn funny. How did this box get on my desk? None of you ladies smoke cubebs, do you?"

"No, sir."

He turned to the accounting department with a curt, "That is all I wish, you may go."

Then he made a short cut for Miss Carroll.

"Did you put this box of cubebs on my desk?" he thundered.

"I believe I did."

"You believe, don't you know? It seems to me you ought to have enough sense to know when you do a thing or not."

"Well then, I did."

"And may I ask what was your purpose?"

"You said your eyes were troubling you; so I thought that maybe the tobacco you use is too strong, and purchased those for you."

He dashed them into ar adjacent trash basket. "Here's a dime for your pains. Hereafter, do not ever let me hear of a single one of you entering my office while I am out. And that includes you, Miss Carroll."

The door almost crashed from its hinges as it slammed behind him.

Miss Carroll adjusted her note book and hit off a few rapid sentences on her typewriter. Stopping suddenly she said, "I wish I could get hold of his old pipe and use Liz's gasoline and typewriter brush on it."

The next day Miss Carroll appeared in a cool green dress.

Liz greeted her, "Do you mean to say that you didn't know enough to wear a black dress this morning? Just because you got by once is no sign that you will get by again."

"He said that his eyes had been strained and green is very restful to the sight."

When the bell summoning her to the presence of the Wild Hyena rang she opened a pack of chewing gum and chewed two sticks meditatively.

"Will you girls have some?"

"Undoubtedly, you are preparing yourself for the lion's mouth this morning. Go on your way. Leave none of the evidence with us."

The green dress did not get a chance to soothe a pair of strained eyes because the strained eyes did not look up as she entered. The pipe was still holding its own. With it clinched tightly between his teeth as usual, he mumbled out the dictation. Letter after letter was given, he only referring occasionally to a memorandum pad at his elbow. He gave out half of one letter, referred to his pad, then, "Miss Carroll, read me that last paragraph, I do not believe I made my point clear enough."

Miss Carroll's jaw became loose, it went up and down, the chewing gum smacked. She mumbled out the sentences in an indistinguishable monotone.

"Why, Miss Carroll, what do you mean? I did not understand a word you said."

"Neither did I, that is exactly the way it sounded to me."

He swung around in his chair and stared at her.

"Miss Carroll, that is all I have for you this morning. Will you please ask Miss Kerney to come and finish taking the dictation."

She arose saying solicitously, "I hope your eyes feel better this morning."

"They do, very much, and I think they will feel even better when Miss Kerney comes in."

The girls looked up doubtfully at her unusually early reappearance.

"Liz, he wants you in there to finish taking his dictation."

"Good Lord, girl, what have you done?"

"Not a thing. He has an idea that a black dress will do his eyes more good than a green one."

Liz was furious when she came back with the rest of the dictation and banging her notebook on her desk she said angrily, "Hereafter Miss Carroll, let him finish dictating before you use any of your reforming methods, for I do not intend to have him take his devilish wrath out on me."

"Use a spirit of compassion towards him, Liz. I feel rather sorry for him. I wish I could get a good look at his tongue, as I am sure he suffers with biliousness. Think how much good a dose of calomel would do him."

"Oh Lord, Liz, she's hopeless."

"Well, look here, Miss Carroll, you let his tongue alone. If biliousness makes him act as he does, he must have been born bilious, he certainly has lived biliously, and I suppose he will die bilious. But don't you try to see his tongue, because I don't intend to take any more of his dictation. You may be trying to be his reformer, but you certainly are not his doctor."

The Wild Hyena did not seem to be taking his reformation in the right spirit; so Miss Caroll thought she would let him cool off after the last attack before she resumed her gentle efforts.

One week later, having just taken the Wild Hyena's dictation, she closed the door marked private after her, and jazzed across the room to the girls.

"Oh girls, be joyous, sing for gladness, the Wild Hyena is going away for one whole week!"

"Praise be, let me join in, what a relief." Liz did not possess a very compassionate feeling towards him.

"Just think how much I can do while he is away," Miss Carroll continued eagerly.

"Do! You do not mean to say that you are going to work while he is away."

"Oh, I might help with a little bit of work on the side. But what I meant is that I can get all my summer sewing done."

"Then you won't even come to the office?"

"Of course, dumbness. I am going to bring the material up here and work on it."

While the Wild Hyena is away the lambs will play.

"Len, I am going to begin my sewing now. Please lock the door into the accounting department."

"I don't see what you want the door locked for, as we have always done a little embroidering and knitting when the Wild Hyena is away, and have never locked any doors."

"If you will not lock the door, I will. You may think that I want the accounting department to come in here while I am cutting out teddy-bears on the Wild Hyena's desk, but you are mistaken."

"You are going to do your sewing in his office!"

"Certainly, that is the safest place. No one ever goes in there. When people come to see him they always come through here, and you can stop them."

"Later in the day Liz walked over to the door labeled private and looking in called, "Sal, you and Len, come here a minute."

They almost fell in the door at the sight that met their eyes.

"Gosh, suppose the Wild Hyena should walk in."

"Do not suppose any such a thing, as it might disturb my peace of mind," remonstrated Miss Carroll working away industriously.

White material of a dainty quality enveloped the boss' desk, and upon this was a pattern weighted down with the accessories of the desk. Miss Carroll, using the office scissors, was cutting around the edge of the pattern with an experienced eye. Her mouth was full of pins and she was humming a tune of utter contentment.

The next day Miss Rosney fell from grace, she also bringing along her summer sewing.

The next, Sal Harrison grew bold and carried in a bundle under her arm, a skirt that needed a little adjustment. Liz still looked upon them as lunatics, and scorned to compromise herself by joining in.

By the fourth day the feeling of security and safety had even overpowered Liz, and she too brought summer sewing.

(Concluded in next issue)

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED IN 1844

Published by the University of North Carolina Publications Union

VOLUME 56 *February · 1926* NUMBER 5

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In the Interest of

PURE LITERATURE ETCETERA

It has recently been brought to our attention, as well as to some of our less fortunate brethren at other seats of learning, that it is best for the younger generation not to know in print what it knows in experience. And, indeed, as we editors well know, putting a thing down in print oftentimes serves only to kill it so far as interest is concerned. But this is not the objection of our monitors; they would have us hold forth with angelic dispersiveness from high aethereal realms in order that we may not tarnish the innocent purity of our imagined audiences. From the clear atmosphere they would have us evolve pure literature only: something of a harmless nature for your untainted minds.

Having been admonished by far-seeing and erudite minds, whose wisdom we cannot doubt, we have no choice: we must obey. But even in obeying, we cannot escape polemics: before we climb the golden stairs and enter the pearly gates leading to aetherealness, we must first destroy the labyrinthine pathways of evil which keep us from the ascent. Then we must build one straight and sure path which will lead upward.

The first of our tasks is the greater, for many of the pathways are well and jealously kept. Whether leading backward in time or projecting into the future these pathways seduce men's minds and show them things they should not see. They must be destroyed.

The second part of our task is far easier; indeed much of it is already done. Our spiritually minded students have already laid the foundations for this straight, sure pathway—the pathway of self-extollation.

And therefore in subsequent issues of The Magazine you may look for articles showing the necessity for burning and destroying art-galleries, libraries, laboratories, and printshops, forbidding all speech, prohibition of song, encasing of women in barrels, and abolition of all the things of life which distract students from contemplation of the unworldly divine attributes. You may look for articles showing how national fraternities, and locals which meekly hope to be, are directly comparable to the Original Concord and the First Great Brotherhood, have divine sanction, and how all who do not belong are lost; how one cannot be in accord with the absolute unless he belongs to more than one local honorary order such as *The Golden Fleece* whose membership possesses all the human virtues concentrated an hundred-fold, and who yearly, in fleecy company assembled, modestly proclaim themselves worthy of all honor and obeisance from the common herd; and how more and better national fraternities, with locals which meekly hope to be, and more and better Golden Fleeces—all unobstructed and undiverted by the Unmentionables to be destroyed—may pave the straight sure way to that sublimity whence may issue only pure literature.

Gentlemen, this is a call for copy in the cause. While the paths exist you may explore them. While this Editor exists as such he, with consecrated associates, will try to judge their printability.

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This Great Bunco Game

By A. B. S. VIK

FOR four years I have been attending one of these so-called educational institutions, where the intellectual light is supposed to shine with such great brilliance. Gradually it has dawned upon me that I am one of the victims of a great bunco game, that education isn't quite all it is cracked up to be; and that the system by which it is carried on is one of the most grotesque and absurd monstrosities ever created by perverted minds.

Every day the machinery of education is growing bigger and harder and more inflexible. Like the monster of Frankenstein already it has turned on its creator: It nauseates and kills intelligence, and turns out machine stamped Babbitts by the thousands.

After four years in one of these institutions, I believe I have found enough to uphold these propositions, certainly so far as this one I have attended is concerned. And what applies to it, along the lines with which this article will deal, applies to nearly every state university in the United States.

Look at the essential nature of this educational scheme. It is based on the foolish idea that knowledge is always desirable and that everyone should *know*. Its purpose is to educate as many as possible. Everybody must be educated, whether everybody has any basic intelligence to be educated or not. Everybody must be educated in order to preserve our democracy, whether there is any democracy or not. This is the motivating principle of our educators. Yet this principle, full of fallacies as it is, is a veritable wonder for straight reasoning when compared with their ideas of the method by which knowledge must be obtained.

This method is to cram, or attempt to cram, knowledge and learning down the unwilling throats of every mother's son who has nothing else to do but go to college. And no discrimination whatever is made between those into whom learning has to be crammed and those who come to college eager for it. The system is inflexible. It is made for a particular type, and allows for no adjustment; it is made for the weak-kneed son of ambitious parents. It is only another species of the attempt to make something from nothing; and it succeeds only in keeping something from becoming more.

When a moron or worse enters a college or university, the less sense he has the more likely he is to continue observing regulations, attending classes, etc., by doing which he passes in his courses in a mechanical way and gets a degree. But when a brilliant young student enters he soon discovers the mechanical nature of the scheme; he finds it interferes with study. It takes his best time—the morning, cuts it up into hours, prevents any sort of continuous concentration, and thereby cultivates the worst and most general characteristic of college students, the habit of flitting from one thing to another, the inability to be a good worker or a good loafer. All he learns is to pass from one thing to another, not lightly and unconcernedly, in the fashion of a real loafer, but always in a swivet, always bothered about something, always doing something and never doing anything. The wonder is that the system doesn't ruin more minds than it does.

But let me give a few actual instances. First let us take the case of a graduate student, to whom one would think the system would not be a very great hindrance and nuisance. B, let us call him, had been teaching in high school for two years when he decided to go into medicine. In his undergraduate work, B had made an excellent record and was undoubtedly not without the rudiments of common sense. He knew that in order to begin to study medicine he would have to take certain elementary chemistry courses which he had not had in his earlier college work. In the ordinary way, as given in the college he wished to attend, this work would constitute two courses covered in a period of six months. During this time in this college, an ordinary student might take seven courses; B had done this himself and passed his work with excellent grades. Now, naturally, he did not want to spend six months on two courses.

It did not take any great intelligence on his part for B to conclude that the purpose of studying elementary chemistry must be to learn, first, the elementary methods and procedure of chemistry, and second, a little of chemistry itself. So he did what any reasonable person would do under the circumstances. He applied for permission to study these courses intensively, to use the college chemistry laboratory at such hours that he would not interfere with other classes, and to take examinations as soon as he thought he knew the subject well enough.

There were no explicit regulations in the college catalogue prohibiting such a mode of studying, yet since there were none allowing and prescribing it, he was refused his request. The department was not crowded, this man had an excellent record and could be trusted—there was no reason other than the lack of prescribed procedure in the college law book for the refusal. Now it is my contention that in an educational institution one would expect intelligence to rule and allow reasonable exceptions, but in this case a body of regulations was made supreme—a ridiculous perversion of reason. And the further one looks, the less one finds any rule of reason; instead, one finds the rule of thumb.

But let us continue with B's story. Not having six months to spend in taking two elementary courses, he applied for and took these courses by correspondence from one of the supposedly best institutions in the country. He passed them with good grades, then entered the medical school to which he had first applied and made a good record in the two years of medical work given there. Among the courses he took and passed creditably there were, of course, several in chemistry—to make good grades on which a knowledge of elementary chemistry and technique were absolutely necessary.

Then B applied for entrance to the medical school of a certain northern university where he intended to get the rest of his training. But, they wrote back to him, you can't enter; no correspondence work is acceptable. Why? B wrote asking them. Look at my record; it shows I know the more advanced courses; to know them I have to know the elementary courses; it seems only reasonable to me that you should let me enter regardless of *how* I gained this elementary knowledge. The essential thing is that *I have it.*

But again the college authorities showed their unfriendliness to reason. No, they wrote back. It can't be done.

So, in order to enter the medical school of this educational institution, B had to go to a summer school, stay there for three months and go through all the motions of learning elementary chemistry. At first he thought that if he explained the circumstances to his professors he might be allowed merely to take the examinations at the end of the term and stand or fall by them. But again he bumped against regulations and professorial stupidity. The regulations prescribed that for credit to be given the student had to go through a certain number of laboratory exercises and sit through a certain per cent of all classes, and the professors thought that they were bound to enforce these rules indiscriminately.

It happens that B is one of these persons who is interested not only in his particular subject, medicine, but also in human nature. But three months is too long a time to spend on subjects who reveal all their little tricks within two or three days—after then it becomes mere monotonous repetition. One of his professors had the manners of a blacksmith and the diction of a dago; another had a bunch of stale jokes in his repertory, and thought his students were laughing with him when he told his stories; the others were elementary, colorless chemists. And for three months B had to waste his time and money "studying" with these master minds to guide him. If this sort of business isn't enough to drive a student to drink, nothing will ever do it.

Now if there was a particle of real intelligence used by any of these "authorities" at either of the universities in dealing with B, I must confess I am unable to see it. In no case was it considered whether or not he was qualified by his knowledge. In every instance the ruling decision was made on whether or not the *way* in which he got his knowledge conformed to the way in which it was ordinarily dished out. If this is an intelligible, reasonable way of running an educational institution, I am a toad frog. This sort of thing, this worship of and holding fast to regulations is practically uniform throughout the country in the colleges and universities.

And the joke of it is that these same professors, who worship unquestioningly their way to knowledge, smile condescendingly at the garden-of-Eden Baptist who worships unquestioningly his idea of the way to get to heaven. Seems that they are brothers under the skin after all.

So we see how these educational experts hold supreme and inviolable their idea of *the way* in which knowledge may be got. Their repugnance toward reason reminds one strongly of Sam Butler's line about professors. They he said, "seemed to devote themselves to the avoidance of every opinion with which they were not perfectly familiar, and regarded their own brains as a sort of sanctuary to which, if an opinion had once resorted, none other was to attack it."

And so it is today, just as it was long years ago when Sam Butler wrote these lines. Apparently, only a very few of these intellectual lights ever even hear a whisper

from the voice of reason, asking them to reconsider their methods. Some, a very few, consider, and consider, but do nothing.

The foregoing example of what a graduate student often has to contend with is, however, cast into the shade alongside the sufferings of the undergraduate who has a mind to develop. Being ignorant, lacking experience, he is, of course, imposed on to a much greater extent. His treatment, of course, is all supposed to be for his own good, and I assume the methods used are thought by the institutional heads to be the best. Otherwise (again I assume) I suppose they would change them—that is the only course common sense would dictate.

Among the undergraduates, we meet in its most aggravated form this system of cram. We believe there are a few propositions which in this connection are self-evident. One of these is that learning can not be forced on young men; it can no more be forced on them by educators than democracy can be forced on a people by ambitious politicians. Indeed, when we look at it closely it seems that the chief reason for the existence of our educational system, like that of our government, is to afford positions, life-time jobs to a certain group—that is, unless we consider the quantity production of good Babbitts the purpose of these institutions. And if this is their purpose they certainly accomplish it in a remarkably efficient fashion. Just look at all the mediocrity that goes out every year with the A. B. stamp! Grubbers and plodders, Pollyannas and Frank Cranes!

To be explicit, the central and foremost evil in our system of cram causing this uniformly undesirable product is the method of conducting daily classes and requiring students to attend. It may be necessary and for the good (though it is extremely doubtful) of a certain class of college students to treat them like infants. But this same treatment of others is unnecessary and unwarranted interference. And there is no surer way to kill the spark of interest than to require the student to sit on three or four classes a day, five days a week, to hear poorly prepared lectures, or to answer foolish questions, to listen to professorial maxims and stale jokes. It is worse than a waste of time for both student and teacher.

There is, however, from the good student's point of view, one strong argument against abolishing class attendance. The system requires certain courses which he recognizes as utter rot, as for instance certain courses in educational methods. Under the daily class attendance system the good student can catch about two thirds of the classes on courses of this sort, and not have to waste his time in studying the stuff in order to pass. For passing under this system is a mere perfunctory matter. All that is necessary is to study the professor for a couple of days or so to find out his pet ideas. It is necessary, with most of them, only that you attend most of their classes. But suppose the class attendance system did not exist. The teachers would have to judge the students in an almost entirely different way. Professorial egotism would no longer fatten on the way students attended and listened on class.

The students, both good and poor, could no longer count on passing by the method of repeating on examination the few set phrases and pet ideas of the teacher. Every student would have to take his books and labor with them if he wanted to get the stamp of approval. For this reason most students would object to abolishing class attendance. And even the best students, those who work, would object to the abolition of class attendance so long as certain courses were required. As it is, the system carries the student along. It is made to the order of John Doe, banker, to care for his moron son. And while it is babying him along, it is disgusting those who intended to work and learn something.

This is one of the few things I *know;* by long-suffering have I learned it. I have, with the exception of a few hundred dollars borrowed, worked my way through school. Time has been valuable to me, and naturally I have resented this systematic, wholesale waste of it. During this last summer I was fortunate enough to get a job from which I could get more valuable experience than from all the classes I might ever attend. I was taking one course in the summer school and it became necessary for me to miss about half my classes. The course was the last one in French required for an A. B., and included a short history of French literature and four French plays. On class, one day the students would translate French into English, the next day the professor would read from Smith's *History of French Literature,* interpolating, often with inane and inaccurate remarks. For instance, one time he spoke of paganism as being essentially materialistic and Christianity as being spiritualistic; when one of the students hinted that possibly he wasn't exactly right, in that quietly superior and dignified air of authority he let this student know he was only speaking truisms which everyone who knew anything knew! To be sure most of the professors do not make such pathetic attempts to be sarcastic and offensive. Most of them, apparently, *want* to teach, but they are caught in the system and are too spineless to do anything about it.

On this class in French I was forced to sit along with others and listen to these inanities, wasting my time. I couldn't prepare my lesson on class—these professors always expect and demand that you listen to what is being said, and usually what is being said isn't worth

listening to. As with most of the other courses I have taken, there was no earthly reason why I should have to attend any of the classes. If I did not want to know enough to learn by my own efforts outside of class, if I didn't have sense enough to know whether I needed to learn the subject or not, or guts enough to get it if I knew I did—it wouldn't matter much so far as I can see what I did. But as it was, I wanted to learn; instead of allowing me to get it in my own way and then pass or flunk examinations, I had to waste my time and be bored to death; for the professor and registrar came down on me about the middle of the term and I had to catch the rest of the classes on that French course. As it happened, I was extremely lucky. The professor had apparently failed to turn in all my absences to the registrar, otherwise I probably would have been dropped, for regulations required it.

There have been some half-hearted attempts to give the system some flexibility, to allow the better students freedom to study as they wish, but the idea is too deeply rooted in the average professor's mind that he is the source of all knowledge and wisdom, that the student is obligated to come to him to get his daily dose, for the system to be changed easily. But if the exceptional students in our colleges and universities are to develop themselves as fully as the power lies in them, the system must be changed.

These are not just mere words—it is a fundamental truth that knowledge can not be given to any one; it is a mere fact, soon forgotten when the hand-out method is used. The individual mind must want to know, it must approach whatever subject is concerned from its own angle of interest, which, apparently, is hardly ever the same for intelligent people. It is a truism that the less intelligence a certain mind has, the more likely it is to take the more ordinary angle of approach toward a subject. It follows the beaten path. And when an active mind is forced to move in this path, when the awakening mind is forced to work in the professorial way, about all it gets is a certain amount of enforced discipline and repression which may be good discipline for the very young, but is neither good discipline nor the way to learn for the college student.

For if he is ever going to learn to discipline himself—and self-discipline is the only sort worth mentioning—he must do it himself. During his freshman year he should be allowed gradually to take control of himself, then if he is worth his salt he will come through; if not, he will go to the dogs—where he would go sooner or later anyway.

Of course the objection is that most of them would not get through if they were not nursed along, required to attend classes, learn a minimum of facts and pass a perfunctory examination. If their boys did not get their A. B.'s the home folks would howl, the trustees would howl, and greatest of all would be the howl that would go up from the legislatures to the state universities. The demand for quantity production must be met.

Apparently there is no way to avoid stunting the natural growth of the individual with superior intellectual endowments who is found in the midst of this quantity production. The people who give money to schools and colleges are too much a product of the system to see the defects in it; quantity production made them; quantity production is supreme. Seemingly it cannot be stopped. For the Babbitt's are in the saddle; they are running our education, our government, our churches, and our homes; in every phase of life over which they can exert control they are showing the same stupidity which they are showing in the way that they run our educational institutions.

And all that an individual can do is to fight this stupidity—ineffectively because of the nature of stupidity—and regret at times that he was not allowed to follow the far more engrossing and intellectually uplifting occupation of clod-hopping or ditch digging.

The Bright Street

By MARY CALHOUN HENLEY

CHARACTERS

ZANTE, *the lace-dreamer.*
KARA, *the lace-maker.*
FERSOL, *the woman of the Bright Street.*
TIME: *The present.*
PLACE: *A cave in a hill.*

SCENE: *A high-vaulted cave with rough walls partially covered with dwarf and hanging mosses. Three or four mossy boulders appear naturally placed at right and left. One is near center, somewhat in the background. At one side in the sloping roof is a narrow opening through which a streak of light is thrown obliquely on a row of small stones. During the play, as time passes, the streak moves from one stone to another. Over two of the boulders shimmering heaps of intricately-designed lace are carelessly thrown. An unfinished piece lies on the center boulder. The cave is dimly lighted, revealing the beautly of the lace but not displaying the rudeness of the place. Reclining on a long, low stone near center is the woman* ZANTE. *She is clothed in some of the lace. Her head lies on her arm, which touches the boulder supporting the unfinished lace. She stirs, slowly rises to a sitting position, and brushes back her blond, straight hair. Tall and very slender, she reveals herself with a pale face and slightly tilted eyes. As she rises, she notices the band of light on the stones.*

ZANTE: The sun has already touched the third stone and he is not here. What keeps him from me? He has been late so many days and yesterday he did not come at all. *(She lifts a fold of the lace on the boulder.)* This piece has lain two weeks unfinished. We have never been so long before. He grows tired, perhaps, and stays late in the Bright Street. No wonder his fingers are clumsy. He is the most faithful of those whom I have taught, but he is human and young. Yet our wise men say: "The young serve best." *(In a brighter tone)* Ah, what is it I was dreaming all night? A pattern more perfect than any we have made. May he come before the dream-threads tangle and blur before my eyes! We shall set it in our most delicate silk, and the web shall flow like music and seem a radiance of starlight, seen through half-closed eyelids. 'Tis wretched to dream and plan, yet have no power to do! But he will come! I think I feel him crossing the wheat field to the hill. *(She lifts the lace, shaking it out and smoothing it, half-chanting)*

Silver, silken webs,
Patterned from curious dreaming,
Spread yourselves over the cities,
Gleaming in the smoke and grime.
Be soft under hard, roughened hands,
Youthful under old, withered cheeks,
Beautiful for the vicious and ugly,
Resplendent, draped on lovely bodies.

What is happening to my dream? It slips out, out into the dark. It is growing so faint. Now I see only its dim shape. Ah, Kara, come quickly, quickly. *(A few moments pass as she strains to hold the dream. Then she sinks resignedly to the stone couch.)* It is gone. I saw nothing at the last but a pale glimmer. It will wander, useless, out there forever.

(A slight noise, then a man appears at the entrance of the cave, right. He is carelessly dressed, with rumpled hair and shirt open at the throat. She rises slowly to greet him.)

I have lost my dream, Kara. It is so late and you did not come. Now we can only finish the piece we had begun. We shall have nothing new.

KARA: *(Hesitantly, running his hand over his hair)* I—I couldn't come earlier.

ZANTE: You were never so late before. See, the ray is covering the fourth stone. You were ill, perhaps? But come, the beauty of our work will cure. The noise and bitterness of cities sicken mind and body. *(She tries to draw him farther into the cave. He pushes her hand away.)*

KARA: I *am* sick of weaving all day, sick of never going into the world, except to give away this lace, this eternal lace, to the mean, the dirty, the old. I want the Bright Street and pleasure and people who speak gaily.

ZANTE: *(Gently)* The poor and old are the ones who need our beauty, you know. The people who speak gaily might gaily adorn themselves in our webs, then as gaily toss them aside.

You would have pleasure, Kara? Then come, feel the silk threads clinging in your hands. Watch their subtle twisting into patterns like snowflakes. Are you not pleased with that? Once you thought it the joy of joys.

KARA: *(Impatiently)* I know. I was young. But Zante, men out there on the Bright Street—and women, too—laugh that I should make lace like a woman, and that I should *give away* my labor. But most of all, they laugh that I should give it to the poor, who have neither wealth nor the favor of men, while I myself have only food to live on and clothes to cover me.

ZANTE: *(Shaking her head.)* You have lost the vision early, Kara. With your hands setting my dreams into lace, the world which mocks you might grant you immortality. Men, even men on the Bright Street, love forever the man who serves them, though they cannot always recall his name. Is that worth nothing?

KARA: Ye-e-s, but my body will not feel their love, but only their mocking. I want to see and touch and hear the flash of gold and red and the laughing in the Bright Street.

ZANTE: Ye powers! Why do I hope and hope once more that some high spirit will overcome the Bright Street. Kara, what in the Bright Street holds you so?

KARA: *(Looking up eagerly.)* Ah, out there there is light, Zante, not like this dim cave. There is play and action and money for what one wants.

ZANTE: *(Leaning toward him)* And what does one want?

KARA: One wants—oh—swift horses and fights and colors and glittering things and—but you would not understand, Zante.

ZANTE: *(Smiling a little, bitterly)* Would I not? Do you think I have not heard this childish list before, a list of paper lanterns, burning so brilliantly into ash? Stay with me and I will give you lace of white, the color of all colors, that glitters like crystals in the sun. *(She holds some of the lace in the streak of light on the stones.)* You shall make sweaty, breathless fights against close-gripping dirt, and your flashing needles must race against that ray on the stones, swifter than any horses. The joy of these, Kara, is never burnt out.

KARA: *(With more interest, but still hesitant.)* Ah, Zante, you are eloquent. *(He fingers the lace lingeringly.)* I am so weary but even now these folds twine themselves about my fingers. How soft they are! Almost—I think—*(He slowly raises the lace to put it to his cheek when he starts at the sound of a voice outside.)*

VOICE: *(Shouting)* Kara! Kara! *(He drops the lace. A young woman,* FERSOL, *appears at the entrance, in a straight, orange dress, with beads and bracelets and paint. Her hair is black, and she is coarse-looking, but not uncomely.)*

FERSOL: *(Breathless)* I thought I should never find you, Kara. Why did you leave me? *(She does not see* ZANTE, *who looks at* KARA *long and meaningly, then turns away her face.* FERSOL glances around the *room, then comes to* KARA, *putting her hand on his arm.)* Was there someone here with you? I heard you talking as I came up the hill. *(She is looking straight through* ZANTE, *who has moved to left, slightly upstage.)*

KARA: *(Surprised)* Why, you see—(ZANTE *shakes her head at him.)*—I—I sometimes talk to myself.

FERSOL: How silly! You shall leave that solitary habit here. No wonder you are queer, when you stay so much in this damp, dark old cave. *(She puts her cheek against his.)* Will you not be glad when we live on the Bright Street? *(She notices the lace.)* Kara, look at all this fine lace! *(She picks up a piece and holds it to her.)* It will make a grand dress for me. So this is what you do out here!

KARA: Y-e-e-s. But we—I—was going to give that to old Martin in the town.

FERSOL: Give it away? Nonsense! Old Martin cannot use it. We will sell it and the money will give us many gay nights on the Bright Street. *(She takes another piece.)* This will be my wedding veil, Kara. Shall I not be pretty? *(She drapes the piece over her head and marches slowly to left.* ZANTE *presses herself flat against the wall, with bowed head.* FERSOL *walks by her, then lifts up some folds of the lace from another boulder. The lace catches on a rough place and tears.* ZANTE *starts as if struck.)*

FERSOL: I have torn it, but it does not matter. There is so much of it. It is so beautiful that many women will be eager to buy. Come, let us take it home. Oh, Kara, I am so happy.

(She catches up the lace and begins to dance. KARA *watches her moodily, keeping his eyes from* ZANTE. FERSOL *dances and twists, wrapping the lace around and around her. After a little, a frightened look appears on her face and she tears at the lace folds; they become tighter around her.)*

FERSOL: *(In terror.)* Kara! It binds me, it is choking me! *(She drops to the ground, motionless.* KARA *kneels beside her, then looks at* ZANTE, *who moves a few steps forward.)*

KARA: She is dead. Was it you who killed her?

ZANTE: No. Her soul was dead when she came. It is the business of the Bright Street to kill souls. Her desecration here was suicide. *(In scorn)* But take her out. Her pitiful mechanism will revive in its native atmosphere. *Here* it was carrion even before she fell.

KARA: And shall I also die? Is it your will?

ZANTE: I willed that you should live but you killed

(Continued on page 32)

Swords

A Metrical Melodrama

And the field lay misty and gold in the sun
And a single blue flower, gracefully slim—
So wistfully delicate, poignantly slim
As the fading chord of a whispered hymn,
Thrust up its stem from the emerald and dun.

Just a breath of the morning was blown from the lips
Of a picaroon breeze that swung jauntily by—
Flicking the field as it swaggered on by
On its way to some tavern of winds in the sky
As a blithe, tarry sailor from spider-rigged ships.

Thru the grass came the mumble of tunneling feet—
Feet that paced on with an ominous tread,
A solemn and formal and ponderous tread
That left a dull echo, tonelessly dead,
Haunting the trail of its sepulchral beat.

Four tall gallants, legs snapping in petulant strides—
Perukes, silver buckles, Valencienne laces,
Scented shirts in a smother of soft, foamy laces,
Black patches adhering to grimly set faces,
And lean, hungry swords hanging down by their sides.

And the one was a youth with the mien of a saint;
His firm, beardless chin was thrust manfully out
As tho by the act of projecting it out
He hoped to be rid of some hideous doubt—
But his eyes were a blur of tears held in restraint.

And another was older and swarthy of skin;
His keen, cruel face was both handsome and vile
As the smooth, mottled flesh of an adder is vile.
He alone of the group wore a narrow, slit smile
And the smile was a fragment of lecherous sin.

And they paused near a tree wetly garnished with moss
Where the youth drew his sword with a flourish at fate
And the swarthy one drew with the slowness of fate.
The seconds crouched down for to watch and to wait—
The swords clicked together, a glittering cross.

From the brink of battle the youth was sore pressed.
The swarthy one's blade darted swifter than fire,
It circled and shifted like wind-driven fire;
The youth struggled—his arm 'gan to tire—
And the wild, plunging point seared like flame in his breast.

With a sob like the burst of a bubble, he fell.
His second knelt quickly and lifted his head,
He smoothed the curls from the damp, boyish head—
Then he covered the poor staring face of the dead
And the swarthy one smiled with the cold smile of hell.

He wiped from his blade its rich, murderous hue
While he glanced at the boy who lay crumpled in death—
His graceful young body enshrouded by death.
Soon he strode from the field with a song on his breath
And his heel crushed to pulp the slim flower of blue.

R. K. F.

Gone

Under cover of darkness I softly stole
Away to the mound of the new made grave,
And for long I waited and watched for the soul
Of her who had made of my heart a slave;
For they say that the soul often lingers about
The dwelling of flesh that once it has used—
That at last when the landlord, when Death turns it out
It lingers awhile just a trifle confused.

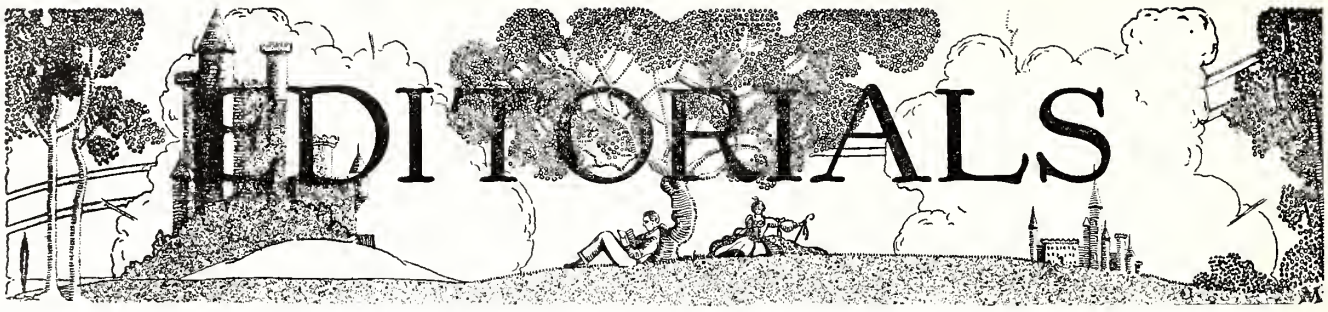
But I waited and listened and watched all in vain,
For no sign of the soul of my love did I see;
And it tortured me sorely, it pierced me with pain
That my love was unable to come back to me;
So at last with the light and the coming of day,
Knowing well that my heart would be always her slave,
I wrenched myself loose and went sadly away—
But I left it, my heart, in the newly made grave.

N. L. B.

Happiness

It is raining,
A little, happy rain,
A soft enchanting rain.
The wet leaves outside my window
Gleam in the twilight.
They are happy, too,
Because of the rain.
And I—
I am happy
Because of the rain,
And the wet leaves,
And You.

R. H.



Prohibition and *Editors*

Why aren't the prohibition laws more effective? There are, I believe, several good and all sufficient reasons. One is excellently exemplified in the case of the editor of the *Tar Heel* and his recent so-called "exposé" of drinking at the University.

The editor of the *Tar Heel* sees evidences of drinking on the campus. He does an admirable thing, requiring some courage: He writes an editorial severely criticizing whoever is responsible for the lax enforcement of the laws. He criticizes the state and University officials, and suggests that an "Enforcer of Prohibition" be installed. From reading the editorial, any one with no further knowledge of the real situation would wonder, well, *why don't some of the officials do something?*

But let us get at this thing: How can an official do anything? Who is responsible for this non-enforcement of prohibition laws?

There are, in general, only three ways in which bootleggers can be apprehended. One is for them to be caught by known officers in the act of making, transporting, or selling; another is by the activity of detectives. Both of these methods are almost invariably frowned upon when they are actually tried. Otherwise (apparently) sane people seem to think that prohibition officers should be able to detect bootleggers without the use of spying methods, and that they should be able to catch them by gentle cooing. Whenever officers on the hunt for a bootlegger happen to interfere with an innocent party, numerous letters and editorials are written in papers telling the officers what they should not have done. So long as the public coddles the bootlegger, and refuses to undergo the slight inconvenience which must sometimes come from rigid search for lawbreakers—just so long there can be no hope of enforcing the laws.

But the third and last general way of apprehending the bootlegger is the most important of all. It is not mere passive attitude for the citizen, as the other two ways may be. It calls for the active assistance of the citizen to the law enforcement agency. Without this prohibition can never be really effective.

And now I wish to ask a question of the editor of *The Tar Heel:*

In your "exposé"—so-called by many of the newspapers of the state—why did you not in that "exposé" give the name of the bootlegger whom you saw hand over liquor to a student? Why did you *not* report him to authorities, and if necessary testify in court against him?

Indeed now, why does the prohibition law break down? Who, besides the editor of *The Tar Heel,* is responsible for the lack of absolute enforcement in Chapel Hill? How many others, who do not buy bootleg whiskey but have seen transactions and do not inform, are there who howl about non-enforcement? Obviously it is the citizen's duty to support the law while it is law; certainly, if for nothing other than to save his own face, he should give all the information that he has when he howls about non-enforcement.

The editor of *The Tar Heel* in a conference, after his editorial appeared, admitted seeing the transfer of liquor but refused to "expose" the identity of the bootlegger. Why did he refuse? The editor of the MAGAZINE told him that he was going to make the affair public if he did not give full information.

The editor of THE MAGAZINE wonders how many people are passing the buck to authorities in this same fashion, and then also refusing to give authority any leeway in action?

* * *

Of course everyone knows the stock excuse made in such cases, namely, that the bootlegger is often times black and only a small part of a great system, and that he should not be made the goat. One can grow quite maudlin over the imagined picture of the poor mistreated bootlegger; but one cannot find any adequate excuse for not giving the law enforcement officials all possible coöperation. They can never construct a chain of evidence without full knowledge of all links—a moron should be able to see that. Yet, people who know anything, and take the trouble to think about it at all, are continually trying to excuse themselves for not giving their full coöperation. They appear to be in favor of effective prohibition. But actually they are the most insidious influence working against national sincerity. They are the weak element in our national intellectual character. They can blow hot and cold, be

for and against at the same time *and never know it*. But one should not be too severe with them. It is always very questionable as to how far anyone can be held responsible; and surely the limits contract considerably for those who are obviously mentally decrepit.

Yet they have to be considered. They form a considerable part of our life, and often times gain positions of responsibility from which they may wield considerable power over public opinion.

* * *

The editor of THE MAGAZINE is not a rabid prohibitionist, but he has a respect for law and order; and in serious matters such as this he feels that simple honesty and consistency should be demanded of those who help mold public opinion.

Prohibition is, we believe, one of the greatest and wisest experiments that a simple, clean, self-respecting folk have ever tried. The Volstead Act may have carried it too far, and in our opinion it did. However the law is on the statute books, and although we may not like it, so long as it is there, it is law.

* * *

And again we take issue with the editor of *The Tar Heel*. His criticism of the administration for stopping the Easter dances is absurd. He reasons that the administration should not have forbidden the dances in accordance with its understanding with the German Club three years earlier because the students didn't know about this understanding.

Our only comment about this is that any student who is so thoroughly ignorant as not to know that he is living in the United States where drinking has been condemned, in the State of North Carolina where drinking has been condemned for a longer time, and on the campus of the State University where drinking has always been condemned—any "student" who doesn't know these things not only ought to be shipped, but also ought to be sent to a home for the feeble-minded. And further, a man is under a moral obligation to the state, which pays the far greater share of his expense, to observe the University regulations. The fact that the University does not and cannot enforce these regulations in cases which do not come to its attention—which incidentally encourages others—does not excuse those who are caught. Our drinking men when caught, however, sometimes reveal themselves as whining children: excuses are always ready.

We heartily endorse the action of the administration throughout this whole affair. Under most aggravating circumstances, in spite of deliberate misrepresentation and insulting innuendo on the part of certain of the state papers, it has acted with intelligence and firmness.

As one member of a student body which we know rather thoroughly, a sober, industrious group, the great majority of whom are never even touched by the drinking problem, we resent the implication in an editorial of the Raleigh *News and Observer* of December 11, 1925, that we are part of a bunch of sots who are trying to hide our debaucheries. This editorial, reprints part of *The Tar Heel* "exposé." "There's one redeeming feature about the situation at Chapel Hill. Out of the student body, itself, comes the protest that probably resulted in the action of Dr. Chase. . . .

The Tar Heel, the student tri-weekly paper, in a recent exposé of conditions, went to the heart of the evil."

It is needless to say much more. Perhaps we have already said too much—it often seems useless to try to remedy false impressions, but the flagrant mis-representations have been too intolerable for this editor to keep silence. He has felt it his duty to try to put the matter in a somewhat clearer light. He wonders if certain other editors have any sense of duty, whether they will try to correct inconsistencies, apologize publicly for unwarranted insult, and honestly try to contribute a little to the solution of a problem which threatens one of the basic principles in our democracy—respect of and obedience to law—a principle which is in far greater danger of breakdown in Raleigh, Durham, Greensboro, Charlotte and other places than in the little town of Chapel Hill.

The Literary Societies

It has been proposed, and we understand that a considerable number of members approve, that the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies unite and form one body.

We are heartily in favor. The reason for their existence separately, rivalry, has disappeared. Meetings would, we believe, be much better and more interesting after consolidating.

THE PASTURE

After Mid-Terms

Professor *A* on Sam Jones' eight-thirty class:

I don't know whether I told you all or not, but I don't expect you to write essays on these questions. Facts—that's all I want—just a word to show me that you know it. One line of facts—one word that's a fact—is worth more than a dozen pages of this sort of stuff. Just leave off the trimmings. You can't write essays in here. If you could, you could make your living at it. But you can't. Don't try it. Facts—that's all I give credit for, and I don't want a thing more. These papers were terrible—awful!

* * * *

Professor *B* on Sam Jones' nine-thirty class:

I gave you credit for having intelligence enough to know that you couldn't answer these questions in two or three words each. Just because you set down a word or two or some bare fact, I can't take for granted that you know the answer and understand it. Elaborate. Give details—quotations. Show some familiarity with the text. Give more than I ask for. That's the sign of an *A* grade student. Show that you know what it all means, and then give your own opinions. This is a test of what you know and how well you can express it. These things—were just terrible!

* * * *

Professor *C* on Sam Jones' eleven o'clock class:

These papers were terrible—simply terrible! You have to study the question and see what kind of answer it calls for. When I ask a question you can answer with two words, I don't want a whole page on it. But when I ask you to explain something, I expect you to explain it, to give reasons and to go into details. Study the questions; find out just what I want; and give me that, and no more. These papers were just——nightmares.

* * * *

Sam Jones, to his mother:

DEAR MAMMA:

Well, I guess I'd better tell you before you get my report. I was mistaken the other day when I said I was sure I passed all my mid-terms. I promised you last year I wouldn't get any more *X's* or *W's*. But I'll pass the courses. Just wait and see. I've got them all spotted now. I know just what kind of answers they want, so just wait till they give some more quizzes. I got two *W's* and an *X*. But I'll pass them all.

With love, SAM.

P. S.: I told you last year that I had some of my professors spotted, but I have this time for sure.

J. H. B.

Quillen Erects a Monument to Eve

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19—(A. P.)—John P. Brady's sentiment in erecting a monument to the memory of Adam, the first man, has been matched after 17 years with the dedication at Fountain Inn, S. C., by Robert M. Quillen of a memorial to Eve, the first woman; but Mr. Brady could not applaud. He was dead at his home here today before word of the newspaper paragrapher's remembrance of Adam's consort could reach him. A sun dial, the first known monument to Adam, stands on the Brady estate at Bowley's Lane and Philadelphia road, placed there by Mr. Brady in 1909. Annually, until ill health interfered two years ago, it had been Mr. Brady's custom to hold memorial services at the monument.

In erecting the monument, he declared Adam's shortcomings had been over-rated and quoted Shakespeare's contention that the evil men do lives after them, the good being interred with their bones. He explained that the world, having honored naval and military heroes, authors, statesmen, scientists and rulers, it was time the father of the race should be remembered. An inscription on the Adam monument reads:

"So passes the glory of the world."

Soon after placing the Adam memorial, Mr. Brady placed a second monument on his estate and inscribed it:

"To the memory of the constitution of the United States—gone, but not forgotten."

Recently I read an editorial which professed not to see why parents deny their offspring the satisfaction to be gained in moments of anger from the utterance of good, strong, potent *damns*. This writer said what is undeniably true: that *damn* is one of the most precious words in the language. The satisfaction to be derived from its careful use is on a proud par with the uncer-

tain joy which may or may not be got from the fruit of the vine. It has been prohibited for centuries, however, in meticulous society and especially among more or less pious persons; yet these very persons have probably obtained the greatest meed of pleasure from its surreptitious use. Husbands and wives should be particularly grateful for the word; as a defensive weapon, for use when one is wrong,—and sore about it, *damn* is well nigh unexcelled.

For these reasons indiscriminate use should be discouraged, and that quickly, for the efficacy of the word is rapidly being spoiled through a process of saturation. In particular is it coming into disrepute in the theatre, where any mention of it, with or without accompanying reference to prohibition, or the nearest hick town, brings guffaws from the assembled Bread-eaters.

Young children should be denied it altogether; they will feel real need of it later. It should be removed from the stage save in serious drammer. Preachers should be encouraged in discouraging its use. Lecturers should be prohibited its use more than once a month. Professors of pedagogy should be forbidden to approach it.

We are, I tell you, rapidly losing one of our staunchest pillars of society, one of our unholy joys which increases in value directly in proportion to the extent to which it is prohibited and preached against. I should heartily advocate and support a law to regulate the use of *damn* and its compounds.

Weak*

Yes, it was quite clear; there remained but the one way out, and that way unknown—

For years, ever since he could remember, there had been this same struggle. Sometimes he had thought that the conquest was accomplished but then——. Going over the events of his life, he found that he had never felt remorse for his conduct. Was that strange? Did other people feel sorrow when they were forced to acknowledge a weakness or were they like himself rather angry that it should be considered a weakness? If one could only see behind the silly mask of custom that clothed men's thoughts and see by what process they judged one another; but one couldn't.

Long ago when he was quite small he remembered coming home from a circus and telling of his love for one of the women (Ah! she was a dream and so shapely). They laughed, of course; families do that. But why should they have laughed; did they not themselves love her? Yes, that was it. The men, his father and brothers, they had loved that rider too; and the laugh, it had been to hide a sense of guilt. He knew now, twenty years after, that he had sensed the hypocrisy at the time. From that time on had he not practiced deceit in all its cunning forms? Yes, and now that this time of decision had come he was ready to trick himself and his friends again. In all details he had consistently, for twenty years, hidden within his brain the realization that morally he was a degenerate. No other word could describe it but degenerate.

In silence his sins had grown, seldom if ever detected, but growing ever more rapidly.

Heredity—that explained it. That took the blame off his soul, but placed it on another's. And that was not fair. God had not meant surely that for the mistakes of all the generations to come the present sinners should suffer. Still someone must bear the blame. If Christ could but mean for him a sacrifice. Then there was the Law of Compensation, what cruel realizations the future must hold in store for him! For him? What did he matter? It was for Nora he must think. He had no right to take by craft what another and more worthy one might take by love. She loved him, he knew it. Oh, horror—could God allow so pure a chalice to be stained by so foul a wine! Yes, perhaps God would, but he himself could not. To kiss with lying lips, and whisper from the corruption of his heart "I love you." No, that must not be. Evil he was and given to sin but the clear light of her eyes should never flicker through any shame for him. Weak he was by nature, but once and only once he could be strong.

He unstoppered the phial; a sickly fragrance filled his nostrils. Putting the bottle to his lips he swallowed the contents with a convulsive gulp.

"The only way—," he murmured.

An hour later when they found him he was yet alive, and by the twitching of his lips they knew he fain would speak. Leaning down his friend listened and caught the one word—"Strong." And then with a deceitful leer upon his face he shuddered and was still.

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*Editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE:

I have had a bad dream and have written it down for the benefit of posterity.

If you can fill in some space with it, I wish you would—"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print." Although my name won't appear, still—

Thanking you in advance for your very hearty approval, I remain, INCOGNITO.

A Dry Cleaner's Dirty Deeds

By E. S. Barr

There are very few compensations for being in jail. At least, that is what Isham Brown thought—and he was in a position to know.

Isham had sinned. He had been caught playing poker; and a hard and unfeeling judge had retired Isham from the world for a period of thirty days. Twenty of these had passed, and Isham was rapidly becoming disgusted with the bounty of the state.

He had one consolation that day, though. Since the weather was bad, he was allowed to remain in his cell, instead of breaking rocks.

Isham was a rather undersized little negro, the sight of whom made one think that perhaps there was something in what it is generally thought that Darwin claimed. Though hardly a superman by any standard, there was one superlative thing about him; his complexion was a perfect black, without the trace of either brown or yellow tints. Its exact density lay somewhere between the color of coal and soot.

That morning he was sitting on the side of his bed looking blankly out through the bars which shut him off from his beloved Viola Manders. He wasn't meditating upon his sins, though; for he seldom sat and thought, preferring rather just to sit. Thinking had never come easy to him; so long as things would take care of themselves without his assistance, he was satisfied to let them; then, if necessary, he would bring his intellect to bear on them.

As he sat there he heard someone walking up the corridor and looked up to see the warden, with a very much ill-at-ease negro in tow.

"Isham," said the warden, as he opened the door and let the visitor in, "here is a friend who wants to see you."

The friend looked rather uncomfortable when the warden locked the door behind him as he withdrew, leaving the two together in the cell. He felt as if there ought to be some sort of a direct exit, if the place was to be to his liking.

"Lawd, Cumber, I sho' is glad ter see you!"

"I'se powerful glad ter see you, too," replied Cumber Burns, Isham's assistant and partner in their dry cleaning and pressing business.

"How come you ain't been ter see me 'fore dis?" asked Isham.

"I jest ain't been able ter fin' de time, seems lak," he evaded. As a matter of fact, he hadn't been able to get up the nerve to venture into the jail up until this time, for no negro, however guiltless he may be in the eyes of the law, can feel comfortable in a jail, even as a visitor. At last he had gotten up his courage and had managed to get in before it had ebbed away.

"How's business gittin' erlong?" inquired the absent partner.

"Things er jest 'bout de same ez usual, but I been purty busy all by myself. Sho' will be glad when you git outen here."

"Huh! You won't be no where near ez glad ez I'll be. You don't know how glad I'se gwine ter be when I gits where dey can't be allus comin' eround an' sayin' 'you do dis an' you do dat an you git busy over dere.' Sho' is tiad uv it."

"Uh . . . Isham, I'se found out who tole de p'lice 'bout dat poker game."

"You has? Who wuz it?"

"Archie Pinnick."

"Jest ez I thought. Dat low-down, good-fernothin' . . . "

"I wuz out ter Luna Park er night er two ergo an' I happen ter be standin' over near Archie when I hears er p'liceman say ter him, 'has you heard uv eny mo' poker games since dat one er couple weeks ergo? I'll make it wuth yo' while ter let me know uv um.' Archie tells him no an' tries to make him hush, but I makes enough outen deir talk ter know it uz him dat tole dem 'bout you."

"Uh-huh. Well, don't you go tellin' nobody dat I know it uz him. I'se gwinter fix him, but I don't want him ter know it's comin' till its here."

Cumber left soon after imparting his information, for the atmosphere of the jail was noticeably lowering his good spirits. Then Isham started to think, in spite of the discomfort it caused him.

Until the arrival of Archie, Isham's lot had been a fortunate one. Owning a half interest in the only pressing club catering to colored people in town, he had gotten his share of material things without too much work. He was well fixed in the more spiritual things, too, for there was the beautiful, curvy Viola, whose creamy complexion was the despair and envy of all who knew her. Just why she had decided upon Isham is hard to say, for a woman is a woman always, no matter whether she uses light or dark powder. For a time

Isham had doubted his good fortune and then had accepted her as one accepts on faith the miracles that one cannot understand. While they weren't engaged exactly, Isham felt that he held a sort of first mortgage on her and was only waiting until he got a little more money ahead before foreclosing on it.

Then Archie came. He was from one of the northern states and his sartorial splendor and "white folks" talk filled the male half of Rockingham with envious dislike and charmed the other half. Soon he saw that another pressing club for colored people only would be a paying proposition and three weeks after his arrival, the New York Pressing Club, Dry Cleaning and Dying Establishment opened its doors and cranked up its shiny new delivery truck, which was painted in large black and yellow squares. He had gone into a partnership with a certain Addison Mims, the latter furnishing the press and he the prestige, an arrangement which was satisfactory to both.

The N. Y. P. D. C. D. E. was a success from the start, but there was enough business for the two, so Isham noticed almost no decrease in his established patronage. This kind of competition was all right and to be expected, but when it extended to embrace the fair Viola, it was an entirely different matter.

Since Archie was somewhat of a prize and Viola had thought it would do Isham no harm to be made a little jealous, she had decided to captivate Archie, which was almost as easily done as said. Matters went along very well for a time, and then Archie had to go and complicate matters by deciding that Viola was just the sort of girl he wanted for his wife. With this end in view he entered the lists wholeheartedly. He soon found how matters stood and decided that Isham's temporary absence from the field was not only very desirable but was due him by all laws of sporting equity. This, then, was the reason for Isham's plight.

It was no great surprise to the prisoner to find that Archie had been the betrayer. His thoughts now turned in search of a means of revenge. The first recourse, that of physical punishment, was hastily discarded, for Archie was somewhere in the neighborhood of six feet tall and built on the same scale all over. The possibility of some carving was also laid aside for the time being, because he was not at all in the mind of again tempting the fate that had landed him where he was. So, he decided to bide his time and wait for suitable opportunity. Without knowing it, he decided to follow the precept of some wise man, who once said something to the effect that the best thing a wise man could do was to have himself thought a fool.

The last ten days slid slowly by until the day of release finally came. Isham emerged from the gate of the jail, looked around him with the air of stretching himself, and then moved off in a shambling gait. It was much better, he reflected, as he glanced back at the jail, to be on the outside, looking in. After verifying this precept, he wandered along until he got down to the shop and found Cumber busy at the press. After a bit of greeting, he took off his coat and went to work just as if he had been there the day before.

Things were again as they had been. Archie soon found out that this was true especially as concerned Viola, for he had made almost no progress during his self-awarded handicap. Isham's apparent lack of suspicion of him was at first rather confusing, but he soon began to believe in it and decided that he was an even bigger fool than he had previously considered him.

Evidently, if he was going to get Viola, there must be no Isham anywhere in the offing, but how to get him permanently out of the way was not an easy matter to arrange, for Isham had every incentive to stay where he was and none to leave. That incentive remained for him to supply.

One morning he woke up feeling unusually satisfied with himself. He remembered at once that he had hit upon a plan to effect his purpose just before he had fallen asleep the night before. He worked the matter out in detail and having at last gotten his inspiration, he went at once about putting his plan to work. Down in the worst part of town he located another negro who went by the name of "Ace" Biggers. Ace was an expert at the card table and in the manipulation of the spotted cubes. He was a little more than just an expert, as his regular winnings indicated; but so long as he had never been caught at anything irregular, nothing was said openly about him.

Archie found Ace still in his room. After telling him who he was, Archie plunged into the middle of his subject at once.

"Do you want to make thirty dollars?"

"Uh-huh."

"Do you know Isham Brown?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, then, listen. I want to get him out of town and I've thought of a way to do it. It will be worth the thirty to you to help me work it."

"What does I have to do?" asked Ace, becoming more awake.

Archie explained at length, and after a rather prolonged discussion an agreement was reached and some bills changed hands.

Let us now drop the curtain for a bit and raise it to disclose Archie's room on the following Saturday

night. In the center of the room a table is seen, covered with a thick cloth on which lie a pack of cards and a number of red, white and blue chips. The actors are our three friends, Isham, Archie and Ace. The details leading up to the gathering of the three merit no attention, for everyone who has succumbed to the habit knows how the clan is called together. Needless to say, in the pocket of each of the three a neat little roll of bills reposed on their arrival.

The game was in progress at the rise of the curtain and Lady Luck, perhaps through a bit of coercion now and then, was favoring Ace, as usual, with Isham running a close second and Archie contributing steadily to the piles of chips before his opponents. He had already had to call on Isham, who was banking for them, for more chips several times in order to keep in the game.

"Of all the rotten hands I've ever seen, these I've been getting all evening are the worst," disgustedly remarked Archie.

"You sho' has been onlucky, but dey ain't no tellin' when Lady Luck gwine ter change, is dere, Ace?" consoled Isham.

"Nawsuh. Ain't no tellin'. Like ez not you'll have it all back an' some mo', too, 'fore we git through."

Play continued in much the same way until after midnight. Then luck seemed to switch from Isham and Ace to Ace alone. Isham lost hand after hand to Ace and every time by only a small margin, and with each hand that he lost, he seemed to lose a bit more of his good humor. Archie was now holding his own and Isham was steadily going down.

It was about two o'clock when they decided to call the next hand the last one. Isham got a pair of kings and three waste cards on the deal. He opened and the others stayed in. Archie and Isham drew three and Ace one. Two of Isham's cards on the draw were kings, giving him four of a kind. The betting at once went to the limit and Archie got from under.

"Up you five blue uns," said Isham, pushing them to the center of the table.

"Five mo', big boy."

"An' ten."

"It's gwine ter cost you dis much mo' ter see dis nan'," announced Ace, pushing a stack of chips to the pile already in the pot.

Isham found that he had just enough to call and did so, laying down his kings, only to see Ace lay down four aces and start to drag in the pot.

"Hole on, dar. Wherefrum did you git dat ace uv spades? I done throwed it erway when I drew my cards."

"Fergit it," admonished Ace, again reaching for the chips. "You jest emagined you had dat. I done had dese four balls uv fire all de time."

"Take yo' han' offen dese chips, 'fore I bashes yo' haid in."

Ace made no reply other than raking the chips to his side of the table. Isham glanced around the room and saw a pistol lying on the bed just behind him. He picked it up and turned to the other two.

"Lay down dose chips, er I'll blow you ter kingdom come, you bottom-dealin' crook," said Isham wildly to Ace.

Both Archie and Ace looked as if paralyzed at this move, but as Isham reached for the chips, Ace grabbed his hand and started wrestling around the room with him. Suddenly came the crack of the pistol and Ace dropped to the floor inertly.

"Lawd, I'se kilt. Have mussy on er po' sinner .... Isham Brown, does I die, you'se gointer hang fer it, sho's yo' bawn, you . . . "

His voice trailed off and a thin stream of red began to trickle from his shirt.

Archie was the first to recover his voice. He turned to the trembling Isham, who still held the smoking pistol in his hand.

"Well, you've done it now. You'll hang for this sure enough, if they catch you."

"Oh, Lawd-a-mussy, 'fore God I didn't mean ter do it. You saw dat he done tried ter kill me fust. He. . . "

"Yes," interposed Archie, "but the jury won't believe that when they know that he didn't have anything to fight you with." He nodded his head sorrowfully. "Yes, I'm afraid you're as good as dead right now."

"B-b-but, what is I gwinter do?" besought Isham in a doleful voice.

"The best thing for you to do is to get out of this part of the country and stay out, before anybody finds out anything about it. There is the early morning train out of here in about twenty minutes going north. If I was you, I'd be on it when it left."

Isham left on the run and Archie looked out of the window until he saw the rapidly disappearing figure of Isham turn the corner. Then he turned to Ace:

"You can get up now. He's gone."

"Dat shore was er noble death I done, wuzn't it? Lawd, dat nigger wuz jest nachurly skeered ter death, hee, hee," giggled Ace, as he got up from the floor and dusted off his clothes.

"Yes, he certainly was. At the rate he was traveling when he went around that corner, he ought to be at the station by now."

(Continued on page 31)

Chaucer's Attitude Toward the Church and Religion

By H. A. Breard

At the time of Chaucer, the Church was thoroughly rotten. The popes had pardoners combing the Christian countries selling indulgencies and pardons to poor, ignorant, gullible people in order that they, representatives of Jesus Christ on earth and high keepers of the key to Heaven, might live in ease and luxury with their mistresses. The different orders of clergy had become rich, and had lost sight of the objects for which they had been founded. The greater number of monks had taken orders that they might spend the rest of their lives in ease and self-indulgence, without fear of poverty and want. Most of them were of the class that Chaucer describes so admirably well for us in his *Canterbury Tales:* "Ful many a deyntee hors had [they] in stable," and it well could be added, full many a concubine had they also. Daughters and wives were not safe when friars came around. The summoners and pardoners were the scum of the earth. They preyed upon the poor like ghouls upon dead bodies with the license of the Church and the blessings of its highest authority at Rome. It made no difference if a widow had to give her very last penny, the pope must live and so must his holy henchmen. It was life of this sort which gave occasion to such spicy stories as those by Boccaccio. Small wonder it is that Dante in his *Inferno* placed several of the successors of St. Peter in hell. How could Chaucer, under such circumstances, refrain from bringing his satirical humor into play?

It is to be noted that all of the above-mentioned writers attacked individuals or orders within the Church, but none of the central beliefs. They did so because people were alive to the abuses, but to question a doctrine was rank heresy, and it seems that none of the said gentlemen cared to grace a rack.

The immortal writer of the *Canterbury Tales* has been connected by many with the Wycliffite movement. This was due to the fact that the sixteenth century reformers, in their zeal, sought anything to bolster up their cause. Thus was the poet of "Merry England" pressed into the service of Protestantism. Many of the works that seemed to back this view are now recognized as spurious. Chaucer even put certain words of contempt for the Lollards in the mouths of two of his characters. The Host and the Shipman speak of them with disdain when the Parson reproved the Shipman for his profanity.

"He [meaning any Lollard] wolde sowen som difficultee,
Or springen cokkel in our clene corn,"

said our noble sailor. The luxury of the monks, the greed and licentiousness of the friars, the frauds of the pardoners, and the scoundrelisms of the summoners were topics of common invective. Therefore it is strained inference to make Chaucer a Wycliffite, merely because he was able to use these topics with such wonderful skill and effect. There is nothing of the fierce intolerance of the religious fanatic or reformer in Chaucer. For his rascals, he seemed to have a genuine liking; and for them, he always had a compliment. The Monk, despite his numerous short-comings, was a "manly man," the Pardoner was "in church a noble ecclesiast," and the Summoner, "a gentle harlot and a kind." The teachings of Wycliffe, no doubt, had their effect upon Chaucer as upon others of that time. The great Lollard laid down a revolutionary doctrine. This tended to strengthen the faith of some, and to weaken that of others. Chaucer, because of his skeptical nature, must have fallen into the latter classification.

He was naturally a skeptic. His attitude toward religion was similar to his attitude toward other subjects that presented themselves to his consideration. In his way of looking at things, Chaucer was a man of modern times rather than of the Middle Ages. "He was singularly free from all the opinions which superstition, or science falsely so called, had imposed upon many, and perhaps most of his contemporaries. He accepted no view upon mere authority."

The "merry poet" came along in an irreverent age, and being sceptical, it was natural that he should lack reverence. He used a familiar tone in speaking of the Deity which in another age might have brought a charge of blasphemy; but this was the fault of the age, not his. The light manner in which he handled the divine does not necessarily mean a lack of reverence, but it does indicate that Chaucer was not of a religious turn of mind.

There was a marked difference in his attitude toward religion in his early works and those of later days. "The critical mood, the tendency to denial, is in both. But in

the latter, it has neither the prominence, the directness, nor the suggestiveness which it displayed in the former." His early works reveal nothing as to his personal faith, "more than that his mind was dallying with views that it was yet a long ways from accepting." His later works are far different in tone. The scepticism is not always put into the mouth of a character. In the passage in the Knight's tale, in which the death of Arcite is described, Chaucer showed that he took no stock in the received conception of heaven and hell. No firm-believer could have written,

> "His spirit changed house and went there,
> As I came never, I cannot tell where,"

because the devout know exactly where they are going. They are told of Paradise and all its glories in the Bible, and the truth of that Book cannot be questioned, and what is lacking is supplied by highly imaginative preachers, the divinely inspired, as it were.

There was one characteristic very strong in Chaucer which usually follows a decline in faith. This was the prominence given to the falsity and fraud of those who pretend to do God's work while furthering their own selfish ends. The moral degradation of these so-called servants of the Lord seemed to have been his favorite theme, and the thing to which he devoted most of his attention. He found keen delight in exposing the dry rot in religion when men no longer practiced what they preached, nor understood what they professed to believe. His remarks were satirical, more than direct, but it must be remembered that persecution lurked just around the corner for the unbeliever, and Chaucer had nothing of the martyr in him. He seemed to be one of those fellows who could get satisfaction out of silent, dumb laughter.

The prologue to the Wife of Bath's tale was a revolutionary document for the day in which it was written. In it Chaucer protests against the exaltation of the single life as purer and nobler than the wedded. The protestation was based on the fact that such a doctrine was contrary to human nature. The confounding of celibacy with chastity excited his scorn. The Wife of Bath was chosen to speak the words of contempt, because only such a worldly, shrewd, and sensual woman could have traversed the treatise of a saint without rebuke. The danger apparent to Chaucer's mind was the effect of celibacy upon civilization. Lounsbury in his *Studies in Chaucer* gives as his opinion of Chaucer's reasoning about marriage that "if the priest was unfaithful to his vows, if he yielded to the temptations that lie in wait for all, he was not simply bringing scandal upon his order, he was unsettling the foundation of morality. He was placing an obstacle in the way of the upward progress of civilization. If he remained true to his vows—and in this class would necessarily be included the best and purest—the right to propagate the race would be cut off from men most likely to transmit to their descendants the highest intellectual and moral qualities." He merely expounded then what is now recognized as scientific fact.

Chaucer seems to have taken an interest in the theological questions which were being raised and mooted in his day, and he himself left a few for theologians, which to this day have not been satisfactorily answered. In the Franklin's tale, Dorigen complained of the existence of the rocks which endangered her husband's life. Since God made nothing in vain, why did He make those rocks upon which ships were constantly battered to pieces by the waves? In the Knight's tale, the unhappy prisoner raised the question of how it was possible for the Almighty to allow the innocent to suffer, and yet exact rigidly the penalty of a violated law.

The last thing in which Chaucer differed with the Church seems perfectly natural to any one who has given the subject a little thought. Chaucer was the patron of mirth, and he always took care never to burden his readers with the heavy side of life. It is, therefore, not unnatural that he had no belief in the necessary mission of pain to sanctify or to elevate; no sympathy with the choice of a career of aimless, so-called self-sacrifice. Chaucer found joy in living for the sake of living. And after all who dares say he is wrong? We do not know what is coming after this, but the majority of us do know that this is a pretty good world after all.

Smithy

By Clarence Miller

Smithy was and was not a drunkard! That is a strange contradiction, isn't it? But then that seems to be in accord with the rules of life. The W. C. T. U. would, without hesitation, have classed him as a drunkard and would have condemned him without further consideration, for Smithy did drink, and drank heavily at that. But the Union is biased and one cannot expect it to be liberal. The trouble with Smithy was that he was a victim, a victim of two great loves and one of these loves continually betrayed him—Let me tell you of Smithy and his loves.

One of Smithy's loves was for his mother, who always forgave him his sins. The other of Smithy's loves was for the Goddess of Alcohol, who always betrayed him and led him deeper into his sins.

I had often seen Smithy at work in the great steel shipyard where he earned forty cents an hour as a helper. There was nothing unusual about him, nothing striking, and I casually classed him as a bum without a purpose. His whiskey-flushed face was positive proof that his periodic absences from the yard were due to the lure of the glasses that passed freely over the bar of the city saloons. He was a good workman and might have held down a gang foreman's job, if he had been steadier. It was because of his work that we always rehired him. However, Smithy, I was sure, belonged to the class that work out a few weeks' wages, only to blow in all of their earnings in a week's carousal, and then, broke, down and out, come back to start all over again. But (in the majority of cases) a hasty judgment is sure to be wrong, and mine proved to be no exception.

It was during one noon hour, that I got my first glimpse of the real Smithy and in that noon hour my acquaintance with Smithy began. It all came about like this. I had been down in the engine-room and as I was climbing up the ladder to the main deck, I heard a number of the ship-machinists talking, as they sat smoking and waiting for the whistle to blow. They were talking about Mothers and as I reached the deck, I heard Smithy say:

"I'll tell you what, there's nothing in the world as good as a mother. And you can take it from me that there is nothing that gets such a dirty deal in this world as a mother. They're too good for the likes of us. I tell you there's nothing as good as a mother!"

"How about whiskey, Smithy?" a young helper in the boiler-room gang asked.

A laugh went around the group that too well knew Smithy's weakness. The laugh ended as quickly as it had begun. The men were startled at the effect that the words of the helper had on Smithy. His eyes suddenly blazed. With clenched fists, he jumped to his feet and before the youth could avoid him, he had struck the boy a vicious smash on the jaw, knocking him sprawling against the gunnel. Before Smithy could follow and strike again, "Big" Al, the quartermaster, had gotten between Smithy and the lad and pinning Smithy's arms, he turned to the kid.

"Get the hell below and keep your damn trap closed. You never open it but bilge flows," he said to the kid. Then to Smithy, who was struggling to be free and was fairly seething with rage, "For Christ's sake, Smithy, are you drunk? Go souse your head in that fire pail and cool off!"

Then the whistle blew cutting short any further trouble and the incident was closed as far as the men were concerned, although it furnished the theme for many conversations that afternoon.

"Smithy, you stay on deck for a while until you sober up," ordered Al, as the men went below.

"Smithy," I said to him, as he stood silently by the number two deck winch, "what on earth caused you to let the kid get your goat that way? You ought to have known he was kidding you."

"I just couldn't help it, sir. I'm sorry I hit him. But he touched my one sore spot. You see, my mother needs me damn bad up there in Chicago. She's all alone and working her old hands off trying to live and I'm not a bit of help to her. God knows I want to be, but it's no use, for the booze always gets me before I can get to her. I love my mother, you see. You wouldn't think I did, would you? And I love my whiskey, you would know that, woudn't you? And when that little skunk said whiskey while I was thinking of her, I saw red, that's why I hit him."

Then Smithy told me of his mother, sixty-five years old, who, after losing her husband and her oldest son, was working at all sorts of odd jobs, barely earning enough to keep her alive. He really loved his mother, I could tell that from the tone of his voice as he talked of her and from the light that came into his eyes. Smithy was the youngest of her two boys. Running away from home, he had become a willing victim of the great Goddess Drink. He had given little thought to his home

while his father and brother lived and had fallen deep into the pitfalls of the saloons. Then, one day, he had heard from a friend of his mother's pitiful condition. The story that the friend had told him had belied his mother's letters. The battle between the worst and the best in him then began as he realized his hidden love for his mother. Time and time again, he planned to go home to her and, saving enough money, he would quit his work and start for home to surprise and work for her. But the end was always the same! He would be lured into a saloon by his false love somewhere en route and would return to work, broke and dissipated, to start all over again.

"Why don't you send her some money each pay-day?" I asked him.

"Because I want to go home to her. She needs me and I want to take care of her, that's why. If I sent her money, I would never get home and I want to go," he answered, and I believed him.

Many times afterwards, I talked with Smithy and listened to him tell of his mother, of his dreams of surprising her, and of his desire to repay her for the many kindnesses she had done for him in his youth. It was truly strange to hear him relate the many things she had done for him. It seemed so unnatural that he would, after all his years of drinking and bumming, remember them in such detail. Once, he had nearly reached Chicago, but the train had been blocked by a wreck on the road. In the delay, he had become impatient, his will power had crumbled, and he had taken a drink in a small town but a few miles from Chicago. The drink had been enough to send him, riding the rods, back to the yard.

"If I ever get to Chicago sober," Smithy once told me, "I will get home to the old mother and then I can begin again with her to help me."

I got used to Smithy telling me in the year that followed, that on the next pay-day he was going home to the mother, and I got used to his returning, with the same old story of a drink or two, that upset his plans, ready to start all over again.

Prohibition began to loom on the horizon and found Smithy still trying to get home. Prohibition, to Smithy, was a long-looked-for friend and while most of the men in the yard were grumbling about "individual rights and the Constitution," Smithy was more than willing to champion the cause.

"Let it come," he said to me, "it will be a blessing and will save many a poor damned soul. If I can't get the booze, I will be sure to get home!"

It was pay-day and a Saturday, when the morning papers announced the news that the President had, as a war measure, ordered all the saloons closed and prohibited the sale of all liquor. All morning, I had listened to the grumblings of many of the men in the yard, but I had not seen Smithy. It was at noon, as I was going out the yard that I saw him standing in line waiting for the pay window to open.

"Well, Smithy, it looks as if your wish had come true. No more whiskey. Guess you will get home to mother, now," I called to him as I passed.

"Yes, sir! Home to mother, that's what!" he answered with a smile, "soon be leaving you for good."

Two weeks later, Smithy came to me and told me that he was going to quit that noon. "Going home this time for certain. And you can bet," he added, "that I am not going to leave the train once I get aboard until I reach the big city."

We said goodbye and good luck and he left the yard that noon.

* * * * *

"I got as far as Pittsburg all right and then got to talking to a man. He had a bottle with him and offered me a drink. I refused him, goddam him! But he kept on drinking while we talked and kept on offering me a swig each time before he took one himself." Smithy was telling me once again the time-worn reason for his return to the yard. "Prohibition? Hell's fires! You can get all you want, anywheres, if you know the ropes. But I'll get home some day, you can bet on that!"

I left the yard soon after Smithy's return. That was over seven years ago. But you can still "get all you want anywheres, if you know the ropes," so, if Smithy's mother is still alive, I am sure that he is repeating his attempts to get home to her.

Beyond the Edge

The gray, unknowing sky
Casts dark splashes of rain
Into the resisting slate-blue
Of the sea.

Everywhere is the gray solitude
Of impersonal thought.

But my heart laughs
Because here—
Here—
Beyond the edge of things
There is a formlessness
And aloneness
Which are the progenitors of freedom.

R. H.

The Desert

By S. Strudwick, Jr.

Shuma was very like the other Arab girls of her day, with black eyes, black hair, and a dark skin. She was seventeen and already possessed a graceful figure and smooth, well-formed features. She lived in a poor hut on the outskirts of Mecca with the woman, Kedjr, whom she called mother. She had no father. No one had a father except the children of people who lived in great houses, made of stone and not of mud like hers. She had seen these houses only on very rare occasions when Kedjr had taken her into the heart of the town. Most of her time was spent at home, performing the duties the care of the meagre hut required. While she was cooking and cleaning, her mother was away in town doing she knew not what. Every morning as soon as the sunlight had become bright enough to fill the main streets with a swarm of human life—sellers and buyers of all sorts, merchants, traders, camel drivers, and fortune tellers, Kedjr would dress in her best clothes—Shuma thought the bright colors pretty—and leave the house for the day. Sometimes she would return in the afternoon, and at other times she would not appear until late at night; but always she brought back some money, clothes, or food. Occasionally there was a trinket of some sort, bright beads or a bracelet for Shuma. This made the girl very joyful; not that she was usually unhappy, for she had not a care in the world except her house duties, and when she had done these, she could always find Mooshi and Khadajira, two brown maidens who lived very near her. Their mothers also were away during the day.

Shuma talked and played with her friends in her own primitive way, on the outskirts of the city, the edge of that expanse of never-ending low hills of sand, which stretched far away in its whiteness, until it met the blue sky and stopped. She loved the desert; yet she feared it. It was very beautiful, particularly at night when the moon transformed it into vague shadows, and the soft stirring of air seemed to be the breath of the stars calling wierdly, enticingly, "Come." There was something in it which drew her, which tugged at her heart when she saw it. It pulled her. It called her, and she felt as if she must go out to it. Why, she did not know. To do it would mean certain death, and yet it was ever whispering "Come." That is why she feared it.

Strange as it may seem for an Arab girl of the year 550 A.D., Shuma was rather innocent. She was not ignorant, but her duties confined her to the narrow circumference of her own small quarters of the city, and neither she nor her friends ever thought of questioning their mothers' occupations. She did not even realize morality existed; for although Kedjr was a prostitute (as were nearly all the other poorer class women of that time in Arabia,) she was still a mother, and there was even in her soul, distorted and charred with passion and sin, an age-worn mother's instinct of protection for her own. Kedjr did not realize that prostitution was sin, but something in her told her to keep her child from the miseries of such a life; so she had been careful to restrict Shuma from the knowledge of such things, and accordingly had made it understood that she should stay within certain bounds, and should not leave them without her company. "If you do," Kedjr had told her, "Mohl (their private god) will bring evil upon you."

Thus the girl lived in innocence and happiness until there came one terrible day when her mother did not return. She sat waiting late into the night until her eyelids would not stay open, and she was forced to sleep. The rest of the night she spent in half-wakefulness; when morning came, she was still waiting; Kedjr had not appeared. Nor would she ever appear; for yesterday, while carelessly crossing the street she had been crushed to death under the hoofs of a frightened horse. The people knew little of where she lived and cared less. She was a woman, and since she was dead, she could no more be used by men. So she had been carted off, very much as a dead dog is today, and buried in some spot where she would not be in the way.

During the morning Shuma's fears grew upon her until finally her anxiety became so great that she determined to go to seek for her mother, in spite of the evil which Mohl might impose upon her. She found her way into the center of town, and there wandered about the streets, searching feverishly.

Her face was flushed, her eyes bright and flashing in the eagerness of their examining; her form, lovely in its youthful symmetry, was covered only very scantily; but, oblivious of everything except her quest, she did not realize any of these things, and failed to notice that covetous eyes followed her wherever she went.

In this manner she wandered frantically on from street to street, watching intently the people in the

throng. Sometimes she thought she recognized in some far-off flash of red the girdle of her mother, but always she was doomed to disappointment. It was late afternoon, and a wild hope had just been smashed, when her endurance failed, her nerves gave way and she sank in a corner weeping.

Presently a hand touched her shoulder, and a voice said brusquely, "Girl, what is your trouble?"

Shuma raised her head and saw before her a man in the robe of a priest. She stopped crying with an effort, and answered brokenly, "I cannot find my mother: I think Mohl has brought some evil upon her."

The priest looked at her intently for a moment as though he were uncertain how he should proceed. Then he said, "Come with me, girl, I will give you help."

Shuma did not notice the strange glint in his eyes as he spoke. She rose without a word and followed him through a low door into a dark room, filled with a mixed odor of incense and wine. Half-clothed men and women were lying and sitting around on couches and mats, but the girl was so intent on gaining the promised help, and was conducted through the place so quickly that she overlooked these particulars. The second room into which the priest ushered her possessed white stone walls. It was cool, quiet, and void of any occupant. On the floor were great thick rugs; there was a broad low couch in one corner of the room and opposite it was a row of shelves containing images of every inconceivable god Arabians ever had. Incense was burning on the table in the center. It made the air deliciously sweet, and Shuma felt a change, as though her worries were being lifted from her.

When the priest had let fall the heavy curtain over the door, he turned to her and said, "Your god, Mohl, can aid you to find your mother, but first, you must do what he wishes. Are you willing to give yourself completely into his hands, in order to regain her?"

The words had been pronounced haltingly, almost chantingly, and the man's eyes had held hers fixedly as he gazed.

"Yes," she responded slowly, "In order to regain her."

Little did she understand to what she was consenting.

"Drink this," he said, placing in her hands a cup of liquid which he had taken from the table: "It is the wish of Mohl."

She drank and all the while her eyes were fastened on his; they burned into her, and seemed to have a magnetic attraction for her. When she had finished, he led her gently toward the couch.

The details of what followed are unnecessary. It is enough to say that Shuma, overcome by the drugged wine, the incense smoke, and the hypnotic spell of the priest, became tormented with a feeling she had never experienced before; wild lustful desire took possession of her and made her its slave.

* * *

It was night, the moon was full, and the stars were shining as only desert stars can shine. On the outskirts of Mecca a dog barked at a shadow which passed along the street, a thin, distorted shadow, a silent, creeping shadow, a shadow that was the form of an Arab street woman. Three months ago it had been a beautiful girl of seventeen, with sparkling eyes, black hair, and finely molded figure; it had attracted the notice of men and the envy of women. Now it was merely one of the many crooked bodies that walked the streets of Mecca. It was Shuma.

Three months had passed since her disastrous happening with the priest, who had given her money and left her on the street. He had really treated her rather kindly in comparison with a great many Arabs of that day. He had left her in a sort of stupor, horror stricken, helpless, and in this condition she had undergone experiences with many men such as she had with him. Under such treatment she had become a physical wreck, the child begotten in her by the priest had been killed before it had ever begun to exist. Men had treated her harshly, but even they had been kinder than the women, who had merely scoffed and laughed at her. No one had advised her; and so she had been forced to find out from experience the only way that such a woman as she might live. The teacher had used starvation for his rod, and it had been an unusually heavy one.

For a while she continued to look for her mother, and in her quest had returned to the hut two or three times, but finally she had given up hope of ever finding Kedjr, and soon ceased to visit her former abode.

Tonight as she had been wondering in the streets, her steps had unconsciously turned toward the outskirts of the city. She walked as in a trance, dazed, in misery. Somehow her mode of living horrified her. Perhaps it was the misery of it, but there was something more in that misery than mere physical discomfort. Was that something an instinct, a kind of undeveloped conscience? Whatever it was it caused her whole mind and soul to ache with a suffering that numbed her every nerve.

With head down she walked, not noticing where she went, caring for nothing, her one predominating idea being the horribleness of life, of Mecca, of everything. The remembrance of all past events since the disappearance of her mother came upon her in a wave more overwhelming than ever before. She paused, faint, and

(Continued on page 32)

The Lamb and the Lion

By Naomi Alexander

(Continued from the January Number)

Liz and Miss Carroll were in the Wild Hyena's office; Sal and Len had been left in the outer room to ward off all intruders. The sanctum had changed from a sedate, stiff private office, and if it could have seen itself it would have raised its eyes and arms in holy horror. Miss Carroll was still using the boss' desk for cutting out; Liz had appropriated his table for the same purpose. The trash basket was stuffed full and leaking; threads and scraps were generously distributed over the rug. Some articles already manufactured were flung over the chairs and a vivid purple hat, that Len had half trimmed with blue poppies, was supported by the hat tree. In fact, little more could have been done to change the once severe appearance of the sanctum.

Miss Carroll raised her voice in one of the popular songs of the season. Liz took up the tune. Len and Sal in the next room joined in, and, by the time the chorus was reached, the music knew no bounds.

The elevator stopped and deposited the Wild Hyena on his floor. His ears pricked up at the sound of melodious singing, and deciding immediately whence it came he hastened his steps. He inserted his key and opened the door, and although he possessed a strong heart the sight that met his eyes almost stopped it from functioning. The singers sang on, blissfully unaware of his entrance.

"Young ladies, I cannot tolerate such audacity."

Liz's mouth, having just been opened for a high note, remained so. She dropped the scissors, gasped, swooned into his—swivel chair. Miss Carroll stopped caroling and simply stared at the Wild Hyena as if he were a boa-constrictor and she his victim. The next room had become as silent as if the black plague had taken effect.

"Young ladies, this is monstrous, incredible."

"Why—Why, we—we did not know that you would be back so soon," Miss Carroll, still half-hypnotized, blurted out the truth without thinking.

"So I supposed. But will you now proceed to remove these foreign articles. I shall turn my back if necessary."

Miss Carroll, regaining possession of her reforming acumen, realized that she was in a peculiar, embarrassing situation, even for a reformer. She did not know exactly what stand to take; so proceeded to move the foreign articles from the sanctum. Liz Kerney had possessed only enough strength to escape from the ogre's presence, and after she was safely in the outer office she swore to Miss Carroll that she would quit again. So it remained for Miss Carroll to carry out the debris.

Drat that man. Why did he not turn around as he had said he would? She did not mind him viewing the teddy-bears, but she did mind him looking at her face.

"Miss Carroll, when you get through carting out all this, call the janitor to clean up the room."

Why did he not go out and wait until the room was cleaned up? He must be possessed with the very devil himself.

She was starting out with the last armful when she saw the vivid purple hat. Not being able to carry it she stuck it on her head, and the string of poppies that had not yet been tacked on hung down rakishly over one eye. She could hardly control herself; she shook inwardly with laughter; she wanted to scream with laughter. When she reached the door she turned around and winked the eye that was not hidden by the poppies at the Wild Hyena, who was still watching her. Then she went out and pushed the door shut slowly behind her.

When the janitor arrived the sanctum was empty; the Wild Hyena had fled.

That afternoon the nerve-wracked girls almost shrieked when Miss Carroll told them in the supremest whisper that if the Wild Hyena did not fire her now she believed he must be falling in love with her.

From that time on the girls united to suppress her at every turn, did not talk to her, and refused to listen to what she said. She was totally excommunicated. Nevertheless, whenever she came from the sanctum after taking dictation, smiling and grinning to herself, and sometimes during the day when she laughed out suddenly, they would almost expire from curiosity.

The girls went on their respective vacations but the Wild Hyena and Miss Carroll worked steadily and uncomplainingly on.

One morning Liz said to Sal, "You know, I wouldn't be very much surprised if that old fool didn't marry that girl after all. He surely has changed since I've been away."

Sal, possessing a kinder heart than Liz, retorted, "I don't think he's such an old fool. I wish some one were fool enough to think of marrying me."

And so it came about.

Miss Carroll was taking dictation rapidly. It was easy to take now because the pipe had been discarded long ago. The letter finished, she waited for another, and when none came she glanced up expectantly. The Wild Hyena was leaning forward on his desk looking at her, and as she glanced up he smiled—a smile so sweet and heavenly that she wondered if it was really the Wild Hyena.

"I am going to give you a letter that I have been wanting to dictate for some time, but I was not quite sure how to word it. However, I think I can word it right just now. Will you begin?

"Dear Miss Carroll." The pencil hesitated but took it down. "I am writing this letter in regard to the reformation of a man. There was once a man who was outlawed by his office force and labeled a Wild Hyena. Because he knew of this epithet he acted wilder and wilder, but one day a meteor dressed in bright raiment came to work for him and every thing was changed."

"Mr. Brighton, do you not think that it is wasting my time and yours too in giving me a letter like this?"

"Not at all, please continue.

"The meteor soon became a beacon of light to the poor deluded man and he could not stay away from his office for even a week. A month ago he wanted to say to this beacon, 'Darn you, will you marry me?' but now he begs to say, 'Sweetheart, will you be mine?' Forever yours.

"What do you think your answer will be?"

"Why, I hardly know," she hesitated, "this is rather sudden."

"Sudden? As if you did not have me trapped long ago! You know this is not sudden. What else have you been expecting? You can typewrite that letter and bring it back, and I shall sign it. Then you will have an affidavit or whatever you want to call it, if any thing ever goes wrong."

"I don't think that will be necessary—because if I marry you nothing will ever go wrong." She continued thoughtfully, "To me a woman that fails in marriage is like a man that fails in business, incompetent. And you know that I am not that. But let me go tell the girls, because I know they will be dreadfully excited over a chance to be bridesmaids."

As she passed behind him, she bent and kissed him lightly on the thought wrinkle, and startled him with, "You dear, sweet thing, it will be fun to be able to dictate to you instead of being dictated to." She was out of the door before he had a chance to turn around.

* * *

The wedding was over and the bride and groom were departing from the church in a closed car. They were alone; the Wild Hyena had said that this would be one time when no witnesses would be needed. The bride had never before looked so radiantly lovely. The blue eyes shone revealed without the glasses, and the Wild Hyena looking into them felt that he was the only one who had ever seen their depths.

Leaning over to him she showed him yet deeper depths and smiling entrancingly asked, "Do you know what you look like?"

"I cannot imagine."

"You look as if you had just made a gilt edged investment at twelve per cent."

"Conceit, oh vanity, vanity! And what do you look like?"

He drew her closer to see for himself.

"Oh, I know what I look like. I look as if I had just been elected president of my concern."

Friendship

Friendship—
Is the reaching of the soul
To the peaks of its own yearnings;
It is the calling of the heart
Out of the depths of its knowing.

It's first joy of recognized kinship
Is the flame
Which keeps alight the candles
On the altar of Faith.

With depth, it grows mystically calm
But never—
Usual
Nor—
A dumping heap
For the corpse of regretted deeds
Or dead thoughts.

It demands the heights of life's ideals.
It is the test and fullfillment
Of all life's meaning.

Prophetic of Infinite Kinship—
It is God
Made visible in man.

R. H.

The Ghost's Ring

By W. John Olive

All the winter afternoon sombre clouds had hung heavy in the sky. The wind had freshened, and now blew the cold showers in sudden gusts, leaving in intervals the gentle pitter-patter of the rain on the muddy road, and in the little pools of water which had been formed. The night was almost pitch black. Occasional flashes of lightning threw the dark outline of the adjacent woods against the sky. At the top of the hill an old castle appeared, dark, lonely, majestic.

A solitary figure plodded along the road, heedless of the puddles into which he stepped. Rain trickled from his clothes to the ground. Another light against the heavens revealed his face—the rather handsome face of Vernon Douglas, lord of the castle at the top of the hill. Vernon was enveloped in his thoughts. He had already reached the cynical age, and the monotonous dropping of the rain, the wierd song of the wind in the woods near the road, and the dismal rumble of thunder cast a feeling of despondency upon him.

"Fine night for witches to ride," Vernon muttered, pulling his hat farther down on his head. He shuddered slightly, and involuntarily quickened his step. The cold wind cut him, and he pulled his mantle tightly around his shoulders.

Vernon looked up at the castle, from which, as he approached, he could hear the noise of merrymakers. He smiled sardonically to himself. How vain it all was! What a disillusionment life was, anyway! What had he looked forward to? He was young, but felt very old.

"It is the irony of fate," he thought to himself. "The poorest of these peasants is happier than I am, with all my rank. If only I could control the gods of chance!"

Vernon, for the first time in his life, was in love. He had seen Mary Alstyne at a ball, and immediately had succumbed. She, with one glance, had dispelled all his pessimism, and filled him with bright hopes. Then he had learned that she was betrothed, and his cynicism returned four-fold. All his hope was gone unless —it was always possible . . . .

There was no slightest indication for hope; but Vernon was young.

"If I only had some charm," he mused, "If only some good spirit—"

A burst of thunder interrupted him, bringing him sharply back to earth. The lightning trembled in the sky, showing the heavens and the dim earth ghastly and grotesque.

"God! What a night!" Vernon muttered to himself. "Old Mag herself might come out on a night like this."

The thought struck him like a thunderbolt. Old Mag! Tonight was December 13, 1529—the anniversary of her death. Fifty years ago she had been burned to death for sorcery. Now on nights such as these she came out and rode the wind. When she had died, a legend had been handed down that to anyone who would come to her grave at midnight on the anniversary of her death great fortune would come. What the nature of this fortune was to be no one knew—whether mysterious occult power would be given, whether wealth, or whether success in love. No one had ever been known to try it. If any had gone, they had never returned.

Vernon recalled that an old servant who remembered seeing Old Mag alive had spoken of this to him a few weeks before. He had been with Mary Alstyne at the time, and had laughed at the superstition, although he had heard it all his life. Mary, girl-like, had been much impressed by it. But was it mere superstition as he had assumed? Had the country folk handed down this tradition of an old witch for fifty years for no reason? Was it mere coincidence that the 13th of December, her birthday, should be such a dark and stormy night?

Vernon began to shiver, not alone from the cold. The darkness had thickened, so that he could not see his hand before his face. He dared not think the thought that came into his mind. Yet why not? Here was the very chance to control fate for which he had wished. Good fortune for him could mean only that he would marry Mary Alstyne. He already had wealth and social standing—only one thing was lacking to his happiness. Certainly there could be no harm in trying. But—suppose—had not some tried and never returned?

Vernon had reached the yard of the castle, and now sat down to think. He had always prided himself on being a skeptic, but he realized that when it came to the final analysis he knew no more about the occult than the poorest peasant. Superstition is the most persistent of fears, and all his training and education had not eradicated this. Not with all the power of his reason had he been able to convince himself that the wailings he had heard the night before his mother's death were imaginary, nor that her dying on Friday had been of no sig-

nificance. He could not convince himself that he had not heard strangled babies crying from their graves at night. And, indeed, everyone believed that witches ride on dark nights. Old Mag, for instance. Many people had seen her since her death. He recalled her story as he had heard it—how, condemned to be burned at the stake, she had hurled anathema upon her accuser. Legend said that his entire family had been struck with the plague a week afterward. Perhaps even now, Old Mag had circulated this rumor of good fortune as a snare to human beings upon whom she could wreak her vengeance. Vernon shuddered.

He tried to dispel his thoughts, but they only seized upon him the more tenaciously. "All reason," he told himself, "disproves the existence of ghosts. It is superstition. Still, everybody believes in them. Maybe the very universality of the superstition argues that there is some basis for it. I myself am afraid of black cats, and everybody is afraid of the dark—at least until he gets old enough to conquer his fear with reason. And even the craziest idiots have intuitive knowledge. There was Crazy Mol, who predicted the flood at Sackleshire. Crazy people can tell character. And people of all times have read fate by the stars."

By the time he had followed this reasoning a little further, he was ready to believe anything. He was feeling restrained and nervous. The effect of the night heightened still more his feeling. The drip, drip of the rain, the sighing and moaning of the wind almost crazed him. A slight rustle behind him brought him to his feet with a jump. It was only the wind. It was nearly midnight now, and Vernon set out, trying with all his effort to stifle his fears. At least he would make the attempt.

The graveyard was about a mile distant. As Vernon retraced his steps the road seemed entirely different to him. Invincible spectral shapes seemed to be hovering around him in the now ebon darkness. The trees along the road were vaguely silhouetted as he passed them, appearing dim and grotesque, and rocked back and forth by the wind. As he turned a curve in the road, guided through the Stygian darkness entirely by his sense of direction, a fox-fire light gleamed on a white stone in the road. Vernon stopped short, frightened, until he saw what the light was. The gleaming whiteness of the stone brought to his mind visions of ghosts, of lepers, of tombstones. He started to run, to quiet his nerves, but had to feel his way. The quietness oppressed him—no sound but the whistling of the wind and his own footsteps.

He had now reached the graveyard. The first few tombstones showed dimly; farther on everything was invisible, on account of the largest trees which cast a murky shade over the graves. Vernon entered slowly, his heart thumping heavily. He felt his way along toward Old Mag's grave. There was still a drizzle, and the air was cold. Vernon felt along with his hand until he reached a cold clammy headstone. He shrank back at the feel of it, and stood up by the grave. The dim outline of a tree at the foot of the grave looked like a grotesque specter. The eerie soughing of the wind sent a shiver through his frame. Vernon could see nothing in front of him. For a moment he stood there, hand extended over the grave, his knees knocking together. A stiff breeze blew. It must be midnight. All at once Vernon's heart stood still. He had heard—nay, he believed he had *felt*—a slight rustle. He seemed to feel an almost intangible robe against him. Old Mag!

Suddenly a hand caught his and held it fast. It was cold and wet—almost oozy. He tried to jerk it away, but could not control his muscles. A sweat broke out upon his forehead, despite the cold night air. He tried to scream, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. For an interminable second he stood there, unable to move. Then the hand withdrew, leaving in his an object. Vernon turned and fled.

Behind him he fancied he heard light footsteps. Old Mag was following him! He ran as hard as he could force himself. The spectral tombstones looked fantastically malignant. He heard panting behind him. One more ounce of energy!

Vernon reached the curve in the road before he noticed that the footsteps had died away. But he kept on running. Not until he was safely in the castle did he relax. Then he sank upon the floor and opened his hand, which had been clutching something.

It was a large ring of a very old design.

. . . . .

Vernon's ring—or was it the self-confidence it inspired?—brought him the desired good luck. Feeling that the ring gave him occult power, he did not hesitate to call upon Mary, and soon she was betrothed to him.

One day he happened to show the ring to Mary. She took it, glanced at it, and turned white. Vernon thought she was going to faint.

"Where d-d-did you get this?" she gasped.

"Why, Mary!"

His eyes met her gaze, and worlds of explanation were involved in the look.

"It is my ring," she told him falteringly. "You remember your servant told us about Old Mag. I wanted you, and thought I might get my wish granted at the grave. The ring slipped off my finger, and I ran. So it was you who were there!"

Dreams, Idle Dreams

By MARA CALDWELL

"You know, I look forward with dread to becoming a lawyer and spending all my days in a cramped office, among dusty desks, and in the close, dark, evil-smelling Justice of the Peace's court beneath the surface of the sidewalk."

I was complaining thus to myself one day—I can make confessions to myself that I would not dare make to other people—and myself replied sarcastically, "I suppose your conception of a happy life is being a farmer's wife."

Great was myself's surprise when I replied, "Yes, I believe I would like to be one. Being a lawyer would force me to do many things contrary to my nature. I do not want to be the author of a deed of trust on the property of a man, the acquiring of which has taken his life, his ought-to-have-been holidays, his joys, his toil and trouble, leaving him a small, withered, baffled victim of circumstances, grimy from his labors. He wishes to jeopardize his ownership of his home by borrowing money on it for the musical education of his one daughter. As trustee, I would be the party of the second part in this transaction and the party of the third part would be a large, fat, greasy, grasping man whose fists were oozing with the possessions of others. It shrivels me to think of my furthering and catering to the principle that 'to him that hath shall be given.' If I am a lawyer, my acquaintances will be the wives of all the negro men in the town who violate the law. One never knows a colored man is married until he gets in trouble. I do not want to think always of a field in terms of 'thence eighteen poles in a northerly direction to a sycamore; thence twenty-four and two-thirds chains in a southwesterly direction, with the line of the old Adams' property, to a stone.' My shoulders ache even at the thought of the huge unwieldy books in the Register of Deeds' office, and I dread to think that my life must be spent in pulling down from shelves and in sitting humped up over them with my neck sticking forward to bring my near-sighted eyes closer to the print. This will go on during the spring, the summer, and the fall, and perhaps a glance outside the window, though to my myopic eyes the objects outside will present a blurred outline, will create in me visions of a pasture, a pasture where a tinkling cow bell is heard, where the grass is as smooth as a lawn, and where cow paths lead under pine trees casting motionless shadows.—Yes, I would like to be a farmer's wife."

Myself is discouraging. "A lot you know about being a farmer's wife! It would be work from dawn to dark, and isolation and privation are not the half of it."

This has no effect on me. "Pooh, who cares about work? Practicing law is not exactly my idea of a rest. But think of the delectableness of a farm. Think of being up and out early in the morning to whistle for the horses to come in, and seeing how the sun transforms the cobwebs—hung with dew and suspended from each blade of grass—into a carpet of diamonds. Yes, I would have horses. I am tired of sitting on the back seat of an automobile driven like Jehu in a hurry by a person lacking all sense of values. There would be no lack of companions on the farm. If I passed by the chicken yard at feeding time without stopping to throw them some grain, they would all come flocking after me trying to remind me of my duty with flutterings, cluckings, and reproachful chirpings. Oh, and I would have ducks, too. They have such a delightful habit of laying eggs anywhere the spirit moves them; and it gives one such a pleasant feeling of surprise, a much nicer feeling than one gets hunting Easter eggs, to discover accidentally a big white egg lying in the grass. Then the tiny, soft, yellow baby ducks, so unreal looking with their ridiculous little web feet and miniature bills, have such winning ways. What makes them follow so closely after one; for if one is rolling a wheelbarrow a disaster will surely result. Alas, all short-lived things are the loveliest. There would be a calf that would drink milk out of a bucket by wrapping its rough, hot tongue around my finger.

My other self, derisively, "Don't leave the cows out."

"Thank you for reminding me. Yes, there would be cows. Coming home in the evening with a bucket of milk in each hand, I would stop and rest them on the ground awhile when I came to the bars, and climbing to the topmost bar I would sit and watch the colors fade out of the sky and would count the points of the evening star. As I bent to pick the buckets up again, the piping of frogs down in the valley would come to me as through a world of stillness, and as I started on, the whippoorwill ventriloquist would chant his return to me from several directions at once.

"Ah, I forgot about flowers. Don't think that I would not have them. In front of the barn there would

be a whole row of giant sunflowers. I like to stand in front of them and look up at their unchanging countenances; they are so steadfast.

The sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look that she turned when he rose.

"For summer there would be beds of heliotrope and just at nightfall I would kneel and drink in the exquisite sweetness that the dew extracts from them. In the fall I would have cosmos of all different colors to walk among. I love to gather armfuls of them, because, unlike roses, they give me a feeling of possession. Perhaps my kinship feeling for them can be attributed to their being a plain, perfumeless flower."

"My instinct to run has never been satiated; it is still rampant within me. On the farm that I am dreaming of there would not be any one who would think something radically wrong with me if I should start from the top of a hill and run down so fast that the slightest stumble would send me head-over-heels into oblivion, or if I ran wildly across a field that I started to cross in a sedate manner.

"On this farm I would want one day out of every month, or maybe just one out of every two months, as my very own, to do with as I pleased. Some of the days would be full only of shining hours, for I would dedicate them to the sun. I am weary of thinking of the sun in terms of letting an awning up and down, and of how trying it is to the eyes when it falls across the desk. How often have I longed to feel the sun beating warmly upon me! I would lie down full in the face of the sun on a hillside and with its rays pouring over me I would revel in the contact of the warm, comforting, grass-covered earth. No one would tell me that I was getting sunburned, sunburned — bah! — when I wanted to be absorbed into the ground like rain and drawn up again by the sun, when I wanted to be scorched with the heat. I would almost be able to feel the ground absorbing energy from the light, and the light carrying away power from the earth. Shading my eyes from the sun with my hand, I would look up at the sky as long as I pleased, would see clouds come together and part, and would follow their snowy amœboid procession across the vivid blue of the sky; becoming utterly relaxed I would turn over, bury my face in my arms, and let my thoughts go whithersoever they would.

"There would be a brook running through the pasture of the farm, and I would spend a few of my days with it. Ferns would rub against my cheek, and I would crush blue and white violets and forget-me-nots as I lay stretched out on its bank. I would see the sun fall through the trees and strike jewel-like glints from the sand and mica under the running water, watch the bubbles made over pebble, listen to the purling music, and glory in the freshness and beauty of the scene. The impulse to dabble in it would prove so great that I could not keep from going wading. I would take rocks and moss and where there was a curve in the bank I would build a harbor for imaginary ships. Floating leaves and insects would eddy out of the brisker current into the stiller water of this haven. There would be no one there to laugh at me or to tell me how childish it was.

"I think I would exchange one of my days for a night, a night that had a moon, and having no one to stop me I would go down into the woods. I have never been alone in the woods at night and every shadow on the path might produce mountains of fear in me, but I would go. Sitting quite still in the shadow of a rock, I would forget who and what I was, and my mind being liberated from the weights upon its corners would float free. I would see the waterfall leap out from the darkness and become tranfixed by a shaft from the moon. Looking up through the blackness of the trees and the night I would see the rugged half of a moon with a woman's face gazing off into the heavens. There are so many women's faces staring out into space. The rushing sound of the water would be magnified in the darkness. Every noise would be startling and piercing the senses, and the wind in the trees would sound like the passing of an army of spirits.

"My sacred days would work miracles in me; I would be so much better for having had each of them. In between them I would work very hard, do just as I was told to do, and never cause any one any trouble.

"There is just one thing about the farm that frightens me a little, that gives me a little worry. I do not know much about farmers except that they are real big and sort of slow, but perhaps this one might love me.

Myself can stand it no longer. "You make me sick. You're a sentimental fool, and you know it."

DR. R. R. CLARK
Dentist
Office over Bank of Chapel Hill
Phone 385

Woman's Chief End

THAT afternoon typewriting was difficult for her, her fingers refusing to work rapidly, continually striking two keys at one time. One has one's good days in typewriting just as well as in other things. There was a cause for it this afternoon, for Albert had proposed to her at lunch that day in the cafeteria and she had accepted him. Since it had been a public place, he had not been able to kiss her, and she was glad. He was the kind that would take a long time at it, and his kisses would not be at all pleasant. He had tried to seize her hand under the table but she had kept it out of the reach of his large knuckled fingers and moist and clammy palm.

The cafeteria had been crowded and noisy, and smelled of food and humanity as always. Albert had selected pork, string beans, macaroni, buttermilk, and two huge slabs of crestfallen lemon pie, urging her to do likewise. Pork, and macaroni, and buttermilk! In spite of his protestations a salad and dessert had been all she had selected.

"Are you trying to starve yourself to death?" he asked. And she had almost replied that she had little desire to live.

She had seen the fat woman behind her take roast beef, fish, and a chicken salad in addition to several vegetables. Three extremely thin young girls, dressed in the latest fads, carried on their trays Irish potatoes with gravy and rolls. Perhaps they were Western Union operators, shop girls from Kress's, or stenographers like herself.

Albert had asked, "When are you going to marry me, little girl?"

Trying to be just as frivolous about it as he, she had replied, "Any time that will be convenient to you."

There! That was the second mistake she had made in that line, and she was making several copies of the bond, too. If she was not careful, she would have the whole thing to do over again.

Whom would she marry, whom *could* she marry, if not Albert? How many years had she been Mr. Lansing's stenographer? Ever since she had come through the revolving doors of the large corporation, and now those doors had whirled away too much of her coloring and eagerness to leave so many unsatisfied desires behind. Why not marry Albert? No one else had ever proposed to her and her mother and father wanted her to marry.

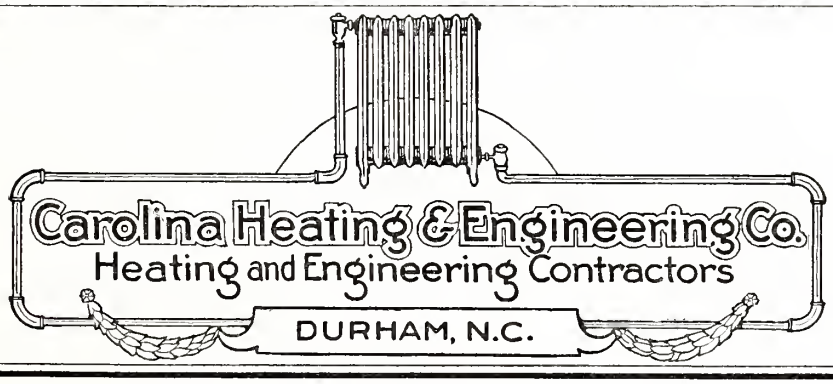
Her mother often remarked, "A woman's place is in the home, my dear."

Albert had been kind to her mother and father; so kind, in fact, that she could almost forget his slick black hair, the pallor of his skin, and his shiny green eyes. Her mother had told her the night before, "He is a very nice man, not as nice as your father, but perhaps in time . . . . "

Three more pages to copy. She must type faster for Mr. Lansing had said, "Please put everything else aside for this work. I am in a hurry for it."

She and Albert would live in an apartment, up several flights of stairs, with neither front yard, nor back yard, and the windows very likely admitting no sunlight. The odor of stale tobacco smoke would constantly pervade the apartment, for Albert smoked incessantly, and tobacco smoke stifled her. When he came home at night to the hot and close apartment—she was sure it would be hot and close—she would have to let him kiss her, although she would shrink from his touch. Having removed his coat he would slouch down in a chair, light a cigarette, and begin reading his newspaper. While she was dishing up supper in the small kitchenette he would yell at her what he had done during the day, what he had said, and the effect it had had. The rattling of the

Everything on the campus For Last Four Years



318 Holland St.
Telephone 1466

dishes would make it difficult for her to hear what he said, and he usually talked with one hand over his mouth. She would become so used to it that she would not try to listen. He was not fat now, but she knew he would be then.

"Good afternoon," some one remarked, and she looked up into a pair of the bluest eyes that she had ever seen. "Is Mr. Lansing in?" She pointed to her boss's desk and turned back to her typing, wondering who the caller was. She heard the jovial voice of her boss greeting him with "Hello, Sandy! How glad I am to see you, old man. Where did you fall from—right out of the sky?"

If he did, he had stolen pieces of sky for his eyes, she thought. Sandy was an appropriate name, for he had short thick hair of that color sticking straight up above his face, also the color of sand. His eyes were like seas in the sands of his face—a joyful face. That was the kind of man she would like to meet. She turned to see his face again, but no, only the back of his head was visible. He reminded her of the ocean and the beach, of air and freedom. To God looking down from above perhaps the two big blue oceans did seem to be eyes. She remembered her youthful days, how she raced up and down the beach and tried to out-shout the waves. One night she had resolved to run down the beach to the sea and run and run until . . . . because she had been punished that day. Having almost reached the water the thought came to her that instead of forever sailing on the waves she might be smothered under one of them. It might be close and dark and choking as it was when the nurse to frighten her held the covers of the bed down over her head.

She looked at her watch. Would the afternoon never be over?

The thought of running in an open space filled her with longing for the street and a chance to walk and walk. She was oppressed . . . . Albert and an apartment. She could see the apartment house in which they were going to live, looming up in front of her. There were bars at the windows and over the door was a big sign, "Jail." High up in the apartment house in one of the little rooms the walls were coming together, closer and closer. She was inside choking, gasping, crying out in vain for air. Albert . . . . Albert.

She stopped typing. A moment later she entered another office of the corporation. Albert, coatless, was one of the many young men who sat in front of the many desks in the room. On seeing her he straightened his tie.

She spoke low in order not to be overheard, "Albert, I'm sorry, but I don't think I shall be able to marry you, in spite of my promise at lunch time."

His pale face flushed a little and his green eyes shifted from her face. "So you're going to throw me down? You've just been fooling with me, seeing how far you could lead me."

"I'm really very sorry, Albert."

"That's all right. Don't think that yours truly will cry."

Leaving the office at five she saw him with Stella Robinson, the new telephone operator, who had a very flat nose but who curled and fixed her hair so that one did not notice the depression in her face where there should have been an acclivity.

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DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

The Dry Cleaner's Dirty Deeds

(Continued from page 16)

"Yessuh, he's done gone fer good, so gimme de rest uv dat fifty we 'greed on."

Archie thrust his hand into his pocket for the money. Then a look of disgust spread over his face.

"Well, I'll be damned. I let that idiot get away with all the money in the bank. He's got about five hundred of mine."

"Sho is too bad. Lucky I cashed in some uv my chips an' got my money back. But I'se got ter have my money ternight," insisted Ace, returning to his principal consideration.

"Here you are," said Archie, handing over almost his last cent. "I guess it'll be worth it to me, though, and more."

"I 'speck I better be gittin' erlong."

"Remember, not a word of this to anyone," cautioned Archie.

"Nossuh. You kin trust me ter keep my mouf shut. Dat's part uv my business."

Ace's departure left Archie feeling on top of the world. He went to bed that night with a firm conviction that his troubles were at an end and that Viola was as good as his, now that Isham was out of the way for good. And, too, he would probably be able to buy out Isham's partner pretty cheaply. On the whole, it had been a very successful night.

The next day he decided to go over to Isham's shop and see what people were doing and saying about his precipitate departure. He strolled into the room prepared to see anything except that which he did see.

There, in the rear of the room, was Isham, humming merrily as he worked at the steam press.

Archie's mouth fell open. At last he stammered out, "Wha . . . at you doin' here?"

Isham turned around with a cheerful grin.

"Jest a-workin', ez usual. Won't you sit down a minit er two?"

With an effort, Archie recovered some of his lost poise.

"What in the world are you staying here in town for? Don't you know that the police will find you if you do?

"What fo' de p'lice want me?"

"Why, for killing Ace, of course!"

"Huh, ef dat nigger's daid, he's de livest corpse dat I ever seed. He wuz walkin' eround here 'bout five minits ergo."

"What!"

"Yeah. Didn't you know dat he wuz er cousin uv mine? He an' me has allus been good frien's, 'cause we don't never play poker together. Dat nigger sho' can do things ter cards, can't he? Bad game, dat poker, 'cept at times."

"Listen. Has anyone heard about this?"

Isham scratched his head.

"Seems lak I did say somethin' 'bout it ter some boys ez wuz in here er bit ergo."

Without another word Archie turned and left the room. A few days later he left town, leaving Isham master of the field.

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The Desert

(Continued from page 22)

swayed where she stood. With a sob she put out her hand to steady herself by the wall, and as she did so she lifted herself.

What she saw brought her instantly to herself. It startled her. Her pulse quickened; fresh blood flowed through her veins, and thrilled her terribly. Like water to the perishing camel driver, like land to a bird lost at sea, like a vision of Jesus to the Christian, so appeared the desert to this Arab girl. She was standing in one of the city gateways, and before her lay sand hills and shadows, moonlight and softness. From the black-blue sky overhead the stars shone down in harmony. All blended in a tremendous symphony of strong, bewitching beauty. Through it there wound in and out in exquisite sweetness a melody, the song of the desert; and its theme was "come." No longer were its strains faint, far distant whisperings, as she had heard them long ago, but they were very near and powerfully clear. The desert called its child and she could not but obey.

The Bright Street

(Continued from page 8)

yourself. Go! I am of the living. I cannot endure the smell of death. Dead thing, take your dead and go!

(KARA, *hopeless, picks up the inert body of* FERSOL *and goes slowly out.* ZANTE *watches him, her majesty dropping into passiveness after his exit.)*

ZANTE: *(Musing)* So, I must hope again—and wait until some unsoiled lad will stumble into this cave and lend his clumsy fingers to the needles. *(A merry whistle is heard in the distance.* ZANTE *leans toward the entrance, listening.)* Ah, I hear one far down on the path. Will he, by fate, be curious on the hillside and seek out this cave or does he hasten to the Bright Street? I shall wait, hoping—

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED IN 1844

Published by the University of North Carolina Publications Union

VOLUME 56 *March · 1926* NUMBER 6

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ORDERS AND ORDERS

THE *University of North Carolina Gets Its Orders:* so reads the title of an article by Nell Battle Lewis in the February 3, 1926 issue of *The Nation.* And from the statement which went out from the publicity bureau it would seem that since the study of social conditions was opposed by the cotton manufacturers the University may do nothing "unless the mill owners change their attitude."

The opinion of certain parties in the state seems to be that the University is going outside its legitimate sphere when it studies social welfare in the state.

We cannot conceive of a real university which does not definitely interest itself in accumulating, recording and making available information concerning the living conditions of its people. And equally hard is it for us to conceive of an intelligent mill owner who would not either provide for himself, or cause some agency to provide for him, a comparative study of living conditions. To our mind, in this connection, there is one proposition which is self-evident: In every case where the individual interest, whether the individual be mill owner or mill worker, conflicts with the general welfare, the individual interest must be subordinated. And if one will but think straightly for a while, he will see that in cases where enlightened self-interest rules, the general welfare is nearly if not always the individual's best interest.

At any rate we are convinced that in spite of the large amount of hokum attached to the attempt to study human welfare and better human relations, there is no greater manifestation of intelligence in modern society than just this attempt. We may feel pessimistic about the results but while we have the power to move at all we are pledged to this effort. Ten thousand statements might go out from here to the contrary; but we know that a university cannot keep its self-respect as a university and avoid the responsibility of making knowledge available for the use of those who know or think they know the value and use of knowledge.

As a matter of fact, however, the much noised report that the University has received its orders and backed down is entirely absurd. Obviously, any study that was to be made with the coöperation of the mill owners cannot be made without the coöperation of those who refuse to coöperate. Studies, however, are planned and are being made with the help of some and without the help of others—as studies usually are made. But since our professors are not publicity agents, and, so far as we know, have no deep dark secrets about mill owners to expose, we cannot blame them very much for not climbing on housetop and shouting to the world their intention to attend to their business.

Early in the year we entertained the hope that we might be able to persuade a few students to give up the Pickwick a few nights to work up articles or stories about North Carolina and its people, how they work and live. But the students, also, almost unanimously prefer to attend strictly to their own business—which to some extent is defined elsewhere in this issue. So unless Miss Nell Battle Lewis will write us an article on this subject, we fear the manufacturers will go unexposed for some time yet.

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North Carolina Literature

By E. S. BARR

OVER in the Library there is a room in which only books about North Carolina or by North Carolinians are found. The room contains books written during the period beginning with the pre-Revolutionary days and ending with the present. Since the aim of the collection is to include everything connected in any way with the state, it is not surprising that in all these books there should be found a few delicious morsels.

This room has been my hunting ground. When I first started on this paper I was not at all sure I would find anything; but it was not long before I discovered that my difficulty would be to decide what to use. First, I eliminated all but the eight hundreds, which is the library's classification of purely literary works. This excluded several tempting historical works, religious documents and the like. Nice Civil War days school books telling the children how damned the "damn Yankee" was also had to be put aside.

Our first main division will be poetry. Perhaps it is because poetry is supposed to play on the emotions that it very often slips into sentimentalism. The most perfect example of that slipping which I encountered was the affecting lines about Pa's death. In fact, Miss Mattie J. Peterson could have put Stephen Leacock to shame if she had had her talents directed to his line. Here it is:

I KISSED PA TWICE AFTER HIS DEATH

I kissed dear Pa at the grave,
Then soon he was buried away;
Wreaths were put on his tomb,
Whose beauty soon decay.

I lay down and slept after the burial:—
I had started to school I dreamed,
But had left my books at home,
Pa brought them it seemed.

I saw him coming stepping high,
Which was of his walk the way;
I had stopped at a house near by—
His face was pale as clay.

When he lay under a white sheet
On the morning after his decease,
I kissed his sad and sunken cheek,
And hoped his spirit had found peace.

When he was having convulsions
He feared he would hurt me;
Therefore told me to go away.
He had dug artichokes for me.

Pa dug the artichokes on that day,
He never will dig any more;
He has only paid the debt we owe.
We should try to reach the shining shore.

If anyone should feel the need of a moral for this sad story, I would suggest, Don't dig artichokes.

Since the *Wreck of Old 97* song first appeared there has been a popular demand for the old ballad style of songs. The *Naomi Wise* tradition is found in several collections of verse. I think that some person in authority should bring this touching poem to the attention of either Vernon Dalhart, who made "Old 97" famous, or the Carolina Playmakers—preferably the latter.

NAOMI WISE

Come all good people, I'd have you draw near,
A sorrowful story you quickly shall hear.
A story I'll tell you about Naomi Wise,
How she was deluded by Lewis' lies.

He promised to marry and use her quite well,
But conduct contrary I sadly must tell.
He promised to meet her at Adams' spring,
He promised her marriage and many fine things.

Still nothing he gave but flattered the case,
He says, we'll be married and have no disgrace,
Come get up behind me, we'll go up to town,
And there we'll be married, in union be bound.

She got up behind him, straightway did go
To the banks of Deep river where the water did flow.
He says, Now Naomi, I'll tell you my mind,
I intend here to drown you and leave you behind.

O, pity your infant and spare me my life,
Let me go rejected and not be your wife.
No pity, no pity, this monster did cry,
In Deep river's bottom your body shall lie.

The wretch then did choke her, as we understand,
And threw her in the river below the mill dam.
Be it murder or treason, O, what a great crime,
To drown poor Naomi and leave her behind.

Naomi was missing they all did well know,
And hunting for her to the river did go,
The finding of her floating in the water so deep,
Caused all of the people to sigh and to weep.

The neighbors were sent for to see the great sight,
As she lay floating all that long night,
So early next morning the inquest was held,
The jury correctly the murder did tell.

On second thought, I believe that I ought to give this poem to Mr. Dalhart, for the Playmakers would probably mistreat Naomi.

Speaking of songs, I take great pleasure in announcing the fact that all song hit writers do not live in Tin Pan Alley. This is from a little folio of *Song Poems* written by an h. t. G. North Carolinian:

THAT NEW SWEETHEART OF MINE
(Mattie Fuller Borden)

We met one day in summer,
The world was all ashine;
I lost my heart completely
To that new sweetheart of mine.
We laughed, we danced, we flirted—
As I gazed in her eyes so grey
I knew my fate was settled,
I shall love her, pard, alway.

CHO. *That new sweetheart of mine,*
I tell you chum, she's fine—
No maid so fair, that can compare
With that new sweetheart of mine!

At last there came the parting,
As partings will in life;
Back to the city sadly—
Its coldness and its strife.
Alas! her troth was plighted,—
That pledge she could not break—
My story's over, comrade—
Let's drink! to Honor's sake.

CHO. *That new sweetheart of mine . . .*

At least that one has merit, for it talks about a new sweetheart and not about "that old gal of mine."

However, I would not have you think that all North Carolina can produce is melancholic. Here's a man who can give you history all wrapped up in nice verses. While he may not have been present when it all happened, he certainly does show us how charmingly domestic A. and E. were; only lack of space prevents my quoting all of this document:

THE FALL OF MAN THROUGH ADAM
(From *Your Uncle Charlie's Poetical Love Letters*)
By C. H. JOHNSON

When God had made the man and from his side,
He took a rib and formed his lovely bride,
Perhaps but little Adam thought his wife
Would cause him sorrow the rest of his life.

The wild ferocious beasts their fierceness show,
And Eve sees trouble over this, you know;
And many other things which give her pain,
And then, with great joy, she names little Cain.

Perhaps then Adam blames Eve for the fall,
And she, with care and sorrow, shoulders all:
Two little sons cheered Mother for a while,
And, with their cuteness, made poor Eve to smile.

Now Cain forgot the Lord, his God above,
And Abel he remembered not in love:
Perhaps forgot his little brother's words
So cute, and how he mawked the little birds.

Not only was Uncle Charlie a poetical historian, but he was a welfare worker as well. In this hygienic poem, which all freshmen should read, taken from the same book, he shows us how to rival Lionel Strongfort.

HEALTH RULES

Be on time ev'ry day
In all things that you do:
Be careful, too, alway
In what you drink and chew.

Good water you should drink,
And plenty of it, too;
It gives us health, I think;
It has a work to do.

Be careful how you eat:
Your food you must well chew:
Be sure to wash your feet
And all your body, too.

Breathe plenty of fresh air;
And breathe it through the nose:
Of your lungs, take good care:
And do not wear tight clothes.

Be careful what you do:
And you should never put
A number seven shoe
On an eight number foot.

Take good care of your eyes:
Bad habits do not form:
And take good exercise:
And do yourself no harm.

Don't spit upon the floor:
Don't play the football game
And baseball never more,
For they may make you lame.

Tobacco do not use;
It clogs the wheels within:
And alcohol refuse;
It is an awful sin.

And keep your conscience clear:
Have good thoughts all the day:
Be cheerful all the year;
And drive the blues away.

Some scripture memorize:
From all evil refrain:
Be sure to exercise
Your hand and head and brain.

And do not stay up late:
Keep a clean room and bed:
Be sure to ventilate:
Your prayers should then be said.

To avoid any embarrassing questions, I'll admit that I don't see how the title of the volume gets that way either.

In a charming collection *Picked Up Here and There* by G. D. Stutts, of Burlington, N. C., we find this famous verse under the title of

THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
And make me a man again, just for tonight!
Let me shake off these vile rags that I wear,
Cleanse me from all this foul stain that I bear;
Oh let me stand where I stood long ago,
Freed from these sorrows, unknown to this woe;
Freed from a life that is cursing my soul
Unto death while the years of eternity roll.

That is about enough of the poetical side of North Carolina's literature for the present. Let us turn to fiction.

Miss Peterson was not only a poetess, but a novelist as well (that is meant either way you take it). The poem cited above came from a little volume called *Little Pansy, a Novel, by Mattie J. Peterson, and Miscellaneous Poetry by the same author.* Lest I should spoil this volume for any of my readers, I will content myself with quoting only these opening lines:

By the seaside, in a mansion entwined with ivy, knelt fair Pansy Ray. She was about nineteen years old; small and babyish in appearance with golden curls and beautiful as a pure white lily.

"O heavenly father, strengthen me," she moaned, then sang in a rich melodious voice, words of her own composition.

THY WILL BE DONE . . .

How's that for a snappy opening? Little Pansy's appearance and disposition are at once revealed to you. The setting, a main character, and the tone of the whole piece, not to speak of Pansy's poem, are set before you in a few well chosen words. That is real art.

But not all of our nineteenth century authors were so interested in beautiful moans. The sterner, hero-a-hero-and-villain-a-villain sort of novel finds a proponent in one W. D. Herrington, who published in 1865 a novel entitled *The Deserter's Daughter.* We see war times like this:

(camp life)

"The Captain's *excited,*" said one of the men at the fire.

"There's something *wrong* as sure as *twice one* makes *four,*" answered Charlie M.

This *lapsus lingua,* or the *wrong* answer to the wrong sum, caused a general outburst of laughter, and Charlie in ridicule was ordered by all present to go immediately and call on the widow that she might teach him mathematics.

(hero speaks)

"But before to-morrow's sun Heaven may favor us with some clue to this dark plot, and if so I shall go immediately to work, heart and hand to bring those black hearted villains to summary justice, and rid our mother State of the stigma that their conduct is alreadying bringing upon her fair name."

"You will need assistance, Captain, in this matter, and remember that I am anxious to be your abettor."

"Yes, I am aware that it will be a hazardous undertaking, and to be successful will require nerve, energy and perseverance. I know of no one on whom I can more confidently rely than yourself in this matter, and I shall expect your assistance." Rising from his seat he extended his hand to the Lieutenant, who grasping it said, "Here I suppose, Captain Forrester, we mutually resolve to succeed or perish."

"That's the determination," was the response.

(hero vows)

"I'll swear, by Eternal Heaven, to wreak vengeance upon the heads of those villains yet."

The fact that the book, consisting of thirty pages, sold for two dollars prevents me from classing this work as a dime novel. However, two Confederate dollars at that time were worth little more than a dime is now.

This little problem appears in a story called *No Copy* by a Mr. Monteath. So far as I know, only one similar problem can be found in the books around here.

. . . The bride is the step-daughter of Jeff Dawson, who is a brother of her intended husband. She will marry her uncle, and become the sister of her father, while her husband will be a son of his brother. She will be her own aunt, and her husband will be his own uncle. For the best answer by way of solution of the predicament which the kinship complexity of the situation now foreshadows for posterity and . . . (rest missing)

When in the hands of the right person it is amazing what can be done in the way of drawing allegories. John Bunyan meets a fellow zealot in the aforementioned G. D. Stutts, of Burlington. This is from the same little book as the other selection:

GREAT LAKE RAILROAD

PASSENGERS' TIME TABLE

Lv. Disobedient Ave.	7:00 a.m.
Lv. Cigaretteville	7:30 a.m.
Lv. Secret Sin Tunnel	8:00 a.m.
Lv. Liars' Cross Roads	8:05 a.m.
Lv. Pop (Watering tank)	8:35 a.m.
Lv. Cider Village	9:00 a.m.
Lv. Saloonville	9:45 a.m.
Lv. Tippleton	10:00 a.m.
Lv. Theater Heights	10:30 a.m.
Lv. Gambler's Inn	11:00 a.m.
Lv. Thief (Flag Station)	11:40 a.m.
Ar. Drunkards' Tavern	12:00 m.
One hour for dinner and sight-seeing.	
Lv. Drunkards' Tavern	1:00 p.m.
Lv. Blasphemers' Furnace	1:45 p.m.
Lv. Quarrel Town	2:40 p.m.
Lv. Murderers' Valley	3:30 p.m.
Lv. Jail City Landing	4:00 p.m.
Lv. Court-house Crossing	5:10 p.m.
30 minutes to make up special train to Hangman's Gap.	
Lv. Poverty Lane	6:00 p.m.
Lv. Mortgageville	7:00 p.m.
Lv. Suicide Junction	8:15 p.m.
Lv. Big Spreetown	9:45 p.m.
Lv. Delirium Rapids	11:00 p.m.
Ar. at Great Lake, or Perdition (outer darkness) at midnight.	

* Some become weary and fatigued in seeing such unexpected scenery, and decide to take the Lightning Express at Suicide Junction, after which there are no more stops until they reach the Fearful Lake.

There are no return tickets on this line as all trains run in one direction.

This line is well equipped with sleepers for the accommodation of proud, formal church members.

It is an old established route, very often called "The Popular Route."

Sacred writ recognizes it as the "Broad Way," and "many there be" pass over it. It also mentions it as a "Way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Whereas it took Christian a number of years to reach Heaven, Mr. Stutts, being more modern, shows us how to reach the other end of the line in one day.

The lawless state of things at present has not always prevailed. Back in the nineteenth century people did not go to Carrboro to buy liquor from a bootlegger, thereby disregarding the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of these United States. People honored the Constitution in those days; they respected it, and often obeyed it. Here's how things used to be in the Old North State, according to an account given by Griffith J. McRee in a book called *Squibs:*

No people are more distinguished for submission to and respect for law than the people of North Carolina. Even the humblest, though they often cite the *Constitution*, always allude to it with *reverence*. In illustration of this peculiarity, I remember an incident at the term of the Superior Court for the county of Duplin, in the year 18—. A., indicted for assault and battery, had submitted. B., the prosecutor, an old man grotesquely attired, whose face, though then fired with malice, indicated great simplicity, was called upon by the Judge to relate all he knew about the assault. "Well, your Honor, he cussed my wife, he cussed me, and he cussed all the family." "Was that all?" inquired the Judge. "He cussed me, he cussed my wife, he cussed my dater, he shook his fist at me." Here he paused again. "Was that all?" again asked the Judge. "Well, sir, he cussed me, he cussed my wife, he cussed my dater, he shook his fist at me, he cussed the Court." "Was that all?" "No, your Honor, he cussed me, he cussed my wife, he cussed my dater, he shook his fist at me, he cussed the Court, Judge, *he even cussed the Constitution!*"

Words cannot well paint the eager expression of his face, and the vindictive glitter of his eye, as advancing towards the bench, leaning over, and sinking his voice to a deep, low whisper, he recounted what, evidently, was to him the climax of audacity and outrage. Pausing a moment to watch the effect of his shaft, he retired, proud, erect, and elate, as one who has annihilated at the same time a personal and a public enemy.

I have saved the best of this fiction for the last. Many people have lamented the passing of the old fashioned style of writing, when only sublime thoughts were dealt with and only words worthy of the thoughts were used to clothe them. Eloquence is the word that characterizes this sort of writing. It is not with a silver tongue that Shepherd M. Dugger speaks, but a twenty-five-carat gold tongue. Listen to it as he describes an humble beast of burden:

One summer evening, when wild flowers nodded by the dim road, and birds piped their melody through the trees, a little rider was borne along up the meanders of Elk by the soft and gentle tread of an ox. This animal was spotted all over with black and white spots of various shapes and sizes, as if the ladies had turfed him in colors. His large horns curled like a forked spiral as their points receded far apart; his eyes were like two liquid spheres, whose orbits lay toward the dainty bunches of wild herbs growing on the road-banks, which he reached for and drew into his mouth with his long-pointed tongue, while the blast from his nostrils waved the ferns and green leaves where he bit as the north wind bows the waving grass. (p. 22)

Now see his skill at painting a young lady's portrait:

The beautiful young lady, Miss Lydia Meaks, was one of the faculty of St. Mary's School, in the city of Raleigh. She was a medium-sized, elegant figure, wearing a neatly-fitting traveling dress of black alpaca. Her raven-black hair, copious both in length and volume and figured like a deep river rippled by the wind, was parted in the center and combed smoothly down, ornamenting her pink temples with a flowing tracery that passed round to its modillion windings on a graceful crown. Her mouth was set with pearls, adorned with elastic rubies and tuned with minstrel lays, while her nose gracefully concealed its own umbrage, and her eyes imparted a radiant glow to the azure of the sky. Jewels of plain gold were about her ears and her beautiful tapering hands, and a golden chain, attached to a timekeeper of the same material, sparkled on an elegantly

rounded bosom that was destined to be pushed forward by sighs, as the reader will in due time observe. Modest, benevolent, and mild in manners, she was probably the fairest of North Carolina's daughters. (p. 34)

Nature must have been an open book to him—a book filled with glowing pictures and written in poetry,—else how could he have written this:

A thunder-head cloud above the eastern horizon reflected the yellowed sunlight from its cumulus pinnacles, and the blue queen of the zephyrs mantled the world in glory. But before one can appreciate the spectral phenomena of the North Carolina mountains he must consider that the atmosphere is a great fluid ocean, and that he is as a fish at the bottom looking through a gem-colored medium that fills all the space between him and his object of vision. In a thick fog, the vapor is as dense around one's face as it is at the boundary of vision thirty yeards distant, and our sight will only reach that point where, if all the vapor between it and the eye were compressed collaterally into a perpendicular sheet, it would produce a like obstruction. In the same manner the blue or violet tints begin at the eye and become more visible as the view recedes, till at last they seem to hang in festoons against the distant mountains, and finally they bound the vision.

. . . Yes, we live at the bottom of a great ocean, and at night we look up through its deep emerald waters, and see the stars floating at leisure upon its blue surface, and the crescent moon, pale boat of the night, sailing on its circum-world voyage with the captain and crew on deck.

After this collection of gems from *The Balsam Groves of the Grandfather Mountain*, I think it might be well to turn a plainer fare.

An Englishman's point of view is always interesting to us. He has an unemotional disposition which helps him remain unmoved by any number of Rotarians. It is interesting to hear one tell of North Carolina as he saw it fifty years ago:

(*White and Black*, by Sir George Campbell, M. P.)

. . . The system of taxation here seems very much like that in Virginia. Besides the property tax there is an income tax, from which the necessary expense of living, not to exceed $1,000 in any case, is exempted. There is a considerable State debt, but no attempt is made to pay interest upon it at present. The roads are very bad; apparently there are no metalled roads in all the State, only the common earth roads made by the labour of the people themselves, and very indifferently made.

The town of Raleigh is, as usual, very scattered, with broad streets quite unpaved, and a good deal of ornamental ground about the houses. The population of the place is about 12,000. The Capitol is a fine building, in a commanding situation. I noticed a very large lunatic asylum, and there seemed to be a good many other institutions. There are many whiskey shops, and a good many churches. The cotton market is very busy; the general market seems well supplied. The most common fish in these parts are what are called sea-trout; but I do not think that they are our sea-trout, and they do not seem very good. I am told that in the streams in the hill-country there is very abundant trout-fishing.

In the evening I went out to take tea with old Mr. D.—who has a very pretty place, with a very nice house, beautiful grounds, and a most pleasant family. All the arrangements seemed simple and unpretending, but very nice and comfortable. I had some more talk with the Messrs. D—. They say local bodies do not borrow very much, because no one will trust them in these days. A railway is now being made by the State through the mountain country, principally by convict labour. I saw in the papers that a man has been sentenced to death for burglary, and, on enquiry, I find that burglary is a capital offence in this State, though the capital sentence may not be very often carried into effect in such a case. On the other hand, corporal punishment is not used for minor offences, as it is in Virginia. It seems to be more profitable to imprison offenders and work them.

It is too bad that Sir George can't be with us now and see and hear all about the leading southern state from, say, the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce.

A little before the Civil War, 1857 to be exact, the directors of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad found themselves faced with the labor problem. This is how they solved it:

(Proceedings of the stockholders of the Raleigh and Gaston R. R. 1857.)

(The President's report) The President and directors cannot close this report without recommending to the serious consideration of the stockholders, a measure, deemed by them of the first importance in a financial point of view. The danger to the interest of the Company, arising from the difficulty of obtaining labor at certain periods and the employment frequently of unskilful and unpracticed laborers, at the commencement of the year, with a dependence at all times upon the will and pleasure of the owners of slaves, make it advisable to own, at least a portion of the labor to be employed. The purchase of *four* men and *one* woman for each section, *one* man for each depot and *two* for the station at Raleigh, making *forty-four* men and *eight* women, would place the Company in an independent condition and be a saving of more than *three thousand* dollars a year. The average rate per hand of the present labor is about $125 per annum, at which the number indicated, cost over *six thousand* dollars. It is believed that that number could be bought, for a sum, the annual interest of which would not excede *three thousand* dollars—the balance thus saved, if applied to a sinking fund, would discharge the principal of the loan (thirteen years) at maturity. It is worthy of consideration that the increase of the women would equal and probably excede any depreciation in value of the property.

Respectfully submitted,
W. J. HAWKINS, President.

And they talk of the modern business man being hard and matter-of-fact!

North Carolina has one true native son who will not let any other state take from her any of her rightful glory. A little book, *Abraham Lincoln a North Carolinian*, by J. C. Coggins, shows what a defender of the faith we have in him. This book purports to be "a true and thrilling story never before published; told by a third cousin of President Lincoln who is in closer touch

(Continued on page 25)

Nocturne

'Tis night, and from the balcony I see
A long low lawn, a languid lake of light
Which restive lies a veritable sight
Of liquid loveliness, a mystery
Of shapes and shadows shifting bush or tree
Indefinitely cast, mocking the height
The moon in golden strength with all her might
Tries to surpass through boundless ethereal sea.
The wind winds slowly through the weltering leaves
With wierdly warning softness seems to tell
Me there is something strange in snow white clouds
Thus fleeing ever on before the breeze.
Far distant o'er low hills a church's bell
Comes faintly tolling death's encircling shrouds.

S. S.

Another Laugh

One day along the Milky Way,
God met the Devil, fair and square,
And said to him with a trace of sneer,
"You are back in Heaven, I see."
The Devil spoke not but only smiled,
Causing the great Lord God to despair.
"You grew tired of heaven, did you not?
And left us without warning, high and flat,
To start a place of your own."
Then the Devil laughed loud and said,
"And I succeeded quite well, I think.
Take a look at the men and the earth you created
And I think even you will have to concede me that."

C. M.

Thoughts

I should like to wear a long, black gown,
And play soft, minor chords
On an old-fashioned organ;
Or sit in a quiet church,
Lit only by the glimmer of the sunlight
Through the crystalled form of some old martyr.
I would sit alone
And mourn my dead—
This dull, queer, heavy thing
Within my breast—
That died last night.

But you must never know.
And so I shall put on a gay, red frock,
And drown my funeral song,
With laughing nothings
As I pour your tea.

R. H.

Alone

By R. K. Fowler

THE stairs squeaked like tortured rats and stale dust rose from the scraps that were flung across their scarred surface. Old Jason Grover was toiling painfully to his room. His slow, shrunken feet fumbled upward with dragging determination; his wrinkled fingers pressed hard against the banisters. Old Jason knew his way perfectly. He had forced his decrepit body up these steps so often that each separate strand of carpet had a hideous familiarity. With eyes halfshut and weary mind drifting he continued his awkward progress. A pause on the second floor landing, down to the end of the dark, narrow hall and then the doorknob which fell into the curve of his clutch, cold and unsentient. His cot was near the door, and he sat upon the edge of it for a moment, wheezing slightly from the effort of his climb; his fingers plucked at the rough blanket and bits of wool clung to his nails. Having caught his breath he mechanically rose and touched a match to the evil-smelling oil lamp. Ghastly yellow light spread slowly over the room. The pitiful wrecks of two chairs and a table were duplicated on the wall in angular distortions. Pitted boards of the table stretched out barely under a dab of sardines in a violet bordered china saucer flanked by a half loaf of bread. Old Jason mumbled a blessing and drew them toward him.

When his supper was finished he laboriously bent his back and loosened the strings in his shapeless shoes. The cot again received him. He lay motionless, limbs drooping like wilted weeds, only his ragged grey head shifting for a more comfortable position on the stony bosom of the cot. To him these quiet evening hours were at once the most pleasant and most disturbing of his feeble existence. His body grew lax and floated in a semi-conscious trance of restfulness. Each exhausted muscle seemed to tingle soothingly and fall into a calm sleep. But his mind—that always gave him trouble. As his body numbed and shrank away from its functions, his mind perversely became more keen and logical. Its aging facets lost the dullness born of his daily work; ease and repose polished it into a state of comparative brilliance. Thoughts of self pity, killed by the drab routine of day, now brought maudlin tears to his eyes; regrets and hopeless wishes beat against his temples; hazy but bitter memories cut through his brain like acid. Rising far above and sternly dominating this confusion of mental worries, one word pounded and stabbed its uncompromising message: Alone, alone, alone. Old Jason shivered and put a trembling claw over his feverish forehead. It was this word and the harsh fact that it stood for which turned these periods of rest into fiendish torments. All alone. Flung into a squalid room in a tenth rate lodging house. Drifting along in a huge, heartless city where no one even knew or cared what his name was. Cast contemptuously into a far, forsaken corner by an unsociable God. No relatives, no friends, no person to toss him a cheerful salutation. The tangle of thoughts fled swiftly and left the one horrible word hammering home its infernal theme: Alone, alone, alone.

Old Jason snapped his bony frame erect. He shed his clothes with surprising agility and allowed them to settle in a soiled pile on the floor. The lamp flame struggled uselessly with his breath and darkness ruled the room. Moonlight slid its incongruous beauty into the scene an hour later and outlined in silver a silent huddle under the patched sheet. He was asleep. A green rowboat idled in a creek under the shimmer of moss hung oaks. Two young men in queer, old fashioned garments fished lazily and smiled at each other. The creek gave way to the dusty main street of a country village. A man passed down it, his arms filled with bundles. Heads nodded; voices blended: "Howdy, Mr. Grover. Evenin', Jason. How's your wife gettin' along, Grover?" The picture faded. A group of middle aged men sat in a warm, spacious store. Low toned argument brushed against the vegetables hanging from the rafters. "Well, Jason. You figurin' on goin' Republican?" The sound of mocking laughter. The contours of old Jason's sleeping face softened in the moonlight; his dry lips parted in a contented smile. Dreams.

II

The following morning at nine o'clock a strange figure hobbled dispiritedly down Pearl street. Stiff canvas frames lettered in garish red with the announcement of a wrestling match swung over its shoulders and threatened to hit the sidewalk. Above this ungainly cloak a head projected abruptly into the air. The face was seamed, the eyes bloodshot, the nose a travesty; yet in spite of this it was not ugly—no face can be really ugly when a suggestion of kindliness lurks behind it.

The only visible pieces of clothing were the broken, mismated shoes and a topless straw hat through which the breeze made furtive snatches at a mane of shaggy grey hair. The figure ambled passively forward, its head swinging aimlessly, its bloodshot eyes scanning the trodden slabs of cement. Old Jason was earning money for more bread and sardines. If he was able to carry the galling framework until sunset without fainting in the street, he might get enough to afford a little apple jelly. He had a fanatical fondness for apple jelly. As he visioned the small glass jar packed with the sticky crimson stuff, he unconsciously licked his lips and quickened his gait to a ludicrous shuffle. Perhaps if he walked faster, sunset would arrive sooner. Encouraged by the agreeable sensations the imaginary jelly had given him, he toyed with other pleasant ideas. He saw himself holding an attentive child on his knees while he initiated her into the mysteries of the Forty Thieves. He preferred a girl with short ash blond hair; there had been such a one in the back pages of his life. He saw himself answering a knock on the door of his room and admitting his old crony, Tobe Starret. Tobe had died several years ago, but the idea was nevertheless a gratifying one. Something struck the front side of the canvas and whirled the old man around. He had walked into a loafer who was blindly engrossed in the morning paper. The fellow threw down the paper and stuck out a combative, purplish jaw. Seeing the pathetic, battered apparition before him he retrieved his paper, sneered widely, snarled—"Watch your step, you old fool." The intended apologies clogged up in Jason's throat; he stalked off with tragic dignity. For weeks he had been hoping that some chance passerby would speak to him, and now—"you old fool." The phrase rankled.

Noon came and the sun flayed the pavement into a fierce carpet of heat. The worn soles of Jason's shoes offered no resistance; he endured the torments of the bastinado. Streamers of pain crept up his legs and diffused to every part of his skinny body. The faces of the joggling throng became nebulous; here and there a bulging eye or a gold tooth detached itself and stood out repulsively on a background of pasty mist. Buildings, trees, cars, began to move in dizzy, black circles. Jason lurched drunkenly to a bench in a frowsy-looking park, extricated himself from the leaden canvas, and collapsed weakly. The signboard leaned stiffly against the bench. It had the alert appearance of a guard set over a dangerous prisoner. Petulantly he kicked at the board and it slithered flatly out on the parched grass. Tall, red letters sprang up at him: "Kid Cynowsky, who alone has defeated the present champion." One word shoved the rest aside and seared its meaning into old Jason's very soul. Alone. He was still exhausted, but rather than face those five staring letters he caught up the gaudy sign, adjusted the straps, and plunged back into the heedless crowd. Alone, alone, alone. The word was everywhere. It set itself to the music of the thousand feet that stamped past him.

Late that afternoon he succumbed to hunger. It had gnawed at him unremittingly, and though he strove hard to ignore it, the sharp teeth finally ate away his power of denial. He had no money with him but felt sure that the store where he purchased his scanty supplies would credit him until the next day. He placed the canvas frame outside the shop with great care and timidly entered. A pimply clerk threw his mild query back at him scornfully. "Give you credit? Naw, we don't charge nothin'."

Old Jason's mouth drooped miserably; his step faltered as he turned to the door. "Specially to the likes of you," the clerk added with needless sarcasm. But Jason did not hear. His eyes were riveted on the pavement; his head shook in dumb incomprehension. Some idle moron with a knife and a lust for destruction had ripped the sign to shreds and flung the fragments half way off the curb. The pimply clerk was vastly amused by the events that followed. "Yessir," he related to an acquaintance that evening, "when he seen that busted billboard he dumped hisself right down in the street and commenced bawlin' pitiful as hell. I went out and ast him how come an' he snuffled sompen about not gettin' no apple jelly. I reckon the old bird was balmy but he sure was plenty fun."

III

A week passed and Jason Grover found happiness. It was night and he had reached the fourth step on the way to his dingy shelter. His foot struck something soft and yielding, a shrill, plaintive cry caused him to start violently. Stooping down he ran his hand over the frayed matting and touched a hissing ball of fur that crouched distractedly in a corner. With a frightened glance behind him he seized the kitten and concealed it under his coat. Mrs. Burke, the slatternly landlady, had an unreasoning hatred for cats. He had seen her rush into her filthy strip of a back yard and hurl stones at the peacefully sleeping pet of a neighbor; he had seen her drown one poor little foundling in a pan of dishwater. Spurning the steps rapidly, he scuttled to the

(Continued on page 30)

A Dream

There came a dream to me last night:
It seemed that all the world was burned
With fire, a burst of sulphurous light.

The stars turned pale and fled away;
A heap of ashes, when they turned,
On the floor of the stricken universe lay.

Mountains and rivers and butterfly wings,
The sunsets, even, were burned,
And the ocean caves where Thetis sings.

Like thought in a dream the destructive blast;
And after the lightning flash, the dark,
No thunder, but sighs of the stars aghast.

The pale-eyed planets gathered 'round
And lo! from ashes dead, a spark!
And ringing through the air, a sound.

* * *

I woke from my dream, as dreamers do,
And wrote what I thought that it meant,
For I'd loved for a week two eyes of blue.

To ashes cold the world may turn—
Yet deathless still shall hear love's song,
And still my love for Phyllis burn——

I wrote; and met today two eyes
Of brown, two eyes from Paradise,
And learned how quickly all love dies.

I wonder if old men dream
As young men do.
I think they do, perhaps,
But differently.

I have wondered why it is
That poets always cull their autumn leaves
In life's springtime,
When youths' blood yet courses hotly in their veins;
Moan the sunset and the gathering darkness
When the east is still flushed with the sun's rising,
And the dew is still fresh on the grasses.

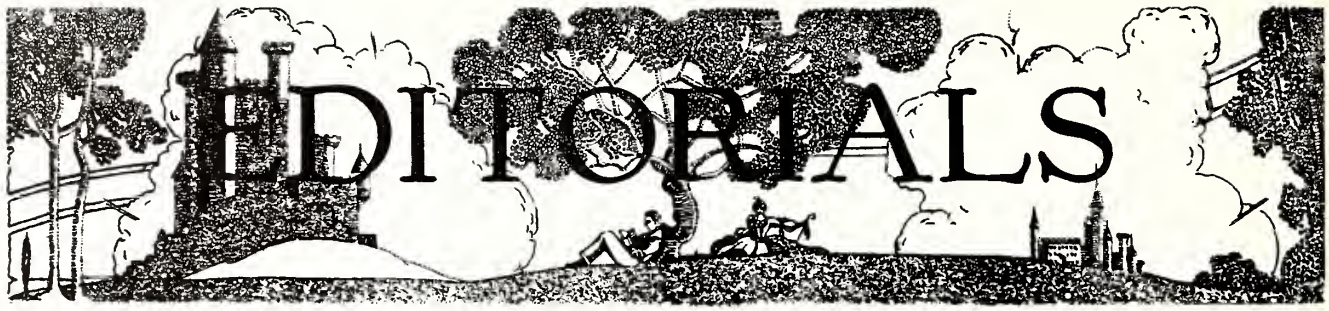
And now, I think, I understand:
We dream too much,
And dream too splendid dreams.
And then we wake,
And life seems suddenly drab, and mean, and short,
Or, what is sadder, too long, though short.

Oh, then!
When life seems too long at twenty,
When one is tired of life before one has lived,
When the first vision has faded,
The first hope sailed,
And a breath of the real has brushed aside the first illusions
As the wind sweeps away the morning mist;
And Life first shows her hungry teeth
Beneath her painted smile;—
Oh! 'tis then we feel old, and bent, and useless,
And struggle seems futile,
And truth and beauty empty clouds,
Or a child's bubble that has broken.

'Tis then one is old indeed,
When one wakes from a twenty-year dream;
And one must quickly cull the last sear leaves
Before only the bare boughs beat against the wind.

"For in Death's sleep what dreams may come?"
I know not, and I fear not.
I only fear lest we should wake.

H. R. F.



Another Orthodoxy

It really is remarkable how much culture one can absorb during four years at a university. During the past two years we have paid close attention to the student attendance at musical concerts here and in the immediate vicinity. Out of a student body of over two thousand, with eight hundred upper classmen and graduate students, more than ten or fifteen heard the New York String Quartet a few nights ago. At least forty or fifty go to concerts almost every time when there is no basketball game on in the tin can or a good movie or musical comedy at the Pick or in Durham. It is really remarkable how well the arts are appreciated here in this center of culture.

Or if you want more evidence on the high cultural quality of our education, just walk down fraternity row any evening after seven o'clock. You will hear every variety of musical movement from sweet papa to hot mama. Truly there can be nothing wrong with an educational institution in which one finds such power of appreciation.

And if this does not satisfy you look in the Pickwick. With a capacity of at least seven hundred it is almost filled three times a day.

As some one has said recently, our faculty must have some most inspiring members. Surely it must be their influence which has developed such intellectual taste in the student body. And even some of those individualists, who do not appreciate these things, in other directions have gone equally far in intellectual development. For instance, in one group there is, so we have heard, one young lady who after years of preparation at last has accomplished the feat of learning to prepare her cigarette for smoking by knocking it on the thumb nail of her left hand!

Another small group of intellectualists, so we have heard, after long and patient study of values have discovered that honesty and sincerity and modesty and virtue and decency are only standards imposed by society for control purposes and therefore have no value in themselves. In this era of progress it is most remarkable how fast womanhood is progressing. You can recognize the progressive intellectual woman anywhere; in fact that is one of the first things she tells you about herself. Or if she doesn't tell you there are certain signs by which she may be recognized. One is unfailing: After you have known her a short while she shows her progressiveness and intellectual powers by carelessly displaying her nicotine-stained finger tips and calling your attention to them with a giggle. Then she will unconcernedly say "damn," and if you are her mental equal you will not even notice it. This intellectual lady while calculatingly gazing into the future, mentally carves out her career, resolving on how she will free her sex from the shackles of the past. But, poor thing, she so strains her mental powers in freeing herself from shackles that she has not the mental strength left to devise her own means of amusing herself. With all the remaining strength she has, she tries to copy man. She learns to swear, cultivates witty obscenity in mixed company, and taps her cigarette on her left thumb-nail. She quits playing the piano and learns to play the phonograph, to smoke and to talk vaguely about aesthetics. And so strained is she by these great mental exertions that after teaching school a year or so she marries a man who, so she confides to her friends, always misunderstands and never fully appreciates her. It really is terrible what misery is caused by this intense intellectuality. And so youth improves upon former generations. So education progresses.

But for some reason or other we find ourselves reluctant to follow where education seems to be leading both the average and the advanced thinkers. Orthodox collegiate individualism has no more appeal for us than the average run of sweet mammas and the like. It may be sentiment, it may be merely the desire to have standards to impose on others—but anyway we retain a degree of admiration for modesty and virtue in women, and clean strong character in men. And sometimes in moments of doubt we have vague suspicions of the value of an educational system under which men retain what may be the lowest cultural standards of their home towns, and merely develop the desire and power to make more money to breed more children to buy more hot mama records,—children who in their turn will go to college to develop the desire and power to make more

money to breed more children to play more hot mama records on and on until the universe takes on the rhythm of jazz, the stars rock with the crazy blues, and a haze of cigarette smoke obscures the sun.

It seems to us that it is barely possible that if our individualistic intellectuals would use less of the mental power they expend on trying to be witty and clever, they might discover some real value in the old virtues. They might find that the creation of order and the faith that follows belong among the greatest achievements of the human mind; and here they might find a kind of activity which might be far more satisfactory than making stale or odious puns, flicking cigarette ash, or talking denatured aesthetics.

The average student, if sufficiently inspired, might discover an ability to appreciate another type of music and literature than that to which he is now so strongly attached.

How much of these already existent remarkable appreciative and intellectual powers is due to our system of education would be hard to say. The hot mama music and the movie taste are quite obviously the results of early home influences; whereas the cigarettes, the left thumb-nail gesture, and the rest are only the natural modes of expression of high-powered intellects released from the influences of Methodism. But how much of their marvelously high development is due to college is too great a question for us. At any rate it is quite clear that education as it is now applied does not do much to change the course of human interests, that it does not bring much knowledge, instil dangerous ideals or love of another type of beauty. There is no need for the folks back home to worry about their boys and girls. They are merely orthodox collegiates. They will safely follow the crowd whether at home or abroad.

When we think over the long list of American millionaire divorcees and debauchees we wonder just whom in the upper crust the Countess Cathcart could possibly contaminate.

* * * *

As a matter of curiosity recently we requested our private statistician to draw up a list of rich Americans who on account of moral turpitude might be excluded from European countries. The length of the list he submitted to us, with the explanation that it was not a start, made us suspect that we are not Heaven's one and only little back yard. But of course since these people are Americans other countries would not think of excluding them.

* * * *

Silent Cal lays hands on the Carolina Playmakers. During the laying on ceremony, so we are told, Cal spoke not a word; but in his eyes one could see reflected a new realization of the sacredness of art and drama as preserved by the Playmakers. As they filed by and touched his hand something of that which has made silence golden could be seen on the faces of Cal and every Playmaker.

* * * *

Ten or fifteen dollars a quarter for the Pickwick, three dollars thirty-three and one-third cents a quarter for athletic fee, one dollar sixty-six and two-thirds cents for publications fee, sixteen and two-thirds cents for student debating and public speaking, nothing a quarter for music: so rank the cultural interests of the student body.

* * * *

Since the overwhelming success in the recent election of the placards "We Want More Offices," posted on the campus, we have been wondering why someone doesn't plan a campaign for still more offices. We have no Keeper of the Sacred Seal, Watcher of the Goat, Protector of Co-Eds, or Dog Catcher. As shown by this placard experiment, all one need do is tell the truth about the great need for filling these offices and the student body will vote overwhelmingly in favor.

* * * *

So far this year has shown no signs of dullness in political affairs. Last year lack of interest in politics was bemoaned; this year politics promises to offer a few scraps—and not entirely behind closed doors. Whether student government will profit, we are not sure. But at any rate those who get offices should feel better about it if those who vote show evidences of being alive.

* * * *

Possibly, before the year is over, some of the innocent idealists who recently deplored politics among students may learn that politics is as essential to government as food is to life. But one place where we draw the line in election politics is bargaining for office without previous good service or other good evidence of ability.

* * * *

We hope that by the time this issue comes from the press the announcement will already have been made that President Chase will remain with us. We gladly take this one opportunity, when we sincerely can, to express our unanimous agreement with the recent faculty resolutions.

The Mer Rouge Affair

By H. A. Breard

The Modern Ku Klux Klan had its inception in the fantastic dreams of a whiskey soaked brain. It grew from a nucleus of thirty-four members to a body of five hundred thousand in a period of five years ending in 1921. Its watch-word and sales slogan was and is *native, white, gentile, Protestant supremacy*. The growth of the Klan was not a simple phenomenon. It drank of selfishness, graft, love of power, and ignorance as well as from the very springs of our American civilization. The originators really thought that they were upholding American traditions. They failed to comprehend that America stood for minority as well as majority rights and liberty of thought and opinion. The Klan appealed to passion, prejudice, and fear. Its crusade has been marked by intolerance, bigotry, racial and religious war.

Southwest Baptists, Methodists, and other Protestants seem generally to believe that there is a Roman Catholic menace to American institutions. A school principal of that region, according to the *Survey*, lost his position due to Klan influence because he accepted financial co-operation from the Knights of Columbus. The Mexia, Texas, Ku Klux Klan No. 47 issued a proclamation in 1922 ending as follows: "If the courts cannot handle your case or will not do so, we will handle it ourselves in our own way." Texas had about fifty whippings, tar-and feathering parties, and the like in six months during 1921. The outrages included the stripping and flogging of a white woman, the branding of a colored boy, and other horrible incidents. In the election of 1920 in Florida the Klan prevented the negroes from voting by mob violence, burning them in their homes and lynching them. Is this Americanism as promulgated in the Constitution?

The Klan has continually claimed that it attracts only the best people. E. T. Devine in the *Survey* of April 8, 1922, says that despite these repeated assurances he had met only one of these "best people" in the Southwest who admitted that he had joined. Stanley Frost reports from the Kansas City convention of the Klan in 1924 that the delegates were pious and sincere, rather simple men, every fourth one being a doctor of divinity. All over the South, the Southwest, and the Northwest the Klan has gathered a certain class into its fold. We cannot explain why this organization receives such loyal support from its members, after such outrages as recounted above and further on in this article. They think themselves guardians of morality, government, and religion; in reality they are suffering from inferiority complexes, one-sided development of the mind, and over suppressed desires.

There has been so much misunderstanding as to the Mer Rouge affair growing out of hasty newspaper reports and personal prejudices that I now undertake to give a correct account. It was a typical Klan affair and compares well with the organized murder of fanatics and bigots of all times. For those who do not recall, this was the nation-stirring affair that took place near Bastrop, Louisiana, in August, 1922, involving the murder of Watt Daniels and Richards by the Ku Klux Klan.

Bastrop is situated in north-central Louisiana about thirty miles from the Arkansas line, and Mer Rouge is about twelve miles directly east of it. The former is a little city of about four thousand, and was the stronghold of the Klan; the latter boasts of nearly fifteen hundred inhabitants, and was the seat of the anti-Klan element. It was around these places that the events leading up to the climax took place.

M was elected mayor of Mer Rouge on a reform ticket a few years prior to the above-mentioned event, but he was such a reformer as never serves a second term. He went down to defeat when he stood for re-election. Watt Daniels was a young man of some thirty years. He loved his wine, women, and song, even as some of us, and he got his liquor and the other things that go with it despite the reform. His father was a man of some wealth and influence in the community of Mer Rouge, but it was rumored by some that he maintained a mulatto concubine. However such was not unusual among the older planters of Louisiana. Watt bitterly opposed M, and this opposition grew into personal enmity. The former made no bones over the fact that there was no love lost between him and M and the latter's brother Klansmen. He even went so far in his bravado as to walk into the midst of the Konclaves, held clandestinely in the woods near Mer Rouge and laugh in their very faces. Of course this riled the invisible brotherhood, and it gave Daniels to understand that he must desist and mend his ways or suffer death as a penalty, but he did not take heed.

But even an Invisible Empire must have some pretext to act. Daniels was within his rights in wandering through the woods, so long as he was not trespassing. He couldn't be handled for being violently opposed to

the Klan and for "innocently" walking into those mysterious gatherings. There was no pretext. One had to be invented. And it was. M, the ex-mayor who was also a physician, was returning from a call during the night. He was fired upon from ambush. Bullets pierced his car, but somehow he miraculously escaped to tell the tale. The Klan immediately directed suspicion toward Watt Daniels, but his innocence was asserted and later proved by investigation after his death. Things quieted down and nothing more was thought about the matter.

Some time in the latter part of August, 1922, a barbecue took place in Bastrop. All the country round about gathered there. Both Klansmen and anti-Klansmen were there to enjoy themselves. Watt Daniels, his father, and Richards were numbered among the latter element present. After the inevitable ball game, in the late summer afternoon, the folks began their homeward journey. A short distance out from Bastrop on the Monroe highway the visitors found themselves confronted with masked men armed with rifles. Every car was searched. Finally the desired car came along. It was "covered" by the armed men; and Daniels, his father, D, and X were hustled from the car and transferred to another which had been held ready for the purpose. This car sped away from the scene, the masked men disappeared, the highway was no longer obstructed. The last two of the above-mentioned reappeared that night. They had been released. Where they had been they knew not. Old man Daniels appeared the next day. He had been severely whipped for his alleged misdeeds and immoral conduct. Watt Daniels and Richards were never seen alive again. Their people hoped against hope, but in vain.

Richards, whose offenses seem to have been that he associated with and gambled with Daniels, left a wife and two children behind. After days of hopeful waiting, Mrs. Richards realized there had been foul play. She went to Baton Rouge, and made a personal appeal to the Governor. Governor Parker, however, was already on the job. He assured the widow that all the powers of the state were behind her. The executive hastened to Washington, and secured the assistance of several of the most astute men in the United States secret service. These men immediately went to work on the case. There was no doubt as to their efficiency. The one in charge had worked with marked success behind the German lines during the war. This man made it known when he came to Mer Rouge that he was working on the case, but nothing was said of subordinates. No one suspected that there were any. The Klan made its threats, but the chief agent went serenely about his business. His subordinates hired out as farm hands, sold books and aluminum, and worked as pulp mill hands. Some even became affiliated with the local Klan. They gathered their evidence, and reported to their chief, and he in turn kept Governor Parker posted.

At the psychological moment, about December 10, 1922, Captain C of Co. G, 156th Infantry, Monroe, Louisiana, was called to Baton Rouge. He left Monroe upon a supposed business trip, as he was under secret orders. When he was ushered into the Governor's office, the first question that the executive asked was "C are you a Klansman?" The captain's first impulse was to adhere to the oath of the Invisible Empire and answer no, but there was something in the Governor's look that deterred him. He faced Parker and said, "I am." His commander-in-chief then informed him that he knew it all the while. C was faced with two alternatives: immediate resignation from the Klan, or the state militia. He saw his duty, and wrote out his resignation to the Klan in the presence of the Governor. Upon his doing this Parker revealed to him a list bearing the name of every klansman in north Louisiana. On the list were the names of both lieutenants, several non-commissioned officers, and a few privates of G Company. Parker commanded C to move at once to Mer Rouge, but before so doing to demand the resignation of both lieutenants from the Klan and to leave all klan personnel of the company behind. The lieutenants followed the example of their captain and stood by the state that they were sworn to defend. The Klan was jubilant. They thought that C's resignation was a mere blind. He was going to reveal every step in order that it might clear the way. However it was to be sadly disappointed. The Company was assembled and moved immediately to Mer Rouge. Affairs were at a fever heat. Rumors were abroad that the truth was to be revealed shortly, Klansmen and anti-klansmen were in arms against one another. The main body of the Company was stationed in Mer Rouge, occupying a camp in the center of the town. The Klan established a look-out near at hand, reporting every movement. Three times a day the chief secret service agent, who had transferred his headquarters to the militia camp in order to co-operate with Captain C, received phone calls from unknown sources telling him to leave town or he would be carried away in a box. In each instance he replied that if they, whoever they might be, could make him do so, to crack their whip. Conditions were such that the guardsmen slept on their arms. Outposts were stationed immediately upon Lake Cooper, a shallow swamp, at a distance of about eight

miles from the main camp. It was known that the bodies were either in this lake or Lake Lafourche. Every inch of the former was to be searched by guardsmen wading in the shallow water at elbow's length before attention would be turned to the latter. These outposts were ordered to shoot any one coming near the lake who had no business there. A few nights before Christmas, —a bitter cold night it was, the guardsmen in overcoats and wrapped in blankets huddled about the fire, the sentinels pacing their solitary posts, shivering in the bitter cold, not knowing at what moment they might be confronted or shot down by some unknown foe,—a light was seen on the margin of the lake. It was called to the attention of Lieutenant P who was in command. The outposts opened fire with automatic rifles and small arms. One of the automatic rifles jammed. The fire was continued, and two runners were sent for the remainder of the company. The reinforcements arrived several hours later, but no trace of the source of the light could be found.

At about the same time that the light appeared at Lake Cooper a charge of dynamite was set off in Lake Lafourche about twelve miles from the outposts. Nothing was known of this until the next morning. At that time a farmer who lived nearby phoned Captain C that there were two bodies floating on the lake last mentioned. The captain hastened to the scene. The lake was put under guard. The bodies were in a frightful state of decomposition. They were removed from the water by slipping a sheet under them and lifting them out. The Klan's plan had worked wonderfully. There was only one slip. The dynamiters failed to remain to see the results of their work. The bodies had been dropped into Lake Lafourche beside a perpendicular bank in water measuring fifteen or twenty feet. Those who set off the charge placed it at the base of the bank in the hope that it would cause it to cave in and bury the gruesome evidence. But the charge that was to conceal loosed the bodies from the weights to which they had been attached, and they floated to the surface.

The bodies were absolutely identified by means of a belt buckle and a wrist watch. Experts were brought up from New Orleans. They examined every inch of flesh and bone, and they came to the conclusion that the mob had emasculated the two victims and crushed every bone in their bodies before life was extinct. The bones of each victim were crushed in almost an identical manner, and it is thought that it was done by means of some mechanical device. A diver was sent down to find the weight to which the bodies had been attached, but his attempt was futile. He bogged up to his arm-pits in the debris loosened from the side of the bank. This was the only link in the chain of facts that was missing, and it was unimportant.

An open hearing was held at Bastrop shortly after the bodies were recovered. The whole affair was reviewed, and witnesses called to testify to direct questions by the attorney general of the state. These facts were brought out by the open hearing or advanced by the secret service men:

1. That M or some one at his bequest stood off and fired the bullets into his car and then brought forward the myth that he had been fired upon.

2. That M left shortly after the affair for Baltimore to take a post-graduate course in medicine.

3. That Daniels (this according to defense witnesses whose details were slightly muddled) would have had to fire through several objects in order to hit M's car from the position it was stated that the shots were fired.

4. That certain of the principals when called to the stand were visibly agitated and pleaded with the presiding judge not to be forced to answer certain questions.

5. That several members of the mob (of klansmen) were recognized by their gait, speech, and general appearance.

6. That a tourist saw the bodies on their way to their watery grave, not suspecting what they were. The men on the car and the car were identified, the latter belonging to a preacher of the Mer Rouge vicinity.

7. That certain witnesses mysteriously disappeared to reappear after they were no longer needed.

The Star Chamber of justice, the grand jury of Morehouse Parish, was convened. Those men, sworn to do their duty to God, State, and Country, sat there in the face of such facts and failed to bring in true bills saying that there was insufficient evidence. This is explained by the fact that the majority of the jury wer klansmen *Klan then Kountry* was their motto and the minority were amoebas. Special indictments were brought through the attorney general's office, but in such instances only fines could be levied, which was done in some cases; but those requiring juries were dropped because the juries were intimidated. Parker, however, accomplished his purpose. He discredited the Hooded Order in Louisiana.

The Klan claims that it is innocent. Why did it not step in and help the governor to solve the mystery? It did everything in its power to hinder him. It continually spied upon the action of the militia, and threatened the secret service operators. After the bodies were found it concocted the tale that Parker had sent the bodies up from Tulane and had had them planted in Lake La-

(Continued on page 31)

Moon Studies

I

Moonlight—
Blue-cold
Breaking across the soft, warm blackness
Of the night,
Slants
On the slender whiteness
Of a girl
Kneeling
Before an imaged dream
Of youth;
Of courage
On a warrior horse;
Of truth
In eyes that flash
And then go tender
To the answering look
In upturned eyes;
Of love,
A great, sure flaming into words
That falter,
Fall
From lips
Approximate.
Moonlight
Falling on dreams
And
Emptiness.

II

Slowly
The pavement cools into twilight.
Above the gleam
Of the street-lamp
A star flickers,
Pale against the vastness
Of purpled mist,
Mocking the dinginess
Of tenement and street.
Below the gleam
A face,
Upturned to star and mist—
Great eyes which dream,
A mouth too young to mirror
All the eyes have known.
Then suddenly
The face, pale in the dimness
Sees its dreams
Crushed out
By bulkiness
Of flesh which sweats and presses close.
Two bodies mingle,
Hot lips catch
At lips which cling
And twist
And flay.

Dreams?
What of dreams!

R. H.

A Spiritual Experience

From a world of light
To a deep well of darkness,
A great horror of darkness.

From companionship with a Father
To loneliness in an infinite universe,
Infinite loneliness.

From life through all eternity
To the space twixt birth and death,
A flash in the dark.

From a purpose planned by God
To futility, emptiness, nothingness,
Hollow emptiness.

From tradition and superstition?
To the freedom of truth?
Perhaps.

H. R. F.

The Colleges and Advertising*

By W. J. Olive

The colleges have begun to advertise. It is characteristically American that these proverbially austere and conservative institutions are resorting to commercial methods. At first one may be at a loss to understand their motive in advertising since every student means a loss of a thousand dollars, more or less, to the state. Yet there are good reasons. Every additional student helps to make a "greater university"; and every official wants the factory in which he is a part to grow, whether it is a diploma factory or a cotton mill. Thus the college myth is kept alive, and every high school student learns that he must go to college to make a success. Even we students, having become parts of the system, strangle our consciences and advise our friends to come to the university.

It is quite conceivable, also, that one of their purposes in advertising is to increase the quality of the student body, by having a greater field for selection. Then there is the element of competition, each college trying to be bigger than the neighboring one. But by far the most important reason that colleges are advertising extensively is the fact that every student is a future alumnus.

However that may be, our revered old institutions are advertising in the most approved Pelmanistic methods. Every university advertises itself as a summer resort. "How are you going to spend your vacation? Come to summer school"—and so forth. All the provisions for a pleasant vacation are mentioned. Our favorite university has its own press bureau to keep its name before the people. And one of our professors is quoted by ye olde *Tar Heel* as saying, concerning his school, "Engineering is a good vacation for any young man." All of the progressive colleges are now advertising "a college education in your own home by correspondence courses."

Some of us conservatives have watched this tendency with genuine alarm. We may be old fashioned, but to us it seems that the spirit of sacred traditions is being violated. The dignified old college is an anachronism in an age of booming industry. The effect of an age of jazz and commercialism is becoming too obvious when its footprints appear on such sacred ground. We expect to open a magazine in a few years and find something like the following:

UNKNOWN at SIXTEEN! —— SUCCESS at SIXTY!
That is the remarkable story of one of our graduates. What will *YOU* be when *YOU* are old?—A leader in your community, admired by all for your superior knowledge, with a salary of from $2,000 to $5,000 yearly, or will you be an ignorant workman, known by nobody, and working for $25 a day? With a college education you can conquer the world. Our rural social economics department has compiled statistics showing that a year spent in college is worth $103,000. And it costs you less than $1,000 a year!

FREE!!!
catalog upon request.
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Endorsed by the greatest men, including Woodrow Wilson, Chas. W. Eliot, H. W. Chase, etc.
Congenial home atmosphere, with motherly chapel talks to freshmen given daily by Dean Bradley Shaw.
(NOTE: Send for special free particulars concerning correspondence courses, radio extension courses, phonograph records of professors' lectures, etc. *CREDIT GIVEN)*

Unless you have kept abreast of the times, you may perhaps be shocked by such an advertisement. But you will find that it is "being done." Of course there will be others featuring other advantages. For example, you may pick up another magazine, dated October, 1930, and find one like this:

LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE IN HALF THE USUAL TIME!!
by new method of teaching used at the University of North Carolina. Other courses equally valuable. We offer a complete college education, including athletics, for the astoundingly low price of $3750—less than you pay for your Ford airplane. Easy terms. *10% off for cash.*
NOTE: We have 1000 girls enrolled.

This, of course, will be inserted in a boys' magazine.

But the most interesting phase will be the university catalog. Then it will be a catalog in the real Sears-Roebuck sense of the word. The cover will be bright red, with a picture of our new power plant, showing black smoke rising in great puffs; or perhaps both front and back will show our wonder football team in action. You will open it at random and find on the page confronting you:

* Note: Since the writing of this article we have noticed a news item announcing that Tulane University has released a moving picture showing Tulane as "The South's Greatest University." Look out, Carolina—even H. L. Mencken can't compete with the movies.

TWO YOUNG MEN — EQUALLY GOOD LOOKING — EQUALLY WELL DRESSED

Why is one sought at all social occasions, while the other is ostracised? Why is one asked to stay, while the other stammers out good-by? Is your conversation entertaining? I can teach you to use *forceful, masterly* English. Make your words count! ! !

Take—

ENGLISH 21

Of course the psychology department will have its section. It will be headed with something like the following:

DO YOU VIBRATE?
HAVE YOU THE KEY TO PERSONALITY?

Have you the power of making others like you? Are you successful in love? Is your personality compelling? Psychology can make a new man out of you. Money back if not satisfied.

This will introduce the psychology section of the catalog, but individual courses will have different advertisements. Of these the first will be:

HOW I IMPROVED MY MEMORY IN ONE QUARTER! ! !

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones!

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims, of Seattle. If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Borroughs, the sophomore, introduced me to you at the freshman smoker two years ago last October. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day."

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded lobby of the Pickwick Theatre—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in," even in the Pickwick.

"He is David M. Rot, the famous Psychology professor," said my friend Culpepper. He will show you a lot more wonderful things before the evening is over."

And he did.

When I met Mr. Rot again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember. You can do this just as easily as I do. My own memory was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. Mr. Jones, I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one quarter."

And he did.

(NOTE: This amazing experience is here told by one of Mr. Rot's former students. Take the Rot Memory Course offered in Psychology 13.)

By this time you are thoroughly interested. You will turn through the pages of the catalog, reading each page. Something will perhaps seem vaguely familiar in this advertisement:

EVEN HIS BEST FRIENDS NEVER TOLD HIM

He had always been popular with girls. Thousands of times he had avoided them, but they always pursued him. None of his friends would tell him a way to get rid of this annoyance. Then he happened to take Chemistry 1 and found out that there is a chemical way of making artificial halitosis. Since then he has not been bothered with girls, and he writes that halitosis keeps them away successfully, thanks to Chemistry 1.

TAKE CHEMISTRY 1. Lab Fee, $30.00.

In another section of this interesting catalog, another important "tip" will appear:

Are You Fit to Marry?

JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY
devoted to Dr. Lawson's Gym will keep you fit.
ARE YOU A WEAKLING? ARE YOU FIT TO PLAY FOOTBALL? REGISTER TODAY AT THE BYNUM GYMNASIUM

Dr. Bernard will advertise his art courses with the well-known slogan: "What's Wrong With This Picture?" The Geology Department will advertise—"As Strong as the Rock of Gibraltar." But there is no use to multiply examples. We have seen enough.

WRITTEN ON AN EIGHT-THIRTY MATH CLASS

Gentle Morpheus, I would dwell with thee—
While countless suns should set—
E'en through time and space and eternity—
To sleep and rest and forget.

J. N. R.

On Writing a True Story

My chum, friend and roomie was reading. I stared in surprise, for Elise realized too fully the advantages of a college to waste time in reading very often.

"What," I cried, finally allowing my amazement to find expression. "What am I suffering from? Hallucinations? Do my senses play me false, or is it true that I behold the fair Elise wasting the light of her glorious eyes, those mockers of the stars, upon dull print?"

"Oh, choke yourself," was her polite rejoinder, "I'm occupied. Say, listen, why can't those dumb teachers give us something good like this instead of apple-sauce like Willie Shakespeare's? This, now, is what I call good. This is *real* life."

Reader, my state of being upon hearing Elise's praise of any printed matter, threatened to be a parallel to that of a very young kitten, unexpectedly dropped into a bed of catnip.

"Ah, and what rare gem of the ages has aroused our 'severest critic' to such praise?" I faltered, looking for a place to fall. "Umph? You sound like a tire leaking, even if you are so flat. But, say, this *True Story Magazine* is the berries."

I let myself sink sectionally among the cleared spaces of the window-sill, and, from among the cookers, curling-irons, and candy boxes there, gazed in wonder and admiration at the back of the favored magazine. True, if the inside revealed as much of real nature as the pictured blond beauty without, it justified my friend's declaration of its truthfulness. Her continued enrapturement inspired me to this great work of investigating into the way of writing a true story. The fact that she, truly representative of the high products of American culture and higher education, had at last found something in literature which interested her was important. Think of the thousands like her who needed the inspiration and entertainment of such literature! To meet the demand, clearly, every one interested in the arts should have instruction as to how to write it. Here, undoubtedly, was my life work. This investigation must be my contribution to the advancement of American letters. The result of this investigation, inspired by such noble and altruistic purposes, I am about to give you, though I realize how unworthy a treatment this, of so important a subject.

In the first place, a thorough study of several true story magazines showed me that only a few fortunate individuals could ever hope to write real true stories. Not only must one hoping for such an honor have experiences stronger than fiction, but that one must also have qualities of mind and character that even modern civilization has not given to all. The most important of these qualities I found to be innocence so unearthly, ignorance so primitive, trust so absolute in all humanity, crowned by an imbecility so complete, as to leave one gasping in awe. While the average college student gets the experience, and is gifted with natural imbecility, still it is almost an impossible feat to remain in the required state of trusting ignorance.

Besides these necessities of mind and character, there are physical qualifications which are of advantage. In the first place, a female of the species has an advantage over a mere male. This may be because of the generally spread myth that the woman is more innocent, ignorant, and trusting, and also that she can get into more and worse trouble to warn others from, than the man. Whether the writer be of the fair or un-fair sex however, he or she must be ravingly, distractingly, unbelievably handsome, and fatally fascinating. These physical qualities with an appreciation and frankness about them, are of great advantage to our author.

Now for the story. First the authoress must tell how good, charming and innocent she was, then how through this trusting ignorance, she (supposing the writer a woman), was betrayed into a first, fatal mistake. The favorite first, fatal mistake is one of love, though the theme may be varied to drink or theft occasionally. This first fatal mistake is accompanied by a chaotic mixture of tears, moonlight, moon-shine, slick black hair, smart cars, rich villians, pink silk lingerie, heaving bosoms, swimming eyes (whether in tears, wine, or water, I cannot say), and agony.

For the second part of a true story, one takes a mixture of pursuing villains, deep dark secrets, cruel society, tears, deep dark secrets, a race or two, virtue, the true love of a poor, poor person, and deep dark secrets. The more villains the merrier, one may also vary the standard race between two cars to a glorious one between trains, cars, flying machines, boats, flying fish or ant-eaters, if wished. The deep dark secrets may be served generously, too; one may give them to the millionaire villain as well as to the heroine, if there are enough to go around. Tears are sprinkled everywhere.

(Continued on page 24)

*EDITOR'S NOTE: It may interest the reader to know that the author of this has written a true story, according to the formula herein prescribed, in compensation for which, from a true story publisher, she received fifty Men of Iron.

Willie Gets Drunk

By JUNIUS H. COOPER

WILLIE WALTERS had decided to get drunk. He had to celebrate, and getting drunk was the accepted method of celebrating. Willie had noticed the pleasure with which the other boys had their little parties, and he had looked forward to the time when he would join them. Willie had always been a good boy. He had promised his father when he first went off to college that he would not imbibe any spiritous or intoxicating liquors until he had safely completed the four years curriculum, and he had religiously kept his promise in spite of numerous invitations of his fellow-students to partake with them. But now the four years were over. Willie had passed with a safe margin the last of his examinations, and the only thing that remained was for him to sit through a series of long, boring speeches and be presented with a sheepskin. And tonight Willie was going to celebrate. The thought of getting drunk thrilled him, and he longed for the hour to come when his senses would be carried away by this strange and new sensation. The day before, Willie had made known his resolution to a group of boys standing in front of the drug store. They had laughed, called him a good sport and a jolly fellow, and promised to be on hand to see the act well performed.

Unknown to Willie and unnoticed by the other boys, Roscoe Whilby was loitering on the edge of the crowd at the drug store, and had heard Willie's declaration. Roscoe was a member of the student council and he was not particularly friendly to Willie. He and Willie had been rivals for the hand of Julia Hamilton. Willie had been the favored suitor, and Julia had promised to marry him as soon as he graduated, but Julia had put particular stress on that word "graduate." If he could only prevent Willie from graduating, Julia might reverse her choice.

II

The evening shadows were lengthening across the college campus. Willie Walters was sitting in his room watching the alarm clock. At length the hands indicated seven o'clock. Willie's great hour had come. He went across the room, took out of his trunk a pint bottle labelled "Peach Brandy" which for months he had kept safely for this memorable occasion. Willie had chosen peach brandy for his celebration because he liked the name. It sounded so much more elegant than corn liquor. Yes, elegant, refined, romantic; that was the word, romantic! It almost reminded him of Julia. He thought about how he would feel when the Governor delivered him his diploma. Julia would be there to see him graduate, of course, and he smiled as he thought how proud she would be of him. She would probably want to jump up on the platform and kiss him before all the people. But that would be too undignified. He must not let her do it, he thought.

While these reflections were passing through his mind, Willie had been rinsing out a glass. He took the stopper out of the bottle and poured the glass full of the sparkling liquid. He then put the cork back in the bottle, picked up the glass, and holding it in front of him, recited the following words:

> To you, Julia, and to our love divine
> I drink this spirituous wine.
> I don't know what the effect will be,
> But mighty soon I'm going to see.

Willie had composed this several weeks before, and he thought it a very fitting toast for this occasion. It expressed not only his love for Julia, but also his anticipation of experiencing this new sensation. After reciting this toast with as much histrionic form as he could muster, Willie put the glass to his mouth and swallowed the contents in one gulp. The taste was far from agreeable. Willie made a wry face, put a mint in his mouth, and sat down to feel the wonderful effects of getting drunk.

III

An hour later when Harry Jackson, Willie's roommate, came in, he found Willie in a most pitiable condition. Willie was on the bed, but he could not be described as lying on it. His position would have made an expert contortionist writhe with envy. It was easily discernable that Willie was in pain.

"For God's sake," wailed Willie, "get the doctor. I'm dying."

"You don't need any doctor," replied Harry. "What you need is the Keeley Cure. Are the snakes after you?"

"Don't act like a fool," cried Willie. "I'm sick, I tell you. Can't you do something?"

"Well!" said Harry in astonishment, "I've seen alcohol affect people in many different ways, but I've never seen it affect 'em like this before. I'll give you

a drink of warm water. That'll make you come around all right."

While Harry was preparing this simple antidote, Roscoe dropped in casually; asked Harry something about an examination; cast a glance through the corner of his eye at Willie's dejected appearance, and started out. As he passed by the dresser, his eye fell upon a half-empty bottle bearing the inscription "Peach Brandy." He slipped it under his coat as he went by.

Willie was too miserable to take any note of whether Roscoe had even seen him or not, and at that time he didn't much care if he had. The only thing that mattered to him was his present physical condition. However, after drinking several glasses of hot water, Willie felt better, and Harry helped him to bed.

"Harry," said Willie in a tone of subdued disgust, "would you mind explaining to me exactly wherein lies the exquisite pleasure of inebriation? I seem to have missed it somewhat. I don't think I ever spent a more miserable hour."

"I told you to try some good old corn instead of fooling around with that old brandy. I never did have much faith in brandy anyway. Maybe you drank too much at one time."

"I don't know what the trouble was, but I don't think I'll try getting drunk for pleasure again very soon. You boys can pull your parties if you want to, but leave me out. I'm through."

IV

DEAR MR. WALTERS:

It has been reported to the Student Council that you were drunk last night at eight o'clock. Drunkenness is strictly prohibited, and you will please report to the Council rooms tonight at eight-thirty to answer this charge.

Yours very truly,

ROLAND HARRINGTON,

President of the Council.

This is what greeted Willie when he called at the post office the next day for his mail. "Damn that Roscoe Quilby!" he thought. "I knew he'd cut my throat if he ever got the chance, and he's got it now. That's luck for you. I'll probably get shipped for suffering two wretched hours."

Willie spent a doleful afternoon, and that night at eight-thirty he presented himself for trial. Roscoe Quilby led the prosecution.

"I dropped by Harry Jackson's room last night at eight o'clock," began Roscoe, "to find out about an examination. Mr. Walters was doubled up on the bed, seemingly in a very drunken state." Here Willie slouched down a little in his seat and tried to think what his father would say when he came home without a diploma.

Roscoe continued, "I heard Mr. Walters the day before declare that he had the intention of getting drunk, and I have no doubt whatever that he was intoxicated." Roscoe put his hand in his pocket and, with a triumphant gesture, drew forth a bottle containing some brownish fluid. He looked over at Willie and smiled at him sneeringly as he thought of Willie's chances for graduating. Then he began again: "All the evidence that I have submitted thus far is pure speculation. Of course I cannot tell by one look whether or not a person is drunk, but I have here the concrete proof." Willie crouched a little lower and began to wonder if it would not be more advisable for him not to go home at all. Perhaps if he went far away to South America, Africa, or maybe California, and make good, he could live down the disgrace and be forgiven by his father. He might come back rich. Yes, that's just what he would do; he would disappear and go where no one knew him. He even smiled as he thought how his picture would look gracing the front page of his home paper, with the subtitle, "Promising young son of R. L. Walters disappears. William Walters, member of senior class of Rockingham College, drops out of sight on day before graduation. No clue to his whereabouts."

Willie was awakened from his reverie by the monotonous words of Roscoe: "Here is a bottle of peach brandy which I picked up in Mr. Walters' room last night and brought along as evidence. Mr. Walters, may I ask if this is your property?"

Willie saw at once the uselessness of trying to evade the question. Besides, he had already resigned himself to his fate. He admitted frankly that the bottle was his and that he had drunk the part not displayed as evidence against him.

Roscoe, having finished his declaration, delivered the evidence to the other members of the council. It was passed from one to the other, each one examining the label and scrutinizing the contents of the bottle closely. The last man to whom it came was more than an amateur in matters of alcoholic beverages. He removed the stopper from the bottle to breathe in the pleasing odor which his membership on the Student Council prevented him from inhaling often. He put the bottle to his nose, but removed it instantly.

"Brandy! you say this is? Peach brandy? Why it's nothing in the world but vinegar."

Romances

By Clarence E. Miller

"To live is to dream with the present ever awaiting the awakening."

From *The Sayings of the Fool*

I

A schooner, heavily loaded, with a list to the starboard, its rails awash, its seams sprung and leaking in many places, is slowly forging its way through a mountainous sea. Roller after roller crashes over the bow and runs the length of the ship, scouring the decks which have already been washed clean of movable gearing. The brunt of the storm has passed and it is a certainty that port will be safely made in spite of the adverse elements. The captain has turned over the wheel, to which he lashed himself during the height of the hurricane, to his quartermaster, and is now walking with sure, firm strides the afterdeck, content and happy as a man who has done his best in a fight with the worst and has triumphed. His crew trust him and their trust has been well founded. Already the wind is shifting to the quarter that will send the gallant bark scudding home to the port where the wife and little ones are longingly waiting. No bark or ship had ever such a captain. Not a sign of a whisker on his face; no sharp-edged razor has touched his healthy skin. See how young he is. Barely twelve in years; but old in dreams and adventure.

* * *

Bareheaded, barelegged, in short pants, protected against the rage of the storm by a patched blue sweater, he is a picture of health as he guides his gallant bark by the aid of a string up the rippling, muddy stream that flows swiftly along the gutter of the city street on which he lives.

II

A poet sat busy at his work. His soul in the Land of Rhyme. Pretty thoughts flowed through his body to the pencil in his hand, and there were engraved in lead upon a sheet of white. The music of the birds, the thoughts of the fairies, the colours of the clouds at sunset, all found their way to the paper lying on the desk before him. In tune with Nature, forgetting the drab of the world, he lived with his Muses and God. No misery and sufferings could there be found in his pretty writings; naught there but joy and happiness. Living in Make-believe Land, the poet is truly a man to be envied.

* * *

Honk! Honk! 'Twas not the song of the flying geese, passing north or south, that brought the poet from out the clouds. "Hey, Mac! Get a boost on and open the gate!" was the cry of the truck driver outside.

Slowly the poet arose, his face flushed by the action of an abnormal heart, his joints creaking and hurting through the sieges of a rheumatic disease. Slowly he left his writing, so dear to his heart, and went outside to open wearily the huge mill gate. At the mill, he was known as the Tender of the Gate; but he lived in his dreams as the Poet of the Gate.

III

Close by a farmhouse, white and trim, trying to hide beneath the sheltering branches of huge elms which spread like leafy parasols over the red roof, stood a barn, likewise trim and white, which was gradually being filled with new dried hay. A wholesome, sweet and clean atmosphere surrounded the whole farm. Out of the open door of the barn came the musical laughter of carefree children. They were playing the game that brings the greatest pleasure to a child's happy existence, the game of "show-acting." The audience, a group of children, sat at one end of the barn, spellbound by the fantastic dancing of a little maid, comely and lithe, and slightly older than her companions. Soon, with a graceful bow, the dance was finished and the little circle responded with heart-felt applause. And then the show was over. The merry group broke up and all but the pretty youngster who had danced ran out of the barn and down into the sunlit fields. Left alone, thrilled and happy at the sincere applause she had received, she flung herself upon a pile of soft, sweet hay that was piled before the open door, and with dreamy eyes, she looked out through the wide doorway that served as the proscenium for the scene set by the Master Stage-Manager. There upon such a stage, beneath the orchard trees, heavy with ripening fruit, she saw herself, the idol of the people, dancing and singing her way into the hearts of a pleasure-loving public. The day was sure to come

when she would leave the quiet farm and go to the city —the glorious City of Opportunity. There to be a dancer, and a singer. Ah, the words had thrilled her then!

* * *

"Here, you, you'd better move out of here and get where you belong." It was the voice of the underfed, prosaic doorkeeper of the Lyric Theatre that brought her out of the Land of Goneby Days. It was his heavy hand upon her shoulder that had smashed the dream bubbles supporting her castles. "How many times do you hav'to be told? Do you want me to hav'to run you in?"

The woman looked up startled. Go where she belonged? Why, the theater was her Land of Heart Desires. Then she slowly comprehended, and quietly arose from the bench where she had been sitting just inside of the stage door. In a daze, she pushed open the door and as she passed out into the unfriendly street, flooded by the warm, bright light of the sun, she heard behind her the unfeeling voice say, "And don't you be coming back; we don't want bums hanging around here."

IV

The closing movement of a new symphony of the New and the Old World, was being played by the greatest orchestra in the country. It was a glorious piece of music. One that caught your heart and soul with its opening strains and then tortured them deliciously. The oboes had wailed the laments of the ancients, the violins had sung of happy, dancing people; while the sounds of the anvils and of the industries, which had forged the civilization of man, had been sounded by the thrumming of the bass viols, by the throbbing of the wood winds, and by the blaring notes of the brasses. There was the laughter of growing youth from the sweet and mellow flutes and the piccolos sang the songs of the birds. The first movement, the beginning and the struggle of the races, was solemn and majestic and gave way to the merry, lyrical music of the second movement, in which one was carried back to the colorful days of the middle ages. The third movement, increasing in tempo, symbolic of the present scurrying age, was a quarrel of light and carefree jazz and the music of the past and the future. Thrilling runs of crashing, soft harmonics, keyed in minors, absorbed the wild touches of jazz, to close in a movement that gave hope and assurance to the lover of the beautiful in music. Then dying away like a breeze of the summer, the music ended, and the composer who had been conducting the symphony turned slowly towards his listeners. His eyes were dreamy and his face was alight; he was still in the Land of Harmony. A pin would have dropped with a boom in the silence that followed the last note, for the audience, too, was still in the Land of Music whither it had been transported. Then, crashing like thunder, came the applause, wild and clamourous. Many of the people, gathered there, jumped to their feet, shouting again and again, "Bravo! Bravo!" Many of the people, there gathered, sat quietly in their seats, charmed silent by the music they had heard. Then from out of the noisy auditorium, there spoke a calm, soft voice bringing the composer out of his dreams. Startled, he looked in a daze toward the speaker.

"I beg your pardon, Judge Brown. I am sorry to have disturbed your nap, but the jury has reached a decision and are ready to return to the courtroom." With a sigh for the lost ambitions of his youth, the Judge rose and passed into the court where a man was on trial for a murder.

On Writing A True Story

(Continued from page 20)

But in the last part of our story—here is where the true story writer has a chance! Here the heroine confesses anything or everything, it does not matter, and feels that a great kind-hearted policeman above heeds her. This policeman then reveals the deep dark secrets of her tormentors to the world. He kills off all the unfortunates who stand between the still beautiful heroine and her poor lover. Then, presto! the poor lover becomes rich. The last deep dark secret is solved, and a swoon into each other's arms brings to the end this highest type of real story.

These are the essentials of that great American product, the true story. The way in which they are stirred together must, of course, depend upon the taste of the writer, so allowing for the charm of individual style and temperament. I hope this unworthy treatment of so great a subject may inspire many college students to high endeavor. No other group of individuals in America are so perfectly fitted by mental qualities, taste, and experiences, I am sure, for this great work of entertaining our best people by noble writing.

North Carolina Literature

(Continued from page 7)

with the original sources of information than any one who has ever written on the question of Mr. Lincoln's origin, and the only man who knows the name of Nancy Hanks' father. A Buncombe County, North Carolina, Tradition." The sparkling style draws the attention of the reader at once. On being told by a book-seller of another book on the same subject, the author reports the following:

"Well," said I, "just hold your horses now and let me, a third cousin of this great 'Rail-splitter,' tell you a few things before I know anything about what is in the book."

And when I had told him that a great-uncle of mine was the real father of Lincoln; that he was born in the mountains of North Carolina, and that another great-uncle of mine, a playmate of Nancy Hanks, had told me the full story, not from hear-say, but from his own personal knowledge, he reached up, and taking down a copy of the book, said, "Well, you certainly know all about it, and I will present you a copy of the book."

Thus are North Carolina's traditions kept alive.

Two items I have saved for the last, for I feel that they are due a special amount of attention. The first is Mrs. A. M. P.'s diary.

This lady was a resident of Raleigh until her death a few years ago. As she grew old it occurred to her that if she should print her diary it would be a very nice thing to give to her relations and friends for a Christmas present. So she did, in spite of all her son's protests. The book caused quite a sensation around the town, but there was nothing that could be done about it.

When she died, however, her son, not realizing that she was a North Carolina Pepys, gathered in all the copies she had given away and burnt them. But fate was too much for him. The one he has is not the only one in existence for the printer had made one copy too many and this extra copy had been got from him by a gentleman of the town who was interested in all sorts of Caroliniana.

The following extracts, therefore, are from the second of the two remaining copies.

(These extracts run from 1890 to 1910 approximately, but the entries are not all dated.)

(p. 144) Mrs. McGhee took no stock in me at all and scarcely spoke, but her husband was quite a pleasant old gent and I enjoyed his ghost talks hugely. We used to exchange our experiences and legends. I was persuaded while there to try molasses and salt on my knees; a poultice put in a bag and tied around them. It did no good, as I had forseen, but a Quaker insisted on my trying it; said that he had cured Cleveland by this simple remedy and had received a letter from Lamont expressing his thanks.

(p. 152) First Visit to Cleveland Springs. I left home on the 15th of July for this place, with my maid, leaving in the early morning at two. I remained five weeks; was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Capehart. I was much pleased with my visit and I hope made a good impression upon the visitors, but was disappointed in the water, as it did not agree with me. I met a young lady from Monroe, who was quite lively, accommodating, good natured, etc. Her religious scruples prevented her from dancing, but not from wearing a low neck dress, very low. I twitted her about it. Her reply was: "You might look down to my navel, but you wouldn't find anything, for there's nothing to see." She said this in pure innocence.

(p. 160) (On board a boat) I walked in on them, remarking that that crowd at least seemed unaffected. Mrs. Kenan said, "Yes, I am behaving beautifully; I haven't—" Here she gave a yell and had to be carried to the railing for relief. The ladies and gentlemen were so much affected by the motion of the water that they had frequent need of the closet, which was in the lower part of the vessel. Governor Vance got down there and on coming back fell across the steps, yelling and moaning with all his strength. Some one tried to get him up, telling him that the ladies were anxious to get to the closet. "Tell the ladies to step over me," he replied. "If I see anything I'll never live to tell it." The Governor always denies this.

(p. 168) . . . I was invited to a party at Mrs. Margaret Little's, otherwise called Peggy. It was a hen party. A hen was drawn on one corner of a card and the word hen was written out twelve times. The one who could write the most words

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ending in hen got the prize, which was a sofa pillow. Mrs. Stronach got the first, I the second prize, which was a little pullet, with a red ribbon around its neck; it got sick and died. We had beautiful refreshments, and I don't know when I had ever been more kindly treated or had a pleasanter evening.

(p. 170) (in a sanatorium) I was never treated with so much kindness or showed so many little attentions. People wondered at my flow of spirits and cheerfulness under suffering. The two doctors Jackson said several nice things about me and I was called the "Pet of the Sanatorium," the "wittiest and most interesting woman in the Sanatorium," and was from North Carolina.

(p. 171) Of course, we had some Bostonians there. I got so tired of hearing about the Hub, that one evening, as we were all sitting around the fire, I startled them by asking them to please "tell me where Boston was?"

I wonder why he burnt them?*

In my search for curiosities a small magazine was handed me. On its cover we read:

POETIC THRILLS
THE POETS' FOLIO

A Journal of Verse With National Scope and International Hope.

THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

November, December, 1925
January, 1926

A Quarterly Review, Comment, Criticism and Expression for Poets and Poetics, with Hope of Creating a Poetry Market

Turning the cover we find these advertisements:

FOR MSS. OF HIGH CLASS POETRY arranged for book publications; single poems, long or short; stage plays, scenarios, historical sketches, editorials on unlimited subjects, songs, music, oratories, oil paintings of landscapes, family crests, pen, pencil or crayon illustrating; cartooning, short stories, geneology, and biography, apply to composer and artist, Gertrude Perry West, 216 S. Mulberry St., Chillicothe, Ohio. We specialize on poems and songs; editorials, geneology, painting and drawing family crests. We criticise and type poems correctly. Three short, or one long poem, criticized and typed for $1.00. Same free to subscribers.

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SONG, "BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF DELIGHT," an American song hit, by Gertrude Perry West. Published by The Broadway Publishing Co., 2639 E. 69th Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Price, 20c, postpaid, per copy. Special prices to Music Dealers. Autographed copies $1.00 from composer.

Patronize "CATHARINE'S BEAUTY PARLOR," for goodlooks. 140 Center street, Keyser, West Va., Mrs. Jack Douglas Arnold, Prop.

The editor of the magazine is seen in this paragraph:

"THE MANUSCRIPT OF FAME"

"'TEEN DAYS, The Love to a First Sweetheart," the poem that brought recognition to Gertrude Perry West, for a place in the National Hall of Fame, at Washington, D. C., making her the most "distinguished American Citizen, as well as poet," is a fantasy of sixty-nine stanzas, arranged for publication in book form; profusely illustrated by the author-artist. This poem has never been published in its entirety. Who will be the charter publisher? Ask the publisher with an eye to a gold mine. Who will be the first publisher to communicate with the author with a view to publishing this most famous poem, by the "only North Carolinian ever nominated to the National Hall of Fame, and the ONLY LIVING AMERICAN CITIZEN?" Publishers, wake up! And, there are OTHERS, TOO; POEMS, of course. Will commence serially in our second number of Poetic Thrills.

We find this on the title page:

Gertrude Perry West, Poet Laureate of North Carolina; Appointee to place in National Hall of Fame, Washington, D. C., Editor-in-Chief and director of policies.

Unfortunately, this business of titles reminds us of a little poem by Raymond Browning in his *After Study Meditations:*

THE POET LAUREATE

A tigress wild named Laurie
Departed from the Zoo;
She wandered through the country;
A poet walked there too.

When Laurie was recaptured
Shoe-strings hung on her claws
And ragged strips of breeches
Were trailing from her jaws.

The people missed their poet
But 'twas a lucky fate
For he became thereafter
The poet laureate.

This is part of an editorial:

We are searching for the "gems;" the "Buds that bloom to blush unseen," unless rescued from "Grey's Churchyard" by a medium such as we intend for Poetic Thrills. They are obscure and unknown, not for lack of merit, but because of discrimination from the ESTABLISHED magazines. You do not have to be on our staff to be recognized in Poetic Thrills. The most humble will find expression in our pages, if a versifier. You

* EDITOR'S NOTE: The Editor has deleted from this article (from fear of shocking the Editor of *The Tar Heel*) certain passages quoted from this diary which leave no doubt whatever in his mind as to why the lady's son collected all the copies he could and burnt them. The dear old lady's diary was that of a human being and therefore exceedingly improper.

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only have to be a SUBSCRIBER, at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR to be recognized in our pages, and find expression. But, your poems will not be paid for UNTIL YOU HAVE CREATED A MARKET for your poems with your INFLUENCE and SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The following authors are represented in this issue of *Poetic Thrills* in the order named:

King David, or Hebrew Poet.
Gertrude Perry West.
Dolores Estha Russ.
Elizabeth Davis Richards.
Louise Savage Clark.
William Makepeace Thackeray.
Rudyard Kipling. (*Recessional*, labeled Episcopal Hymnal.)
The Marsellaise
Samuel Francis Smith (My country 'tis of thee . . .)
Robert Burns.
Lord Tennyson (Exchange)
William Hamilton Hayne.
Clyde Robe Meredith.
Sir Walter Scott.
Gertrude Perry West.
Eugenie du Maurier.
William James Price.
Gertrude Perry West.
Gertrude Perry West.

Mrs. West's poetry deserves to be mentioned. She may be said to be a native daughter just as Mr. Coggins is a native son. Here's how she shows her love for the dear old state:

Here's to the county where the sun doth shine
Brightest on the sand-hill pine;
Here's to the county of ham and corn;
Progressive Bladen, where I was born!

Here's to Wilmington, the City by the Sea;
Here's to the city that's good enough for me;
Here's to the heroes of the city, of the past;
For the old town we'll hollow till the last!
'Till the last!

A NATIVE SON OF CAROLINA

A shallow river had wound its way
Among the dales and hills * * * *
When a well-known statesman came one day,
And built upon it mills. * * * *
He worked with care and dammed it up;
Electric pumps installed * * * *
That idle men might find work
In the greatest state of all.

The dam he built across the stream
In Summer never dried; * * * *
It started hundreds of spindles
In his factories, beside.

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He built new railroads and new towns:
Hospitals and schools gave funds;
He made no difference in the creeds,
Nor where the need begun.

Who is this Angel of Mercy?
This Power Behind the Throne?
It is native son, James B. Duke,
But this you soon would have known,
For with his hydraulic pumps—
This you'll know very soon—
The whole 'dammed" state is humming!
Is now on a prosperous boom!

I had intended making some general comment on this amazing periodical as a whole, but I give it up—you can see for yourself what a work Gertrude Perry West is doing and how well she is doing it.

This does not by any means exhaust the possibilities of North Carolina's literature, but it does give an indication of some of the things one can find in it by going through the books and papers in the Carolina room at the Library. And, we might add, as indicated by *Poetic Thrills,* the literature of North Carolina is constantly growing.

* * * *

Editorial Note:

In *The Tar Heel* for February 18, we have unmistakable evidence that one article in THE MAGAZINE this year has been rather thoroughly read. This is extremely encouraging. But since the Editor revised Mr. Vik's article to some extent, he possibly is responsible for the "sundry small matters of punctuation and arrangement of phrases in Mr. Vik's article." If Mr. A. B. S. Grad will kindly drop around to our office and help read proof, or give us the absolute on punctuation and phrasing, we shall be very grateful to him.

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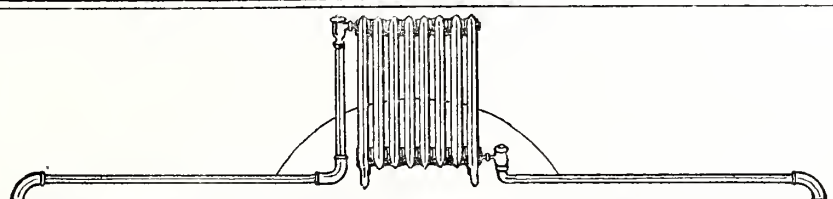

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Alone

(Continued from page 10)

haven of his room. At first the kitten, which was a scrawny mite with dirty yellow fur, dashed under the bed and spat at more or less regular intervals. Soon the intriguing odor of mashed sardines and bread lured it forth and as it wolfed the food Jason stroked it cautiously with his knotted fingers. When comfortably filled it toppled over and submitted graciously to any caresses that its new master chose to give. Jason was delighted. He traced every move the lucky orphan made with a proud, fatherly eye. Once it strayed to the far side of the room and he was quite surprised to hear himself call, "Come back, Peggy." A certain girl with ash blond hair had been named Peggy. He refrained from interfering with the kitten in any way. Sitting quietly in a lop-sided chair he experienced a deep joy in seeing the happy living thing in the same room with him. His lonesome soul drifted down and shared in the queer, pointless games that the now sprightly animal was having with the rag rug and the empty spool which it had looted from some obscure hiding place. Two hours later he arranged a heap of old clothes by the window to form a passable bed for the kitten and snuffed out the lamp. He went to sleep almost at once—calmed by a keen feeling of exaltation. He was no longer alone.

Peggy, the vagabond kitten, made the best of her changed surroundings and fluffed out into a golden ball of playfulness. Old Jason worshipped her. Evenings once sorrow laden and unending were transmuted wonderfully by the simple magic of companionship. Jason sat like a weather-beaten statue, pointed chin in fist, eyes gleaming with intense enjoyment. Peggy raced around the room in bewildering arcs, a fuzzy miniature cyclone playing enthusiastic havoc with anything that blocked her path. When she paused momentarily to rub an insinuating skull against the old man's eagerly outstretched palm, he chuckled with the complacence of one who has been granted a supreme favor. All his longing for friends found an outlet in the solicitous care he took of the kitten. He had craved a companion and the worthless bit of flesh and fur satisfied the desire. She could not talk, but she was a splendid listener. For hours at a time Jason drawled out interminable stories of strawberry festivals and elm-shaded roads and stirring battles. Gentlemen bowed, swords flashed, groups of comrades drank deeply of garnet wine, hoop skirts swirled entrancingly, cannon roared over devastated plantations—the yellow kitten dozed with its tail curled around its paws. Wonderful nights!

Jason returned from his rounds one sultry Saturday and noticed several children gathered on the brick walk at the side of the house, gesticulating, babbling excitedly. Having suffered rebuffs from them before he proceeded unobtrusively toward the door. One boy spied him and flashed in his direction. His face twitched with morbid delight, his mouth framed frantic words. "Say, mister! A cat fell out of your winder and an auto busted him all to pieces." The rest of the juvenile investigators spread reluctantly apart and Jason caught a glimpse of a limp, golden body flattened out in a splash of blood. Hours later he found himself sobbing on the floor of his room; he was unable to recall how he got there. A can of condensed milk had rolled from his pocket. He had bought it for Peggy—softly he whispered her name. Then memory showed him the tiny, crushed corpse in the alleyway. His soul went mad. Digging his nails into the carpet, he fought for sanity.

Days of blankness through which he staggered like a disembodied wraith, outwardly living, inwardly dead. Nights during which sleep eluded him and a beast in the form of a word tore at him as he prayed for light to come. Alone, alone, alone. Of these nights an idea was born. He reasoned desperately. He would never have a friend here in the city; he was old, ugly, dilapidated. Yet he could not return to his friends of the past for they were impossibly far away and doubtless many of them were dead. Dead! The solution overwhelmed him. Vague pictures of a promised heaven where families and comrades were reunited in eternal amity broke through the fog of thick, black misery. Mansions of peace, crowns of light, everlasting rewards for the faithful. Honeyed phrases from the trite sermons of a didactic country preacher swarmed and buzzed around him. All the dead brought together in joyous concord. His mother would be there; he had not the faintest recollection of her but the name sounded beautiful on his lips. A girl with ash blond hair and a trusting smile. A fat, golden kitten. Tobe Starret, his huge stomach wobbling, his eye closed in an evil wink. Judge Macy, Pinkum the druggist, and thousands of congenial souls waiting to receive a man who was friendless and neglected. Reunited for ever and ever! Friends! Companions! Jason rose and shambled to the table; he picked up the bone-handled bread knife with steady fingers and slashed at his throat.

IV

Jason lay prone upon a sloping hill of grey rock; a cold, clammy wind flicked at his naked body. There was no sun, but a weird green light hung over the scene

like a shroud. Slimy-looking ground, lifting at scattered places into such lustreless stone hills as the one he lay on, stretched maddeningly in every direction. As far as the eye could reach, the landscape held a brooding and terrible sameness. Jacon knew he was dead. But where were the angels and the friends who should have come to greet him? Where were the marble palaces, the throngs of happy laughing people he had left the other world for? He ran down the hill shouting: "Tobe! Peggy! It's me—Jason Grover!" No echo came; his voice was swallowed in the immense, tangible silence. Again he screamed shrilly: "Mother, Jason is here!" The sad green light dripped unchangingly, sullenly. The bleak hills marched endlessly into the frightful distance. Old Jason stumbled and fell to the chill, moist sod. "Jesus," he whimpered. "Jesus. There ain't—nobody—here."

The Mer Rouge Affair

(Continued from page 16)

fourche in order to discredit the Klan and to bolster up his stock as a presidential possibility. The character of the man himself proved this to be a lie. Why did Captain C have to go about armed for a month or more after he returned from duty? It was because the Klan looked upon him as a traitor and threatened to take his life.

The Klan of Louisiana made its bid, and in so doing discredited itself. It has lost its most prominent members and has diminished in size and influence. Once more, through the healing influence of time, things have resumed their tranquil way in the town of Mer Rouge and the Parish of Morehouse. And under what form ignorance and superstition will break out again we will not venture to guess.

Dreaming

I sit so still in the autumn twilight,
Watching the dying flame of the sunset.
Gently I pull from my heart small soul things,
Fragile silver cobwebs.
Something immortal in me?
Some deathless identity?
So the preachers say.

I held in my hand the other day
A wayside flower.
It bloomed for an hour
In early spring.

And I plucked it
Ere it withered and died.

I smelled its fragrance,
Gloried in its beauty.
How perfect it seemed,
How pure, how clean,
How far excelling
That clay called human!

"If this," thought I,
"Was created but to die,
What of me?"

H. R. F.

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No Place?

Breakers gleaming white against the blue,
Snowy lines of lively tossing foam;
Sand, a spotless beach the tide leaves clean and new;
Solitude—for this is no man's home.

Sunshine, early summer morning's freshest light
Spreading freshness from a spotless sky,
Making beach and breakers sparkling bright,
Glistening where the beach pools lie.

Fragrant, salty perfume faintly in the air;
Gentle, soft, caressing summer breeze;
Not a sign or trace of people anywhere,
Clean, untainted regions these!

Peace, clean peace unmarred by things of men—
but so?
What is that which tumbles in the waves?
What is that the playful breakers halfway show?
See—how heavily the thing behaves!

Cloth! A bit of spar and sail, no doubt,
Wreckage from the sorry world of men;
How awkwardly it rolls and flops about—
Is it—*what* is it then?

Now it surges toward the spotless sand,
Rolling, tumbling in the breakers' foam;
Now—oh God! It lies *here* on *this* virgin land!
A creature of the land come home!

N. L. B.

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED IN 1844

Published Monthly by the University of North Carolina Publications Union

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A LITTLE LOVE *of* LEARNING

THIS issue of THE MAGAZINE contains an article entitled *Debunking the Catalogue*. This article contains student reviews of about seventy courses, written by the "most intelligent part of the student body."

H. R. F. has expressed his opinion of the article to us as follows:

"The article is extremely discouraging, even though the poorest reviews were deleted before publication. Before revision and to some extent after revision it indicates a pathetically general tendency to resist education, and a disheartening lack of any broad or deep view of things. Prejudices and personal whims take the place of fair judicious criticism. 'Pedantry' is a damning epithet hurled as carelessly as 'infidel' by a typical fundamentalist.

"All of which is evidence to the effect that contemporary student critics of our educational system are paying scant attention to one of the most insurmountable difficulties of the situation. One too often gets a picture of the eager, brilliant student thirsting after knowledge but thwarted in his quest by a set of old fogy unintelligent professors without any conception of education or culture. The text is always my favorite bit of Scripture:—'Yea, we are the people, and wisdom shall die with us.' Just take off the restrictions, let Youth express itself, let the New Generation scrap the old System and set up its patent schemes of class attendance or Library fines, or what-not, and a new renaissance of learning will descend on the land. Ask my good friend Mr. A. B. S. Vik, and he will tell you so.

"All of which makes me fear that for some time, at least, we will continue to stumble along pretty much in the same foolish old ways—not because the old ways are good, but because nobody can successfully devise better ways for general use. 'Like father, like son,' is still a true adage, and I fear the New Generation will turn out disappointingly like the Old one."

In our opinion, so far as the article on *Debunking the Catalogue* is concerned, H. R. F. is entirely right. We have deleted from the article such lines characterizing professors as "And the University pays such a man for teaching!" But we could not, without changing the whole nature of it, put into the article what we consider the attitude of a real student toward learning. Until students develop and become able to sustain real intellectual curiosity, there is no hope for any better educational system.

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What the Negro is Doing in Literature

By C. W. BAZEMORE

MOST of the Negro's contribution to American literature has been in the last fifty years. A very small amount of poetry, a few folk-songs, and here and there a limited quantity of mediocre writing was done by the race before the Civil War, but at best Negro literature was in the hands of the illiterate or semi-literate; there were practically none of the race with the cultural background generally necessary for the writing of good poetry or good literature. Newman Ivey White, in his *Anthology of Verse by American Negroes*, says: "Negro poetry that can be praised without abasing critical standards does not really begin until after 1870." It is a significant fact that since the Negro has acquired liberty and property—the results of emancipation following the Civil War—he has shown increased activity and ability in all the arts.

Antedating the real beginning of American Negro literature was the work of Phillis Wheatley, first among the race to achieve distinction in the literary field. Her volume of verses, *Poems of Various Subjects*, first published in 1773, was of recognized merit, and is now acknowledged as the very first example of real literature produced by the American Negro. It is a collection of thirty-eight original selections, written for the most part in the heroic couplet, and characterized by their pseudo-classic diction.

In attempting to throw light on the achievements of the Negro in literature in this country in the past fifty years, we must grant at the outset that there does exist a very real and distinctive type of literary expression common to the race; and that some worth-while work has been done, along with a great amount of commonplace writing. W. E. B. DuBois, perhaps the most outstanding figure in the national life of the Negro today, declares in his book, *The Gift of Black Folk*, that "On the whole, the literary output of the American Negro has been both large and creditable, although, of course, comparatively little known; few great names have appeared and only here and there work that could be called first-class, but this is not a peculiarity of the sum total of Negro literature." In another chapter of the same book we find this passage: "It may be said that the influence of the Negro is a passive influence and yet one must remember that it would be inconceivable to have an American literature, even that written by white men, and not have the Negro as a subject. He has been the lay figure, but after all, the figure has been alive, it has moved, it has talked, felt and influenced."

In volume, the literary production of the race in this country in the past half century has been large. An examination of Arthur A. Schomburg's *Bibliographical Checklist of American Negro Poetry*, published in 1916, shows that more than one hundred Negroes in the United States have published volumes of poetry ranging in size from pamphlets to books of from one hundred to three hundred pages. Allowing for titles overlooked by Schomburg, and for the numerous books published since 1916, the total volume is rather surprising to the average person who has taken it for granted that the Negro is not interested in poetry.

With a very few exceptions, no Negro in America has produced a great novel or play of prose work in the period under consideration. Most of the race's contribution has been comprised of poetry. Our survey of what the Negro has done in recent years and is doing at the present in literature will be mainly taken up with the poetry he has produced.

In Mr. Shomburg's list, referred to above, there appears a widely assorted variety of volumes. They

include broadside thin pamphlets on rough paper, quarto and folio pamphlets de luxe, evidently for presentation purposes, thick volumes coarsely printed and ill arranged, and a small sprinkling of books in the best taste of contemporary printers. The shabby appearance of many of the volumes is mute evidence of the financial and educational handicaps against which the authors had to struggle. Taken altogether, they afford a fairly good index both to the faults and merits of Negro poetry and at the same time provide a sort of historical view of its development.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar stands out as the first poet from the Negro race in the United States to show a combined mastery over poetic material and poetic technique, to reveal innate literary distinction in what he wrote, and to maintain a high level of performance. He is perhaps the only Negro poet whose name is generally known to students of American literature. His first introduction to a wide reading public was through the publication in 1896 of his *Lyrics of Lowly Life*, containing the best work of his youth, and deservedly the poet's best known. The work of his later years reached a high level also, and his *Ode to Ethiopia*, *Ere Sleep Comes*, and *Ships That Pass in the Night* are reckoned as truly distinctive examples of poetic quality. The short stories of Dunbar are remarkably even in literary merit, and would have been sufficient to make his reputation even if he had not written his poems. In summing up the works of Dunbar, B. G. Brawley says: "His work naturally falls into three divisions: the poems in classic English, those in dialect, and the stories in prose. While all his work is remarkably even, it was his verse in the Negro dialect that was his distinct contribution to American literature."

William Stanley Braithwaite is the Negro poet who unquestionably stands next to Dunbar. Braithwaite is even better known for his critical work than for his poetry. In addition to editing anthologies of Elizabethan verse, Georgian verse, and Restoration verse, he has, since 1913, collected and edited yearly anthologies of magazine verse that have been of great service to all people interested in contemporary poetry. His own poems have appeared in a number of leading magazines and have been collected in two volumes, *Lyrics of Love and Life* (1904), and *The House of Falling Leaves* (1908). Newman Ivey White declared: "Braithwaite has a superior *savoir faire* in handling literary background that is probably due to his long and intimate association with books and writers. His poems have grace, but he is too idealistic for humor. . . . There is very little real passion in his poetry; on the contrary there is an exquisite restraint which seems rather to avoid vigorous emotional expression and prefers instead a fine lyric suggestiveness." Braithwaite has gained his place, taking as the standard and measure for his work the identical standard and measure applied to American writers and American literature.

Another outstanding figure in the list of Negro writers is Benjamin Griffith Brawley, a minister and college professor, known for his *Short History of the Negro Race*, his work on *The Negro in Literature and Art*, and several ballads and sonnets of good literary quality. Brawley is also the author of one of the best handbooks on the English drama that has yet appeared in America. He is now teaching at Shaw University, Raleigh.

Claude McKay is another poet who may take rank with the few really noteworthy poets of the Negro race. He is a young Jamaican Negro who came to this country as a student and remains as a poet. McKay unquestionably strikes a new note in Negro poetry. It is not merely that his poems are untainted with conventional imitation and are tinged with the local color of the tropics and the somewhat bitter realism of Harlem; some of his poems are too erotic for good taste or conventional morality. However, he demonstrates his power, breadth and skill as a poet in his outpour of bitterness and rebellion in those two sonnet-tragedies: *If We Must Die* and *To The White Friends;* and at the same time he expresses a new note in the rising tendency of Negro poetry to express sentiment on the race problem. *Harlem Shadows*, published in New York in 1922, has in it both racial and universal qualities, and has caused McKay to be ranked as the equal of Dunbar. His poetry of nature is as genuinely pictorial and poetic as any ever written by a Negro poet. Others are of racial feeling, of which there are more than a dozen, all surcharged with a bitter antagonism toward the white race. Prominent among these poems are: *The Barrier*, *Enslaved*, *Outcast*, *The Lynching*, and *If We Must Die*.

> Then from the dark depths of my soul I cry
> To the avenging angel to consume
> The white man's world of wonder utterly,

is his mood in *Enslaved*, when he thinks of racial wrongs, to which he adds, in *If We Must Die*,

> Like men we'll face the murderous cowardly pack,
> Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back.

But much of McKay's other work has given evidence that he has passed beyond the danger which

threatens many of the newer Negro poets—the danger of allowing the purely polemical phases of the race problem to choke their sense of artistry.

Hailed as a Moses, leading his race ever onward to higher levels of freedom, W. E. Burghardt DuBois is a powerful figure in the national life of the American Negro today. He is at once an educational leader, a writer, a political economist, and a mighty champion of his race. In 1903, fourteen of his essays, most of which had already appeared in such magazines as The *Atlantic Monthly* and the *World's Work*, were brought together in a volume entitled *The Souls of Black Folk*. The remarkable style of this book has made it unquestionably the most important work in classic English yet written by a Negro. In reviewing the volume, Brawley said: "It is marked by all the arts of rhetoric, especially by liquid and alliterative effects, strong antithesis, frequent allusion, and poetic suggestiveness." The book as a whole is a powerful plea for racial justice and the liberty of citizenship. Another volume by DuBois, *The Gift of Black Folk*, published in 1924, is of considerable literary significance. It is made up of a series of historical essays portraying the part of the Negro in the making of America. In this volume, the author briefly discusses Negro literature, and concludes: "The later writers like Jean Toomer, Claud McKay, Jessie Fauset and others have come on the stage when the stream of Negro literature has grown to be of such importance and gained so much of technique and merit that it tends to merge into the broad flood of American literature and any notable Negro writer becomes *ipso facto* a national writer." BuBois is also editor of *The Crisis*, recognized as the leading journal of Negro life and sentiment of the country today. From a literary standpoint, the writings of this racial leader are of decided merit, well-known for their impassioned and rhythmical qualities.

The publication of *The Wings of Oppression* in 1921 by Leslie Pinckney Hill marked the appearance of one of the most promising poets the Negro race has yet produced in this country. The volume is comprised of sixty-eight poems, mostly short. The book shows a quality of thought and an adequacy of expression that ranks it with the best volumes of contemporary verse written by Negroes.

Fenton Johnson is a young poet of the ultra-modern school, chiefly known for his impassioned lyrics, and gives promise of greater work than he has done yet. Georgia Douglas Johnson, the Negro woman poet of considerable fame, has written many poems of a serious nature, and her works are now collected in two volumes, *The Heart of a Woman*, and *Bronze*. The first mentioned consists of sixty-two poems, marked by delicate feeling, wistful melancholy and self-pity of her race. *Bronze* is a volume of her later poems, published in 1922, and practically all racial in theme. This volume was criticized as follows by DuBois: "Her work is simple, sometimes trite, but it is singularly sincere and true, and as a revelation of the soul struggle of the woman of her race it is invaluable."

James Weldon Johnson, who edited *The Book of American Negro Poetry*, published in 1922, occupies a prominent place in the field of Negro literature. The book referred to is well edited, and although the selections indicate a slight bias in the direction of race prejudice and propaganda, they are made with fair taste and judgment. A recent volume of his verse, *Fifty Years and Other Poems*, has attracted considerable attention. He is now a member of the American Society of Authors and Composers, the American Sociological Society, and the Civil Club of New York.

Among other Negroes of the present generation who have published poems of acceptable magazine quality are James David Corrothers, represented by two volumes, *Selected Poems* (1907) and *The Dream and the Song* (1914); George McClellan, author of *Poems* (1895), and *The Path of Dreams* (1916). The dialect poems of John W. Holloway and James Edwin Campbell are worthy of note. Other names could be mentioned in rather lengthy detail. Among some of the names are those of H. Cordelia Ray, whose poems, otherwise good, are marred by sentimentalism and over-developed culture; D. W. Davis, a well-known Negro educator, whose "*Weh Down Souf*" contains some good humorous dialect verse; and R. E. Ward, whose *Brown Chapel* (1905), a rhymed novel, presents some interesting and obviously sincere and accurate pictures of parish life in a Negro community on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Still other names, not necessarily in order of their importance, are those of Anne Spencer, R. C. Jamison, Joseph S. Cotter, Jr., Francis Bertram Johnson, J. Mord Allen, Charels R. Dinkins, T. T. Fortune, R. D. Dandridge, and others.

In recent years there have been published a great number of works, generally illustrated, on the progress and achievement of the race. Written by Negroes, a few of these books have been scholarly and serviceable, more have been indifferent, and still more have been almost worthless. The common fault has been lack of literary form. Some two or three, however, have been of more than usual value, the first of which is *From Ser-*

vitude to Service, published in 1905 by the American Unitarian Association of Boston. This is made up of Old South Lectures on the history and work of Southern institutions for the education of the Negro. The third book is of importance for students of the economic situation of the Negro in the South. It is comprised of four papers, two by Booker T. Washington and two by DuBois. The work is entitled *The Negro in the South,* and was published in Philadelphia in 1907.

Several Negroes have written autobiographies. That of Frederick Douglass under several different titles ran through numerous editions. John Mercer Langston's *From the Virginia Plantation to the National Capitol* is interestingly done, and has considerable literary merit. But the most incomparable work in this particular field, however, is *Up From Slavery,* by Booker T. Washington. This volume is characterized by modesty and simplicity of style that almost makes it a model of personal writing. Washington has also produced other notable books, such as *The Story of the Negro, The Man Further Down,* and *My Larger Education.* The interesting *Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man* seems to be half fact and half fiction. It was published anonymously, but is generally credited to James Weldon Johnson.

Of national significance is the rise and spread of the Negro press—magazines and weeklies which are voicing to the world the growing power and thought of American Negroes. The influence of this new force in America is being recognized and the circulation of these papers aggregate more than a million copies. Frederick G. Detweiler, author of a comprehensive volume, *The Negro Press in the United States,* says: "There are nearly five hundred periodicals published by Negroes in the United States. Until recently the existence of such a press has been virtually unknown to the white group. To many, the fact is alarming. Few white people realize the real significance of the Negro press." Ray Stannard Baker, writing in the *World's Work,* says: "The utter ignorance of the great mass of white Americans as to what is really going on among the colored people of the country is appalling—and dangerous."

Among Negro publications, the two largest circulations are those of the *Crisis,* which represents the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the *Chicago Defender,* a news weekly. The *Crisis* averaged 62,417 copies monthly during 1920, and the circulation is rapidly rising. The *Defender* has been said to have more than 175,000 copies an issue. The growing group sense among writers and publishers of Negro periodicals probably points to the formation of a real *esprit de corps.* The Associated Negro Press, an organization of affiliated newspapers, was formed in 1919. The National Negro Press Association is another powerful agency in welding together the sentiment and ideals of Negro journalism in the United States. Certainly the Negro is making headway in the field of journalism, and is contributing a large portion to American literature through the increasing number of race magazines and literary journals.

Especially interesting along this line is the March 1925 issue of the *Survey Graphic,* which took for its subject Harlem, the greatest Negro community in the world. This publication "is seeking, month by month and year by year to follow the subtle traces of race growth and interaction through the shifting outline of social organization and the flickering light of individual achievement. . . . If the Survey reads the signs aright, a dramatic flowering of a new race-spirit is taking place close at home—among American Negroes, and the stage of that new episode is Harlem." Such is an extract from under the editorial masthead of this particular issue. Many articles and essays in this number are of importance, and show a good example of what the Negro is doing at present in literature. Among the outstanding contributions is an article of considerable length by James Weldon Johnson entitled "The Making of Harlem." In an article entitled "Black Workers and the City," Charles S. Johnson believes that "The glamorous city is draining the open spaces; it draws upon the human opulence of Europe; it threatens now to drain the black belt of the South." Seven poems appear by Countée Cullen, a promising young Negro poet of the modern school. Claude McKay and Langston Hughes also have collections of poems that are of merit. Albert C. Barnes discusses Negro Art and America. Walter F. White, whose *Fire in the Flint* was an outstanding novel in 1924, has a significant contribution in this number in his Color Lines, a penetrating study of the personal aspects of race and color prejudice. Other articles by contemporary Negro writers are of interest and value.

The present period is most likely the real dawn of Negro literature. *The Survey Graphic* says: "The whole trend of literature *about* the Negro has turned from the controversial to the informational within the last ten years, and a culling of the most worthy productions shows that even in relation to Southern conditions, the economic and sociological interpretation has eventually prevailed, and bias and special pleading are fad-

ing out of the literature of the race. . . . In general literature, the treatment of Negro life has taken a turn that can only be called revolutionary, so definitely and suddenly has the literature broken with the traditional attitudes of previous decades. In drama and fiction the younger realists have gone in for detailed and serious studies of Negro life that have scrapped the old stereotypes and penetrated the true environment and psychology of the Negro. The older school only went skin-deep into Negro life; this new school with increasing penetration goes to the heart of the life it attempts to portray. Another school takes the aesthetic approach and just as startlingly reveals, both in the African Negro and the American scene, elements of strange exotic charm, individuality and beauty."

In the Negro literature of the future, poetry will have, as in the past, a very significant place. Newman Ivey White has said: "A race, unquestionably endowed with humor and music, that has made a marked advance in poetry in the scant fifty years of its freedom, will unquestionably produce finer poetry when conditions have followed their present tendency for a generation or two. The present period is, from the larger point of view, likely to witness the real dawn of Negro poetry."

A wealth of untouched material lies ready for use by the coming Negro writers. DuBois, in *The Gift of Black Folk,* declares: "Never in the world has a richer mass of material been accumulated by a people than that which the Negroes possess today and are becoming increasingly conscious of. Slowly but surely they are developing artists of technique who will be able to use this material. The nation does not notice this, for everything touching the Negro has hitherto been banned by magazines and publishers unless it took the form of caricature or bitter attack, or was so thoroughly innocuous as to show no evidences of literary flavor. This attitude shows signs of change at last."

A few outstanding books have been written by Negroes in the past few years. Among them are: *Cane,* by Jean Toomer; *There Is Confusion,* by Jessie Redmon Fauset; *The Everlasting Stain,* by Kelly Miller; *Batouala,* by Réné Maran; and *The Fire in the Flint,* by Walter F. White. Certainly these have been important contributions to American literature; and are regarded as forerunners of much that will be done in fiction and verse by the race in the future. The first two volumes mentioned have evoked considerable criticism from the press. "The author of *There is Confusion* can write. No one who reads this story can fail to recognize that fact. This book can be read with immense profit by white and black alike," said the *San Francisco Bulletin. Cane,* by Toomer, is "A distinct achievement, unlike anything of this sort done before. The book is indeed a spiritual chronicle of the Negro," declared the critic in the *New York Tribune. "Batouala* itself is superb. A strange exotic work, it will live on by the simple powerful story that it tells," said the *Nation.*

The field of Negro literature is too broad to attempt further presentation here. Reference has been made to the outstanding phases of the subject. The past has been fruitful, but it is in the future that the Negro will awake to his rightful place in American literature and begin the production of material that is freer and larger than dialect, but which will still hold the racial flavor. Form will be developed which will express the imagery, the idioms, the peculiar turns of thought, and the distinctive humor and pathos, too, of the Negro, but which will also be capable of voicing the deepest and highest emotions and aspirations, and allow of the widest range of subjects and the widest scope of treatment. Perhaps the richest contribution the Negro writer can make to American literature in the future will be the fusion into it of his own individual artistic gifts.

Defective education has hampered the Negro in his efforts at literary production in the past. But as more and more open-minded Negro graduates are released from the schools of higher education for the race, there will be a wider development of racial consciousness, and this will best be expressed in literature. A wider cultural horizon for the Negro will help out the stream of literary expression that has been pent up in the race for generations, waiting for some means of outlet.

In concluding his remarkable work, *The Souls of Black Folk,* DuBois appends this afterthought:

"Hear my cry, O God the Reader; vouchsafe that this my book fall not still-born into the world wilderness. Let there spring, Gentle One, from out its leaves vigor of thought and thoughtful deed to reap the harvest wonderful. Let the ears of a guilty people tingle with truth, and seventy millions sigh for the righteousness which exalteth nations, in this drear day when human brotherhood is mockery and a snare. Thus in Thy good time may infinite reason turn the tangle straight, and these crooked marks on a fragile leaf be not indeed THE END."

Lamentation

By R. K. Fowler

I hope the day comes when you never more think
About me,
For tears wring the soul of a man who is dead—
Don't you see?
Those sobs that creep up in your throat every night—
How they hurt!
While I am pinned down like a fly on a card
In the dirt.
When your hand reaches out, then recoils when you find
I'm not there,
When you sit all alone and your slim fingers clench
In despair,
I struggle and twist and scream to get out
Of my hole—
For there's just enough room for a corpse in a grave—
Not a soul.
Then each week you bring flowers, the kind that we both
Used to love,
And with a brave smile you bless them and place
Them above
The low, dirty mound that shuts me away
From the light,
And they wither and die and fall to the ground
In the night.
They wither and sink by the side of an old
Funeral wreath,
While my dead fingers clutch and my living soul yearns
Underneath
To take hold of, to smell, to press to my lips
Just one rose.
A monument laden with verses of scripture
Now shows
That your love meant to honor my name in this way,
Yet instead
You were cruel, you were harsh, and you tortured a man
Who was dead—
For how can a pitiful, earth-smothered soul
Ever rest
With a mass of grim marble crushed down like a beast
On his breast?
I want nought above me but clouds that are brimming
With rain
And cold, dismal skies that will ease just a bit
The deep pain
Of knowing that while I am prisoned by death's
Stifling bars
The living may gaze at a glorious sky
Full of stars.
Yet I could be silent and still as a stone
Through the years,
And learn to endure earthen bonds were it not
For your tears—
For your tears, and the queer, puzzled way that you go
To our room
And touch my old clothes and peer all around
In the gloom.
Then I long to burst out to kiss back those soft,
Bitter sobs—
And I beat on my coffin and rattle the little
Brass knobs
But in vain. So I hope that in time you'll forget
About me.
Such things tear the soul of a man who is dead—
Don't you see?

Ralph as a Sophomore

By HILL YARBOROUGH

RALPH returned to the University at the beginning of his second year with mingled feelings of elation at being a sophomore and disgust at having ended his freshman year with a "hang-over." He felt a pride, a surging, infinite, indefinable mixture of joy and superiority as he walked across the shady, bustling campus, with its heterogeneous collection of architecturally discrepant buildings, meeting familiar faces and uncertain faces of returning students and freshmen. When he passed the tree under which he and Georgie had stood three months ago, tender memories came to him, memories coming only to be supplanted immediately by vivid recollections of his last unsteadily hazy night in Chapel Hill, recollections that brought a pang of hateful disgust and self-reproach.

He was startled out of his half-reverie by hearing his name yelled, and he turned to see Jim Blake coming toward him. Jim received him into the camaraderie of upper-classmanship with a slap on the back and laughing references to the tortures of college night a year ago. Other friends and acquaintances Ralph saw everywhere, and in the happy spirit of the initiated, the spirit of one who "belongs," he greeted all with a violent pumping of the arm and a loudly cheerful "Glad to see y' back! Have a good summer?—Yeah. I had the best time I ever had in my life!"

After the first rush of greetings and introductions was over and registration had been monotonously finished, he and Earnest, with whom he was sharing his room, this year, both received invitations of membership from the Zeta Gamma fraternity, and both accepted. Ralph began hanging around his fraternity house far too much; he realized that he was neglecting his studies, and he knew that he was fostering a tendency to laziness that might easily become a habit but he sophomorically trusted to the future, fully happy in the present. Week-end trips to Raleigh, Greensboro, and Durham were frequent; a little "neck" was never passed up, and a couple of drinks at each dance never failed to pass down; classes were "cut" sometimes, but not often, and even then Ralph kept a strict account of his absences in order not to exceed the limit; he read a great deal, usually the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Cosmopolitan* and *Red Book*, *Vanity Fair*, *Life* and *Judge*, and the popular and current novels when he could get them at the library. Time passed happily and swiftly for Ralph. Soon came the week of fall dances, bringing color, feminine voices in profusion, automobiles, fun and—Georgie.

Ralph went with the football team to Charlottesville for the Virginia game, and enjoyed himself a great deal, but as soon as the game was over he hurried back to Chapel Hill for the dances.

Mr. Turner had consented to Ralph's request for the family Ford after dint of much persuasion and a kind word of advice from Mrs. Turner, and Ralph proudly, albeit with blasé nonchalance, met Georgie at the train in Durham.

"Georgie!"

"Ralph!"

"I'm sure glad to see you, kid! How's tricks?"

"Just fine! I've got lots of things to talk over with you——Here, get my other suitcase, will you?"

Soon they were speeding toward Chapel Hill, talking happily, laughing, conscious not at all of the houses they passed or the cars that passed them. After a time, when the small talk was almost exhausted, Georgie turned and spoke seriously, "Ralph, have you kept your promise to me?"

A hen cackled flutteringly across the road. "What promise?"

"You know what promise! I don't believe you've kept it—and I did trust you!"

With never a flicker of an eyelash or a turn of a hair Ralph spoke the unfailing formula for such occasions: "Georgie, dear, I love you, as I have ever since we first met. Could I ever 'trick' you? Look at me: I haven't touched a drop since you saw me last finals, I swear I haven't," and he wondered to himself just how many drops made a drink.

"Oh, Ralph, that makes me feel good—Now tell me about the football game." The last few miles were passed in voluble and swift conversation, and at last, but all too soon for Ralph, Georgie went to her room to rest from her trip.

About an hour before the dance was to begin Ralph was painstakingly trying to staunch a persistent trickle of blood on his chin when Earnest lounged into the room.

"Whaddeyuh say, Kid? Gettin' dolled up for the dance?"

"Yeah, trying to. This damn razor of yours isn't worth a hoot in hell. Why don't you buy some new blades for it every now and then?"

"Why in the name of all the holy heroes of hell don't you buy yourself a razor, you spindle-shanked sponger you! — Say, take a drink?"

"Naw, Earnest, I'm off the stuff. Georgie came in this afternoon and she's got a nose like a hawk's cat eyes. Just to show you my heart's in the right place, you can have my share in the keg for half price."

"Suits." Earnest agreed and proceeded to prepare himself a drink, leaving Ralph to finish his dressing in profane haste.

Half a dozen boys were stiffly waiting in tuxedoed readiness for their companions of the evening when Ralph called for Georgie. In impatient haste the minutes passed and couples departed, and still no Georgie. Repeated calls brought for answer, "Ready in a minute." At last Ralph called out that he was going to the drug store and would return in five minutes.

"These women are hell on getting dressed," remarked one of the two boys who remained with Ralph.

"They don't miss! — Well, it's about time you were coming down!" And Ralph turned as Georgie came tripping down the stairs like Cinderella of fairy tale fame. "We're late already."

It was not until intermission that the two could talk in absolute privacy in the rear seat of the Ford.

"Do you really and truly love me, Georgie?" Ralph asked.

"Ralph, honey, you know I do. I think it was just lovely of you to ask me to the dances. I'll never forget it as long as I live!"

"Sweet mama, you're the stuff!" Ralph drew her closer, gently tilted her none-too-reluctant chin, and pressed his half-parted lips upon her warm, soft mouth, his eyes closed in perfect bliss of clinging osculation.

"You don't love anybody else, Georgie?"

"Just you; nobody else. We'll be true to each other, won't we, honey-man?"

"You bet your life! Just like the Siamese twins." More kisses and petting.

Just then the orchestra called them to the dance floor, and with a parting request for a "late date" Ralph relinquished her to another man's arms.

Standing outside the gym smoking a cigarette and laughingly refusing the vehement urgings of Earnest and his somewhat fuzzy companion that he take a drink, Ralph saw Georgie leaving the dance floor with the best "neck artist" in college. A moment later the shades of a limousine were pulled down so that his and other curious eyes were shut out.

"Where's that corn?" he asked rudely. "Let's go over to Steele and get some water."

They knew not nor cared whose room it was they entered. A drink around started them off, and three in quick succession put Ralph in about an equal state of inebriation with the other two.

"Let's be quiet, now, and sit around and talk it over. We don't want to raise any hell and have the student council on us." Earnest sat on a trunk and began a story. The flask was soon drained dry, an intermission was declared so that Earnest could replenish the supply from that in the keg; and Ralph somewhat hazily and very deliberately made his way to the gym.

Once inside he wandered about aimlessly. Breaking when he saw what he thought was a familiar face, smoking innumerable cigarettes, beating uneven time to the music of the orchestra, talking now and then to a friend who wanted to "bum" a drink or a cigarette, or to give one to him, and bowing ceremoniously and obsequiously low to any chaperones he chanced to pass. Seeing Earnest enter the room with an uncertain step that might have been a swagger or a stagger, he roughly pushed through the throng of stags and dancers, grasped Earnest by the arm and steered him to Steele dormitory. Several recruits were gathered on the way. The drinks were passed around, cigarettes lighted, and a song was begun. One man suddenly sought a waste basket and remained leaning over it in agonizing misery for half an hour; another who had dropped a glass containing liquid was roundly cursed for a waster, a fool, a clumsy ass, and a "damn roach" until it was discovered that the glass had contained only water for "chasers." A third became so limply unsteady that he was given another drink to "pass him out," and then roughly, hastily, most profanely stripped and dumped into the nearest bed, with a shoe, a box of powder, and an English text-book for company. Earnest and Ralph managed to stay on their feet through all the fun and misery and passing out; they soon remembered the dance and started for the gym, but a drink just before leaving the room "threw" Earnest, so Ralph went in alone.

Before he could heavily stumble into the doorway a kind friend had him by the arm, two others took up Earnest bodily, and the two were taken in Ralph's Ford to their room and as quickly disposed of as their passed-out friend of half an hour before.

The morning—ah! The morning after! Ralph turned over and groaned, "God, I feel like hell!"

(Continued on page 29)

Our Parliamentarians

By Paul N. Olive

TIME, place, and characters: Philanthropic Assembly, regular meeting, Saturday night.

Speaker: Are there any resolutions to be presented before the Assembly?

Reading Clerk: Resolved, That the Philanthropic Assembly go on record as condemning the posters which were put out upon the campus just before the recent student referendum.*

Speaker: Is there any discussion on this resolution?

The gentleman from Cabarrus: Mr. Speaker, allow me to explain the purpose of this resolution. There is no intent upon the part of the persons introducing this resolution to have the party or parties responsible for the placing of these posters upon the campus expelled by the Student Council. It is their wish merely to see Phi Assembly express its disapproval and censure of the unfair and unsportsmanlike methods resorted to by a small group or political clique. After the measure had been threshed out in a student forum and when it was too late for its proponents to retaliate, this little ring of opponents surreptitiously took advantage of the students by posting these very satirical posters upon the campus to prejudice voters against the measure. It was an unfair and unsportsmanlike maneuver and I think it deserves the condemnation of this Assembly.

The gentleman from Cumberland: Mr. Speaker, I think the party or parties responsible for the placing of these posters upon the campus should have the commiseration or pity of the Assembly because the posters defeated their own purpose. They were obviously the work of opponents of the measure, and yet I feel assured that they influenced (if they had any influence at all) at least two classes of voters to champion the proposal: first, the utterly dumb who mistook the satire for sincerity; and second, those whose judgment had been blinded by suspicions of political frame-ups, and who were thus convinced that these posters represented political tactics.

The gentleman from Orange: Mr. Speaker, I think the party or parties who put out these posters merit our pity or sympathy because they have to pay for them—financially, I mean.

The gentleman from Vance: Mr. Speaker, it is apparent from the discussion that the gentlemen who wish to condemn the action of the men who posted the placards are proponents of the measure which has been voted upon by the students. Personally I think their tactics were very clever, and I suspect that the motive which prompts these gentlemen tonight to condemn their action is envy because they themselves did not think of so clever a scheme. Consequently I would suggest that we include the word "envy" in the resolution.

The gentleman frm Durham: Mr. Speaker, in order to appease the several factions represented here tonight I move that all their suggestions be included in the resolution.

The gentleman from Onslow: I second the motion.

The speaker: Is there any discussion of the motion? —All those favoring the motion will stand. Opposed —The motion is carried. The clerk will amend the resolution accordingly and read it.

The clerk: Resolved, That the Philanthrapic Assembly go on record as condemning, pitying, and envying the posters which were put out on the campus just before the recent student referendum.

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* EXPLANATORY MATERIAL

Measure Submitted to Student Referendum: That the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes be represented on the Student Council by members elected at large instead of *ex officio* by the class presidents as has obtained heretofore.

Posters printed the night before the referendum and placed at various points on the campus by some anonymous practical jokers:

WE WANT MORE OFFICES

Vote for the Separation of the Offices of President of Class and Student Council

WHY?

Because we want more jobs and more statistics. We want jobs to divide up among ourselves, and statistics for the *Yackety Yack*.

How can a political machine operate effectively unless it can offer at least two or three jobs to each fraternity, and a few to non-fraternity men to keep them satisfied? With more offices there will be less competition for each one and we can have another grand election like last year.

LET'S HAVE OUR STUDENT GOVERNMENT LIKE THEY HAVE IT AT N. C. C. W.

The Speaker: Is there any discussion on the resolution as it now reads?

The gentleman from Edgecombe: Mr. Speaker, as the motion stands it seems that we are called upon to pity and envy the posters themselves; and as my emotional capacity is not capable of this exertion, I move that the resolution be tabled indefinitely in order that a clearer and more logical restatement of it may be made.

The gentleman from Orange: Mr. Speaker, I oppose the gentleman's motion. The resolution as phrased now is fully as reasonable, I think, as the stand which the proponents of the resolution are taking in asking the Assembly officially to reprimand an anonymous person or group of persons for an act which personally irks them.

The Speaker: Gentlemen, inasmuch as it appears to be impossible to pity or to envy a poster, I rule the resolution out of order; and we will proceed to other business.

The gentleman from Cabarrus: Mr. Speaker, in framing this resolution I wrote it rather hurriedly; and, though I phrased it carelessly and perhaps ambiguously, my meaning was to condemn the *action* of the party or parties who posted the placards upon the campus.

The Speaker: The intentions of the gentleman are irrelevant to the present discussion. The resolution as read by the clerk is an anomaly, and as such I rule it out of order.

The gentleman from Wake: Mr. Speaker, we are quibbling over trifling details of elementary English grammar. I move that the resolution be restated so as to be logical in expression and to carry out the original implications.

The Speaker: The motion is out of order; there is already a motion before the house.

The gentleman from Cumberland: Mr. Speaker, may I call to the attention of the chair the fact that the motion before the house has not been seconded?

The gentleman from Orange: Mr. Speaker, with the permission of the gentleman who framed this resolution I will attempt to rewrite it satisfactorily.

The Speaker: If there is no objection, the gentleman has permission; and he will read the resolution in its corrected form.

The gentleman from Orange: Resolved, That the Philanthropic Assembly go on record as condemning, pitying, and envying the party or parties who recently printed the objectionable posters.

The Speaker: Is there any discussion on the resolution in its corrected form?

The gentleman from Pender: Mr. Speaker, the resolution in its present form is more ambiguous than before. It implies censure of the firm who printed the placards; and since we have no apparent reason to assume collusion on the part of the printers with the party or parties responsible for instigating this scheme, we cannot fairly condemn their action.

The Speaker: The gentleman will again reword the resolution as to correct this ambiguity.

The gentleman from Orange: Resolved, That the Phi Assembly go on record as condemning, pitying, and envying the posters who posted the recent posters on the posts of the campus.

The Speaker: Is there any discussion on the resolution in its new form?

The gentleman from Dare: Mr. Speaker, it appears that the gentleman does not take this resolution as seriously as some of us do. I suggest that if he wishes to make light of the resolution and refuses to word it sincerely and without the jangling alliteration, you appoint someone else to do it.

The Speaker: The gentleman will once again restate the resolution and make a sincere attempt to do it satisfactorily and not facetiously.

The gentleman from Orange: Resolved, That the Phi Assembly go on record as condemning, pitying, and envying the party or parties who posted the recent placards on the campus.

The Speaker: Is there any discussion on the resolution in its present form?

The gentleman from Cumberland: Mr. Speaker, I object to the resolution as read. It is entirely possible that the perpetrators of this action hired innocent boys to post the placards; I would suggest that the resolution be made to read "the party or parties responsible for the posting of the placards."

Three gentlemen: Mr. Speaker—

The Speaker: The gentleman from Dare is recognized.

The gentleman from Dare: I second the gentleman from Edgecombe's motion.

The Speaker: The gentleman from Edgecombe will repeat his motion.

The gentleman from Edgecombe: Mr. Speaker, I moved that the resolution be tabled indefinitely.

The Speaker: Is there any discussion of the motion? . . . . Those favoring the motion will stand . . . . Those opposing . . . . The motion is carried.

The Song of Love

By David T. Milne

Horrible shrieks arose from the house. The air was filled with wailings which made me shiver. It seemed as if half a dozen murders were being committed. However, I approached the house with no fear whatsoever. I was almost astonished at my bravery. Yet, come to think about it, what had I to fear from a squawky old saxophone? It made a noise; that's all. Like most of the other saxophones in the world, this one had no one to play it. Sted had got it only that afternoon. That night I was to teach him *The Song of Love*, in order that he might serenade Helen, a young lady who lived across the street. I had decided to teach him *The Song of Love* because it was the only one I knew myself.

Courageously I skipped up the steps. After I had rung the doorbell vigorously for about five minutes, the mournful sounds ceased and a scuffling of hard heels told me that Sted was coming. The door flew open.

"Hey, Dave, come on in. Got your music?" was Sted's greeting.

"Yes," I answered. "But I sure do pity your poor neighbors. I hardly feel safe myself living two blocks away. I heard—"

"Let's see your music," he interrupted. "Shucks! This is easy. I can play this."

We immediately began a systematic search for the notes and keys we wanted. Neither of us knew anything about the horn's anatomy. Sted held down the keys and blew. I held my hands over my ears and yelled, "Little finger, first finger, one, two, three, one, two, three." Sted blew. The saxophone shrieked and brayed.

The telephone rang. I grabbed the mouthpiece of the saxophone out of Sted's mouth and ran to answer the phone. An old maid who lived a block down the street was on the line. "Hello, hello," she began. "I have been hearing curious noises tonight. I wish you'd try to find out what they are. I was just going to call the police. It sounds like a crazy man I saw in Morganton last summer. Perhaps he is loose. Can't you do something?"

I assured the old lady that the noise was only one of the neighbor's dogs chasing chickens, and that I would have it stopped if possible. She thanked me and hung up. I immediately tried to get Sted to play more softly, or at least to shut the window. He replied by opening another window and by taking a deep breath. With this extra wind he managed to get out the first four measures of *The Song of Love*. After he had recovered from his exertion and surprise, he let go at full steam. "Y-ew--w are my squ--aw--k of love. You squeel my song s-s-s-s love. You squ--aw--k--k—" This, repeated a dozen or more times, inspired Mr. Morton, who lives next door, to raise his eloquent voice in protest against this unparalleled disturbance. Sted laughed, turned out the lights, and began again. "You sq--ee--ee--l my song of squaw--aw--k. You are my song of lu--blub--ish."

"I hope Helen hears this," he said when he became exhausted.

"She won't love you any more if she does," I replied. "You'd better—"

"Br-r-r-r-ing, br-r-r-r-in-in-g," the doorbell rang impatiently. It was Helen's brother, Chick.

"Hey, I wish you'd cut out this damn racket," he began. "All the neighbors think it's my bugle."

"Aw, shut up and bring your old bugle over here. Then we'll serenade the neighbors sure enough. What does Helen think of my music?"

"I don't know, but I wish you'd go to bed. Helen sent you this note." Chick turned and fled from the house. Sted impatiently unfolded the note.

"Dear Sted," it began. "If music is the language of love, a saxophone player hates everybody. I think your old song ought to be called *The Song of Hate*. With love for quiet, Helen."

"Well, she heard me anyway," was Sted's only remark.

Even his girl's note didn't seem to faze Sted in the least. As soon as he had caught his breath, he began again. "Y-ew are squ-ew--w--l my song of love. You are mu--s-s-s-h song of love. You are my squ-aw-k—"

In my frantic efforts to get away from the screeching, without leaving the house entirely, I edged nearer and nearer to the window. Unconsciously I looked out. Standing in the window of the next house was Mr. Morton. He was evidently greatly perturbed by Sted's serenade. Suddenly he turned around and began pacing impatiently up and down the room. He seemed to be

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Debunking the Catalogue

By Paul N. Olive

A few months ago the Harvard *Crimson* published a critique of about forty courses selected from the catalogue. In this list were included most of the freshman and sophomore required courses and a number of electives. The reviews were written by a group of student editors, and while they purported to be nothing more than the personal opinions of the writers, they represented a serious attempt at a fair appraisal of the courses and the instructors who taught them.

Several other colleges recently have followed the example of Harvard. The experiment has been tried with variations at Cornell, Yale, and Wisconsin. Believing that it may have some value applied to the University of North Carolina or that at least it may be of interest to the readers of The Magazine, I have attempted to compile a somewhat similar criticism of a number of courses for our own curriculum.

In order to make the review more representative of student opinion in general by presenting a number of different viewpoints and in order to secure a fairly comprehensive variety of courses, I asked a number of juniors and seniors and gradute students, selected for their critical ability and fairness of judgment, to write a frank appraisal of some one course or more which they have taken here. The series was then read before a group of the contributors, criticized by them, and revised. With these precautions, however, the limitations of this plan are apparent. Different points of view, various styles of writing, and inconsistencies may be observed; at most the critique represents the opinions of a comparatively small group, which may or may not be an index to student opinion in general.

The purpose of the article is two-fold. It is intended first as a sort of Baedeker or confidential guide for students; and second, it is hoped that it may be of some interest and value to the faculty as student criticism.

In the series I have acted only as compiler; I have written none of it except the introduction. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily my own.

About eighty-six courses are reviewed in this article; the list includes practically all the freshman and sophomore required courses and a number of general or introductory courses. The electives which are included are not selected according to any plan. Each contributor was asked to criticise some course which has made a definite impression upon him—favorable or otherwise. The courses which are taught by more than one instructor have been criticised without reference to the teacher and one-sentence characterizations of each instructor appended. It has been impossible to obtain descriptions of all the instructors in these cases; in fact, comparatively few have been received. In these, and in the selection of courses for the article, discrimination has not been used. Grateful acknowledgements are made to the contributors.

BOTANY

1. The classification of the plant kingdom is studied and examples are selected from each family for more detailed work in the laboratory. Dr. W. C. Coker gives interesting and easily followed lectures. In taking this course, the student has a chance to become acquainted with one of the eminent authorities on Fungi and author of several books on this subject. The laboratory helps the student to understand the lectures. Professor Coker.

2. Botany of crop plants—A lab course. Flowers are collected on field trips, brought in the laboratory, studied and identified. Mr. Totten has the course well organized. Student must expect much hard work. Highly technical. Mr. Totten.

CHEMISTRY

One of the group of required sciences. The courses are pure chemistry, and as such are well taught; little knowledge of general value is to be obtained from them. They are fairly easy for the student who has had a good chemistry course in high school. But unless the student is good at the study, or intends to do further work in the field, he would do well to select some other science for his required two courses.

Professor Venable: Clear lecturer, but affords little entertainment. Professor Bell. A good chemist with a mathematical mind.

ECONOMICS

1-2. A couple of crips which academic students overlook. However, I am given to understand that one or two instructors require a little work in these courses. Economics I is purely a bull session on broad generalities; 2 contains some worthwhile information on the economic and social organization of society. The courses depend largely upon the instructor.

5. An excellent course, taught by a conscientious, but dry lecturer who is stingy with grades. One receives nothing from the lectures, but one gets something out of the course if he works upon his own initiative. Professor Spruill.

30. This is probably the best economics course in the University, taught by the most radical economist in North Carolina. He has very original ideas, handles his subject of labor problems scientifically and is an excellent lecturer of the non-conformist type. This is one of the most thought-provoking courses in the University. Professor Atkins.

EDUCATION

1. Education 1 and 20 are the "goat" courses which all embryonic teachers are compelled to take if they, poor things, desire a bread-and-butter wage. One is almost inclined to agree with Upton Sinclair, upon completion of the courses, that there is a concerted conspiracy to keep school teachers blissful. The mental food is *nil*. If one be interested in psychology, he will find his time better repaid by taking courses in pure psychology. In short, these courses in bastard psychology, taught from the texts written by Ph.D's who show a remarkable ignorance of simple English grammar. As for the professor, he is mediocre as a teacher; but Horace Mann himself could not make a course such as this teem with interest. Professor Jordan.

20. Elementary educational psychology. Endless assignments, diagrams, charts—mainly about the notorious Coefficient of Correlation, whatever that is. Many students pass the course safely—some do not. This course hastens the arrival of gray hairs on overworked heads. Fine for mental concentration practice. Professor Jordan.

ENGLISH

1. A glorification of the mechanics of the King's English. Themes, a plethora of them, required on assigned subjects, with emphasis on construction. But is it art? *(sic)* Good, generally, instructive sometimes, according to the professor.

3-4-5. Each of these courses is a breath-taking survey of classic literature and writers. A person craving speed will get a tremendous thrill out of watching the professors bowl through Shakespeare and Milton at a highly undignified mile-a-minute gait. The only possible equivalent would be a tour of Westminster Abbey on a motorcycle. As in most introductory courses the quantity and the quality of the classes make them on the whole rather boring, but as a rule one will expect to find probably one interesting lecture a week. And occasionally it amuses to see the gloom of ennui settle upon the instructor as his class straggles into the room one by one. And here is a maxim that is written in the Book of Sages: *Slay thy brother and spit into the face of thy father, rob the widow of her mite and give unto thy friend stones when he asketh for bread, but postpone not thy sophomore requirements until thy fourth year, lest in so doing thou suffer the tortures of the damned.*

20. A course in business letter writing that is well worth anybody's time. Seems to be disclaimed almost entirely by the College of Iiberal Arts. It would grace that school's list of subjects, required or elective.

The instructor doesn't treat his students as though they are kindergarten tots. He has a fine sense of what's fair and just and is one of the most likeable instructors in school. The course is both beneficial and enjoyable. Mr. Potter.

21-22-23. Advanced composition. All students who are interested in writing should take one or more of these courses. The professor is recognized as one of the leading literary critics of the south, and I believe he is unanimously appreciated by his students. The classes are conducted informally and consist largely of student discussion, but the professor stamps the impress of his personality upon the courses by his keen and carefully considered criticisms. He shows an individual interest in each of his students; while recognizing that no person can teach another to write, he attempts to be of help and guidance to the student in his own efforts at creative expression. 21 is more elementary with some attention to the mechanics of writing, and it should be taken first. The other two are courses in "creative writing." Each of them requires a large amount of work, but they are one of the prerequisites for a place at Miss Cates' *literati* table. Professor Hibbard.

31-32-33. Dramatic composition, or oblong-table discussions of how plays ought to be written and why they are not. The Playmaker subject-matter laboratory. These courses afford excellent opportunity to become acquainted with one of the most interesting personalities in the University. Professor Koch.

34-35-36. Dramatic production, or behind the scenes with the Carolina Playmakers. These courses are of some value to those who are interested in play production and who do not object to being office boys—and girls—to George Denny. Mr. Denny.

37. This course covers all of Shakespeare's comedies from *Love's Labours Lost* to *The Tempest*. The plays themselves are studied off class, while the lectures deal chiefly with a general philosophy of life with commentary notes from Dorothy Dix. All favorable criticisms of the Playmaker performances and many letters from prominent men interested in the folklore movement are read to the class with reverent repetitions. This course is recommended especially to those students gifted in sycophancy and indisposed to mental exertion. Professor Koch.

45. It would be wise for the undergraduate with a sense of humor to keep off this course, or others of Mr. Taylor's. If he can stand bibliographical blah and assume a graduate air of naiveté and interest, let him hop to it. A boot can be acquired and his grade raised if he can produce superficial chatter about Spencer, Plato, and medieval hocus-pocus. Mr. Taylor.

47-48. English literature from 1660 to 1780 is studied in the spirit of these—our perilous—times. The course is delightfully human, eminently radiating "verve" and "gusto." To him who has a lively sense of humor the course is amusing. It is bad broth for squeamish people. Professor Jones.

55. Almost as interesting a study of Dr. Booker as it is a study of Victorian literature. No student should finish at the University without at least one course under this professor.

The theory that governs his conduct of the class is that students are here to study. Consequently he dishes out more work than Swain Hall dishes out beans. His requirements necessitate real work on the part of the student, and unless this work is done the course cannot be passed. By no means is it a crip.

The course is eminently worth while, in spite of Dr. Booker's pedagogical ways. A thorough study is made of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, and less intense investigation is made into *Heroes and Hero-Worship* and into the works of Tennyson and Browning. Professor Booker.

62. The course is designed to show the relation of man and woman in English literature. One's reading is extensive, from Byron to Wilde, from Dickens to Shaw. And the lectures are charming, but one must take notes, and more notes, and still more notes——though people have been known to make A's and B's without taking a single note. There are few English courses that offer such a wide variety of reading as English 62, and very few courses in the University that are so enjoyable—none that are more enjoyable.

67. Modern and recent English literature. One of the few English courses in the University that approaches present-day literature. Deals chiefly with the "decadent nineties" and the beginning of the present century. Should be taken only by those

who have a real interest in literature and are prepared to do a vast amount of reading. A good course. Professor Booker.

68. Comparative drama. A general survey of the drama from Aeschylus to Ibsen, though one really hears very little about *comparative* drama. Crip course, if you boost the Playmakers. The classroom is the place where the students and the co-eds really become acquainted. The Playmakers give excuse for many grats. Professor Koch.

78. Literary criticism. Mr. Foerster is considered very dry. But the course is invaluable if the assignments are prepared, and the students who can perceive the real scholarly background of Mr. Foerster and his material will often continue to read along the lines followed in the course. The professor has one great fault—his students hardly know him, and his interest in the students is purely academic. Pity it is that he lacks the personal element. Professor Foerster.

Mr. MacMillan: His scholarship is sufficient unto the sophomore. Frequent allusions to *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue* and lots of sarcasm. Mr. Thrall: Wet and dry nurse of budding geniuses; genuine interest shown in those who have the slightest talent. Much fine humor that goes over the heads of most of his students. Mr. Johnson: A thoroughly competent man and appreciated by his students. Mr. Booker: High and mighty prince of egotism. With fossilized academical ideas. Cursed with incurable pedantry. Takes ghoulish delight in flunking non-conformists to his views. Mr. Foerster: A scholar, yet appreciated even by sophomores.

FRENCH

3-4. One of the required foreign languages. Students of 3 and 4 sometimes get personal invitations from the dean's office. The two courses make a student learn a certain amount of French, in self-defense. It all depends—on the professor. Why the officials think that a person must be a linguist to be educated is more than many of us can understand.

5. A study of old French literature. The course has some cultural value for those who want a broad general knowledge of literature, but for the average student who wants merely some knowledge of the language it is hardly worth while. It is easier than the preceding courses because a knowledge of the mechanics of grammar is presupposed.

Mr. Learned: An emotionless and entirely disinterested teacher. Mr. Learned uses so many experimental types of tests that it is hardly worth while to study for them. Professor Huse: Excellent for the intelligent student—if you're dumb pick some one else. Mr. Haronian: Something of a lowbrow. But he knows his stuff and the student must know his unless he wears a monogram or is a good booter or a co-ed. Professor Staab: A good way to make oneself learn French or Spanish is to take a course under Professor Staab. He requires steady and consistent work. His English is almost as hard to understand as is his French.

GEOLOGY

Gentlemen: It is with a feeling of mingled pleasure and sympathy that we announce the fact that the Geology Department is no longer a pastry shop. The Department offers you the unique opportunity of studying in the oldest Laboratories on the Hill, in the same dingy and dilapidated rooms that your fathers and grandfathers studied in before you. No other department at the University offers you such an opportunity.

1. Now being served in three consistencies: Dr. Swartz, Dr. Prouty, and Dr. Cobb: detailed, practical, and cultural Geology. Its cultural and practical value is as great as, if not greater than any other science course on the Hill. You may not realize this as you plug over rocks that look alike and copy or outline maps.

This course offers instruction in geology from the ground up—and below. But herein gentlemen are taught also that education must make men—not books.

2. If you are an evolutionist, this course will please you. If you are a fundamentalist, this course will do you good. The course does not teach evolution, merely presents facts, and so there is no danger of losing your soul, unless it be through cussing the drawing you have to do in the laboratories.

Once having taken the course you will understand why Lenardo de Vinci, 15th century geologist, succeeded as a geologist or as an artist, you will appreciate God and his patience as well as develop your own, and you will add to your vocabulary such "grand big words" as Archeopteryx, Branchiosaurs, Dinosaur, Podokesaurus holyokensis, and Proterozoic.

21-22. Industrial and commercial geography, or, a résumé of Dr. Cobb's travels and a rehash of his jokes. Designed primarily for athletes and others who cannot make the grade in the general curriculum. For those who haven't made his acquaintance, these courses afford an excellent opportunity to know one of the most eminent and interesting men in the University. Professor Cobb.

Dr. Swartz: Ph.D., Johns Hopkins. All-round scientist who proves this in his teaching. Detail and more detail is his pet weakness. Unbounded admiration for the student that plugs on his own accord. Dr. Prouty: A practical geologist with a wealth of field experience. Lectures fair; quizes fair but searching. Topographic maps and structural geology his pet hobby. Dr. Cobb: A human-geographer. Widely traveled. Expects students to read and know their text-books.

GERMAN

3-4. Good courses since you must take a language. The Faculty is far superior to that in the other language departments, and as a rule the classes are small enough for the instructor to give each student a little individual attention.

Professor Brown: The hardest man in the faculty, but you'll know your German when he gets through with you. Apparently bored to death with German 3 and 4 students. A man of culture in the original sense of the word. Professor Metzenthin: A philologist; and philology is boring to the average student. Conducts the "Deutscher Verein" and enjoys playing with his students. Professor Toy: Treats his students like kindergarten pupils. A crip teacher if you know a little German now and then.

GOVERNMENT

1-2. Study of the governmental and social institutions of the leading states of the modern world. Dr. Hamilton is a likable personality, is witty, and is learned; but he is unreasonable in the matter of class attendance, and, knowing he has the students by the neck, his stuff in class is rotten. His course could be made interesting enough to obviate the necessity of a roll call. But instead of living up to his ability as a teacher, the professor assumes the attitude of an autocrat and gets the curses of the campus. Professor Hamilton.

GREEK

1-2. Taught by the painless direct method. Register and you'll be reading Greek masters in three days. The structure of the language is built up in the mind like a stairway of blocks, up which "ability to read Greek" goes through two quarters. A strange form is met with in a pithy conversation, a delicately humored satire, or anything that an ancient Greek might have been moved to write, and it must be looked up in the little red grammar in its natural habitat and dissected. One becomes as expert in pulling apart verbs and putting them together again as a small town milliner does in remodeling the hats of yesteryear. Hast heard of roots that are the perfume of language, and the tassels and trimmings called conjugations and declensions? They are given in daily doses guaranteed to be practically painless. Professor Bernard.

7. This course comprises translating parts of the Greek New Testament, the history of the Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, and a cursory examination of the principles of textual criticism. It is interesting and enlightening, but unfortunately for most students, Greek 4 is a prerequisite. Professor Bernard.

HISTORY

1-2. A rapid and all-inclusive summary of Modern European History. To the omnipotent teachers of this subject an epoch is a day's work and a century is a week-end assignment. An exceedingly dry text-book is used for the first course, but better taste was shown in choosing the History 2 text. The courses may be entertaining and valuable or unspeakably dull, depending almost entirely upon the instructor. Usually the instructors are better bets than the professor.

Professor Hamilton: A sure cure for insomnia. Professor Graham: Perhaps the best bet in the department for a student who desires to learn history and is not averse to work. Professor Caldwell: Holds the interest of his class. Presents his subject exceptionally well and brings in many interesting sidelights. Mr. Anscombe: Benevolent old gent who has been there. His lectures are full of naughty sidelights. If he would only stop torturing decrepit jokes. Professor Pierson: A scholar and a gentleman. No other description quite fits. With enough globe-trotting experience behind him to talk intelligently about what he teaches. And he does teach history—to those who are interested.

5-6-. Ancient history. But not so musty as it sounds. The past rises before us and stands out vividly under the spell of a man who has a real joy in his work and who infuses a bit of this joy into all but the most lethargic student. Professor Caldwell is highly popular with the students; but his popularity is based upon his personality and ability and not on demagoguery. These courses are genuinely recommended to any student desiring a liberal culture. Professor Caldwell.

7-8. Excellent and stimulating courses in American history. A great deal of work, with many books to be read, but much pleasure to be derived. These courses belong to the students. The students not only learn history, but are taught to think on their feet. It is they who deliver the lectures; the professor merely stands by to supplement and summarize. Students interested in history should elect these courses. Professor Graham.

9-10-11. Hispanic-American History. These courses will be appreciated by anyone who is interested in general history. They are taught by one of the most versatile men in the history department. The professor is a good lecturer, with dry humor, and is an excellent scholar. Whether he is interested in this field or not, a history student should get at least one course under this man. Professor Pierson.

12. A rambling, scholarly consideration of the lives of certain famous Americans. Much historical data is given but the final evaluation of any man is based altogether on the personal opinion of the instructor. The student is not allowed to think for himself; he is told what he is supposed to think of Madison or Taft, and woe unto him if he fails to think thus upon examination. The advantage of not being compelled to buy a book is offset by the necessity of catching all classes because the instructor does not approve of "grats." This is a decided hardship, as his lectures are dry and boring with a liberal interpolation of ancient jokes at which it is essential to laugh heartily. It is prerequisite in this course to consider Jefferson the noblest character in history. Professor Hamilton.

51-52. Colonial American History. Professor Connor is interesting, witty, and instructive, making history a narrative of personalities rather than a chronology of events. He doesn't call the roll, but seldom does a student cut his classes. He is to be complimented in that he considers the intelligence of the student, and bases his methods of conducting classes on his own ability to attract attendance, and not on a rule of the University authorities. Students will never regret signing up for courses under this excellent teacher of history. Professor Connor.

ITALIAN

1-2. Of all the language courses in the university Italian is the most delightful. In Italian 1, which is given in the winter quarter, the class obtains a fairly decent reading knowledge of Italian, and in the spring quarter usually reads Dante. This rapidity is made possible by the fact that the classes are small and the prerequisites sufficiently strict; but it is a relief, after one's experiences in other languages, to finish in three months all the routine memory work that usually requires nine. Furthermore, Italian is peculiarly blessed among modern languages in beginner's texts which are intelligently and charmingly written.

JOURNALISM

1-2-3. Since a person can't be taught how to write, "Gerald" does the next best thing and lets him practice. The daily practices are accompanied by comments on things in general which do much to lessen the abysmal ignorance of the college graduate. Little work, lectures that don't bore one, and information and advice elsewhere unattainable—what more can one ask? Professor Johnson.

11-12-13. To anyone who knows "Gerald" a description of this course would be unnecessary. The courses, however, consist of the writing of a feature article each quarter and the privilege of listening to a man who can talk entertainingly on a subject that he knows something about. These courses, too, help to make the graduate of this erudite university a little less unacquainted with things as he will find them. Professor Johnson.

MATHEMATICS

1-2. The pursuing Nemesis, inevitable as death, and as fearful. Largely an unintelligible mass of astral calculations, with practice in going through mathematical motions with *sines* and triangles and exasperatingly difficult problems. Required

of every candidate for a degree—engineer and poet alike—except pharmacy. Hence the enlargement of the Pharmacy school. The best answer to "Why Students Leave the University."

Mr. Hoyle: By no means a bad sort. More knowledge of mathematics than of the art of putting it across. He deals with figures—and in himself is an interesting figure. Professor Linker: Explains the text in such a way as to make Math 1 and 2 understandable and almost interesting, but gives unreasonable tests and grades. Professor Benson: A plodder. Figures are his God and he worships in an extremely orthodox manner. Professor Lasley: A thoroughly capable teacher. Clear in explanation and fair and accurate in grading. Mr. Mackie: A peach of a prof. Knows his berries, and knows how to teach. Doesn't expect his students to know all about math before they've been taught. Is interested in his students—and not merely in his pay check.

PHILOSOPHY

2-3. These courses, under Professor Butt, are dedicated to the humble task of giving those who enroll for them a knowledge of some of the more important events in the history of philosophy. A surprising piece of news this will be, no doubt, to a great number of people, for the traditional philosophy course in the University proposes to bless its students with nothing less than a complete intellectual rebirth: seated at the feet of the Philosopher, the neophytes are put through a system of mental calisthenics, and conducted to the realm of Logic, wherein the worthy glimpse the Truth; and the process, being so delightful a combination of the rational and the esoteric, has always appealed to a number of soul-hungry intellectuals whose yearnings have not been satisfied by the local ministers of the Gospel. Professor Butt's courses have no such appeal; his methods and ideals are quite different from the traditional ones; he endeavors to teach rather than to inspire; and it may be said of his lectures, which are unspectacular and always on a very definite subject, that if they do not leave one puffed up with inspiration, they at least leave one with the satisfaction of having listened to a scholarly discourse. It is to be hoped that the appearance of this new spirit will help gain for the study of philosophy in the University the recognition which it merits as a branch of learning. Professor Butt.

16. Philosophic tendencies in modern literature. A new course, not in the catalogue. This is really a course in literature, rather than in philosophy. Anatole France, Thomas Hardy, Dostoevsky, and Strindberg were the men treated this year. A good course in which to do a lot of reading you have been putting off for a long time, with the interpretation by one of the most interesting personalities in the University. Class informal, depending largely on student discussion. Professor Green.

PHYSICS

1-2. This science is perhaps more interesting and valuable for the average student than any other. The things of which it treats are encountered in everyday life. There is not so much detail and rote memory work involved. But writing the lab experiments requires a good bit of time and mathematics is overstressed. The department has a good teaching staff and an excellent lab instructor.

14. Catalogued as Astronomy, but really it is astronomy plus a great deal more that is eminently worth while. There are a few science courses, if any, offered at the University which are as interestingly given. And certainly there are few courses in which Science and Religion are so ably defined and contrasted. Warning: Know Moulton and the heavens for the final exam. Professor Patterson.

Professor Pyler: Lectures too fast to make good notes. A tendency towards math. Professor Patterson: A broadminded and cultured man, and a clear and interesting speaker. A thorough gentleman. Makes the abstruse simple. Professor Stuhlman: An experimental physicist and a mediocre teacher with a dislike for Sophomores. Should be confined to research work.

PSYCHOLOGY

1-2. There are three attitudes toward psychology: You think it is a great young science, you think it is a lot of blah, or you take it to get off a second minor. In the first or last case the reasonable student who is fairly intelligent will be well satisfied with these courses so far as the lectures go. The several professors are clear and interesting lecturers, though they have the habit of sometimes scheduling their remarks for the beastly hour of 1 P.M. They present a general introduction to the science, which is valuable even to the student who goes no further. Good notes are possible. Quizzes are frequent but easy. The laboratory sections are easy but frightfully boring, and the write-ups of experiments must follow a strict code, must be very punctual, and are hell in general. A sense of humor is a terrible handicap in this laboratory. The only apparent explanation for the laboratory work is that psychology is booting the natural sciences, and lab is considered an ear mark of a natural science.

40. In spite of a thick layer of technical terms, this course is interesting. If you like to see "what makes it go" in so far as people are concerned and would like to know something of Freudianism, complexes, dream interpretation, and the like, this course would be worth while. Grading rather strict. N. B.—This is not a "Master Key" course. Professor Bagby.

Professor Dashiell: As a lecturer he is a sight better than a number of other department heads who could be mentioned. Has a sense of humor and is a good sport. Professor Bagby: Makes psychology human and vital. A wealth of experience lends interest to his lectures. Professor Crane: A good psychologist. If you are willing to work, and know shorthand, take his course.

SOCIOLOGY

1. "The obvious is rediscovered." A beautiful, theoretical insight into "the existing social order." The class discussions burn over a wide field. The text-book is somewhat better; full of glittering generalities. A good course for overworked campus leaders, athletes and embryonic Public Welfare workers.

8. Principles of community organization. The classes are composed of a few earnest souls whose sole interest lies in the uplifting of the moral tone of the community. To the layman in sociology the course seems to be nothing but a discussion of the methods of extracting money from the public for the purpose of making an unwilling community of individuals act as a body of soldiers at the command of the sociological worker. Professor Steiner.

10. A crip course. In this course *thorough* investigations and *concentrated* studies of the baffling sociological problems of today are made; in one quarter a group of undergraduate students solve, and offer recommendations to cure all our social

(Continued on page 28)

On the Limitations of Reason

By M. L. Radoff

Maitre Fenouille, and M. Finocchio, one warm afternoon, were forgetting the heat by a learned discussion over the manner in which the Blessed were brought to Heaven.

"It is evident," said Maitre Fenouille, "that the soul being impregnated yet with sin cannot have the audacity to proceed alone and unattended to the Golden Throne."

"Indeed you are right, Maitre Fenouille, and it is very curious I am to know in what way this glorious journey is performed."

"Nor are you the first, M. Finocchio, who has pondered this great question. Doubtless the learned have long ago come to many true and only conclusions, but between friends, sir, the learned cannot see the truth of these matters; and it is so by the express wish of the Lord. Heaven help us, if the learned could solve any of these riddles they would in time solve them all, and we poor mortals would no longer have faith to flee to when the Trumpet calls. Ay, the Lord is very clever and withal very adroit."

"True, true, my dear Maitre. Now I have heard it said that angels come to gather in the blessed to their bosoms."

"That cannot be, for until we are admitted within the Gates we are yet unclean and unfit for angelic company."

"A hit, sir, a truism as I live. Now I have heard it said by others that 'tis spitted on the sword of Michael that the Chosen pass before the Judge. What do you think on't, Maitre?"

"No, that cannot be, for the soul is liable to injury, and it is affected by pains, as proved by the torments of Hell and the cleansing in Purgatory. No, it is obvious that the sword of Michael cannot be the means."

"Can it be then that it is on the back of a horse or a mare that the rewarded gallop to the Gates."

"Ah, no sir, you must know that either a horse is a beast or a possession; and if he be a beast he has no soul, and, therefore, cannot exist beyond the grave; and if he be a possession then 'tis decreed that man cannot carry these with him to the Pleasure or to the Displeasure.

" That is all very true, Maitre, and I cannot propose more."

At this juncture they were interrupted by M. Fennel who said, "Gentlemen, the Lord sends Gabriel with a basket in which are carried the Fortunate."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Master Fenouille.

"He, he, he, Saint Mary bless us," cried M. Finocchio.

"Scoff, sirs, but I can prove it to you!"

"'Tis impossible, for searching the reason throughout its whole extent I cannot find cause why the Lord should send Gabriel with a basket in which to carry the Elect."

"You cannot be wrong, my dear Maitre," echoed M. Finocchio. And the two laughed again.

"Then" said M. Fennel angrily, "would you two heretics believe it if you saw it with your own eyes?"

"A miracle, a miracle!" cried the two, "a sou for you as a miracle worker."

"Follow me then," and the two being men, they followed.

They first passed over the Bridge to Clichy. And from the banks of the river they entered the church of Notre Dame des Pécheurs where M. Fennel led them to the tomb of Jeanne de la Tabatière.

"Look," he cried pointing to the sculptured headpiece. "look and believe your eyes."

"Verily, this is right," said Maitre Fenouille, "there is no gainsaying this. Ah how plain it is shown here, and look how joyous the souls are, sirs, nestled there in Gabriel's basket."

"But, Maitre, can the reason allow this?"

"Ah, my son, the reason should never be employed to deny the reality. Here can you not feel, and can you not see Gabriel and the basket and the soul of Jeanne within? If you cannot, you are blind, sir, and if you are blind you could feel it."

"You are right, Maitre, and is not this discovery of great import?"

"Of the utmost; I shall write three volumes about it with the copious notes and an index of great detail, and all of it shall be in perfect Latin and well reasoned out. Ah, indeed, indeed, this has been a profitable day, a day long to be remembered."

"I Have Something to Tell You"

By Luther N. Byrd

Oak Crest was the show place of Wellston. The big white stone house stood in its commanding position, facing the southern end of Main Street as if to say "you shall make a turn." Main Street ran straight through the town from north to south, and the first sight to greet southbound tourists when they looked down the long straight thoroughfare was the Macon home. Then the first question they asked the information men at the garages and hotels was "whose home is that?"

It was a large two-story house, built of southern granite, with four big white columns on the front supporting a heavy granite portico. The wide veranda extended around on each side to a sun-parlor on the left and to a port-cochère on the right. Around the house the hill sloped down, on both sides and in front, to the streets that were bordered by a low wall of rock. The slopes were covered by carefully mown grass, dotted at even intervals by the big oaks that gave the place its name. A graveled driveway wound up through the lawn to the house and was the only means of access from the street.

That particular June morning there was an unusual air of industry about Oak Crest. The gardeners were busily mowing the already even lawn and pulling the scattered sprigs of grass from the white driveway. Inside the house the maids were dusting the furniture, and a riot of appetizing odors came from the kitchen. This activity and air of preparation was caused by a certain telegram that had arrived that morning. The telegram read:

Mother:
Home today. Noon train. Love and kisses.
Anna Lee

Anna Lee Macon was nineteen and an only child. She had been in school in the north and had not been home for nine months, having spent Christmas holidays in New York; so Mrs. Macon read the message with a glad light in her eyes.

The southbound train always blew three miles up the road for the big trestle, and when its whistle sounded that day Mrs. Macon sent the family chauffeur to meet the train. Ordinary people might meet the train in person, but Mrs. Macon, never. Any show of emotion in public was a social sin to her, and she preferred to welcome her daughter at home.

The long "Florida Limited" rolled into the station to the tune of grinding brakes and jangling bell. The pullman porter dropped a step on the pavement, and Wellston's solitary arrival stepped off. She paused a moment, surrounded by a hand-bag and several hat-boxes, and looked around for someone to meet her. The chauffeur came forward and doffed his cap as he picked up the hand-bag and hat-boxes.

"This way, ma'am," he said, as he led the way to the car.

Anna Lee Macon was distinctly a modern type, rather prettier than ordinary, and dressed in the latest school-girl styles from top to toe. Dark brown eyes looked forth from under carefully evened lashes and penciled eyebrows. A wisp of dark hair showed from under the sides of her hat that fitted close to her head, and her neatly rolled hose showed for a flitting second as she stepped into the car.

"You sit over there," she told the chauffeur, "I'm going to drive." She slid under the wheel and grasped it with small but capable-looking hands.

"Anna Lee Macon is home," was the word that passed along as she drove swiftly up Main Street, breaking all speed laws and flashing traffic men a quick smile for allowing her the privilege. She whirled around the corner and drove up the drive-way to the big stone house.

"Gosh, mamma, it sure is great to drive a car again," was her first observation as she kissed her mother, "and home and you look like heaven after Vassar for nine long months."

Her mother stepped back to arms' length after the greeting and surveyed her daughter.

"You are looking well," she said. Then in a disapproving tone, "you shouldn't have done that though."

"What, mother?" Anna Lee arched her eyebrows in a questioning manner.

"Driven up with the chauffeur along."

"Oh shucks, that's nothing. Where's dad?" By this time the daughter had thrown off her hat and was smoothing her hair with a small comb before one of the mirrors in the hall.

Part Two

Dinner was over, and Anna Lee was busily unpacking her trunks. Her room on the second floor was a

scene of confusion. Dresses and other articles of feminine wearing apparel were scattered over the floor. She raised her head suddenly from her trunk and called, "Is there any mail here for me, mamma?"

"I think there is a letter," replied her mother, and she brought it in.

Anna Lee grabbed it and flopped down on a pile of clothes to read it. She glanced at the postmark and then ripped it open quickly. A joyous expression came over her face. She tried a backward flip off the pile of clothes and told her mother in excited tones, "Bobby is coming, he's coming today."

"Well, for goodness sake, child, who is Bobby?"

"Bobby Dale," replied Anna Lee.

"Well, I don't know Bobby Dale from the man in the moon. Where'd you meet him? Where does he live?"

"I met him at the sophomore hop at Princeton last fall, and he lives in Riverdale, his father owns about half of Wenton County, and he's the cutest man I most ever saw." Anna Lee shot this information at her mother in one sentence.

"Man? How old is he?"

"Oh, mamma, he's not so old. Up at school we call everything that wears pants a man."

"Oh!" Mrs. Macon exclaimed as if she understood perfectly.

"Man downstairs what call for Miss Anna Lee," interrupted the negro maid from the door.

"It's started already," sighed Mrs. Macon as she went to the window to look out.

Anne Lee took the stairs two at a time as she rushed to the door.

"I'll swear, Bobby, I'm so glad to see you—I could stand on my head," she exclaimed as she grabbed both of his extended hands.

"Better wait about standing on your head till your mother quits looking." Bobby made this practical suggestion as he looked at the upstairs window.

Bobby Dale was a composite of college youth today, of ordinary height and well built, but not heavy. His face was fair and smooth, and even rows of white teeth showed with every flashing smile. His black hair was well oiled and smooth combed, with a part on the left; and his eyes gleamed with devilish merriment.

Bobby looked at Anna Lee. Mrs. Macon was gone from the window by that time. "Damn, girlie, you look good to me!" he exclaimed, "for I've been having about as wild a time since I got home as old Crusoe had on his island. Reckon we can put a little pepper in this life around here?"

"No telling, Bobbie, but we'll do our darnedest. Maybe it won't be so bad. One thing about it, I'll not have any matrons to say 'Anna Lee, you mustn't do that.'"

"How 'bout your mother?"

"Mamma's a good sport. I want you to meet her." She paused and turned to the door to call her mother.

Mrs. Macon came down and the introduction was given. If she had any definite impression of young Dale, she did not know it in her expression. She merely gave him a cursory inspection and looked over his shoulder at his car, a red Stutz.

"We're going down town, Mums. Be back after while." Anna Lee flung this back at her mother as she climbed into the car. "Slip, I'm goin' to drive, Bobby. Today is my first chance in most a year."

"Brittain's" was Wellston's sportiest drug store, and it was thronged with the usual afternoon loafers of both sexes, seeking relief in the cooling breezes of the fans from the early June heat. Anna Lee vaulted lightly over the car door, not going to the trouble to open it. She walked into the store, followed by Bobby. Many of her old schoolmates were there, and, since Bobby was a stranger, introductions were in order.

"C'mon, girlie, let's take a booth," and Bobby led her to one of the curtained booths in the rear of the store. Drinks came, and Bobby pulled a small silver flask from his pocket.

"Want a nip in yours?" he asked as he poured a little clear fluid in his glass.

"Just a wee one, Bobs. Not much, for if mamma ever knew it I'd sho' Lawd have to go to Mary Baldwin, or some other of these southern schools with their damned convent rules."

Drug stores may be public, but it is surprising what times can be had in a private booth, and Anna Lee and her young Lochinvar did not occupy one for nothing.

When they returned to Oak Crest late in the afternoon Anna Lee jumped from the car and started up the steps.

"Wait, angel child," called Bobby, "come here a split second." She ran back to the car and jumped upon the step. "There's goin' to be a dance at the Silver Island club house next Monday," he told her, "how 'bout that night?"

"Betcher life, Bobs. We'll go with the bells on," promised Anna Lee. "No more now though, for dad is home and I've got to be at dinner. First day home, you know."

Several days passed with Anna Lee running around with her girl friends in day time and riding with mixed

parties at night. Monday came and with it Bobby Dale and the Silver Island dance.

Anna Lee was to spend the night with a friend, and Mrs. Macon warned her as she left, "Don't stay out too late, dear."

"I won't, Mums. I'll get in early." That was aloud, under her breath she whispered, "in the morning."

Several more dances were held during the next few weeks, and one night during early July she was preparing for another dance date with Bobby. Her gown was rather an ultra model, and her father looked at her bare back with disapproving eyes as she ran down the hall and threw back an "I will" to her mother's warning to put on a wrap while riding.

"What's that contraption she's wearing?" Mr. Macon asked his wife.

"That's the new evening gown she got today."

"Looks like she might be trying to be Vassar College's fullback," he commented drily. "I don't like that young Dale anyway. His old man may be all right, but I doubt that young sprig. He's no good. Lazy! Why he's good for nothing but sipping tea from a silver cup and whispering mushy words to some fool girl like Anna Lee. Talk about spending money! That boy would break Henry Ford in less than five years. Anna Lee has been home only four weeks, and she's been to six all-night dances, been up for speeding once each week and had two wrecks."

"I don't like it either, but what can we do about it?" asked Mrs. Macon in a helpless tone. "If we oppose her, she is liable to do something rash. She is wild over that kid now, and they are both of an irresponsible age. We can't tell what they might do."

"Do you reckon these two young fools would marry?" asked Mr. Macon suddenly.

"I don't think so, but you can't tell. That boy may be from blue blood, but blue blood will not provide food. Anna Lee is going to Wytheson next Monday to spend a week with one of her college friends, and that is nearer Dale's home than this. I do not like that, for——"

"Wait, Mary," interrupted Mr. Macon, "did you say Wytheson? I have an idea."

PART THREE

Donald Harrison was thirty and single. Put those facts together and a fair guess may be made as to his character. Law was his first and only love, and the opposite sex had occupied no niche in the wall of his life. The largest law practice in the Fifth District told in loud tones how well he had followed up his chosen work.

Handsome, and a striking figure in any crowd, Harrison rarely attended any of the social functions of his set. The exclusive bachelor club, where he roomed, was the main point of contact with his clientele. However, the few social affairs that he did attend proved that he was not lacking in self-possession. Always courteous to the ladies, he never went beyond the most impersonal of conversations.

"The most courteous, and yet the coldest man I ever saw," was the general verdict of the ladies of Wytheson.

He mounted the stairs to his office promptly at nine o'clock, and sorted the pile of letters on his desk. It was two days after the announcement by Mr. Macon of his idea. A letter, postmarked Wellston, did not seem to bear any particular significance to Harrison. He opened the letter and read it. His face did not light up with joy at the end, and he muttered several uncomplimentary expressions to himself, evidently about the letter and its contents.

"Oh, well, it's got to be done," he concluded, "but damn if that isn't a hell of a request." Profanity was a luxury that Harrison allowed himself only in private, and this temporary recourse to it seemed to relieve his mind.

The next day Harrison walked down the street toward the post office, and an excited babble rose in a car parked near the curb as he passed.

"That's him."

"He's the one we told you about, Anna Lee."

"He looks interesting," commented Anna Lee, "and, from what you say, it would be rather a feather in one's cap to get him going."

"Don't set your ideas in that direction, girlie. He's untouchable, and besides you've got Bobby hooked."

"Well, Bobby isn't going to be at your party tomorrow night. Besides, being engaged isn't any fun unless you break over once in a while. Breaking over and then 'kiss and make up' is really the stuff with Bobby. His kisses are so real."

"Oh, Experience, I bow to you," said Marjorie Page in a tone of mock dramatics.

"I'll dare you to invite that lawyer man to your party anyway," Anna Lee shot back at her.

"Done! And I'll lay you five that he won't come."

And so it came about that Wytheson received its greatest shock of the social season. Donald Harrison actually accepted the invitation to the Page dance.

Anna Lee planned to look her best for the occasion. She was spurred to her best efforts by the assertions of the other girls that Harrison's heart was stone. She ordered a gown for the affair, trimmed in rhinestones,

with slippers to match. She combed her hair in simple style, for "he's old-fashioned" the other girls told her.

Anna Lee was the guest of honor, and he was the leading attraction among the men; so it was natural for them to pair for the first dance.

"Let's sit out," she suggested; "my slipper hurts my foot."

Harrison was not averse to the idea, for, to tell the truth, he did not feel at home with the young crowd that was present. Anna Lee conducted him to a certain vine-covered seat in the garden, where, as she had told Marjorie Page beforehand, "the moon will sound the best."

"Do you remember seeing me before coming to Wytheson?" Harrison asked her.

"No, I can't say that I do. Why? Have I?"

"Yes. At least I have seen you before, but it has been a good many years. I went to high school in Wellston, and you were about six years old when I saw you last. You had run away from Oak Crest and gone to the drug store for some ice cream. The maid or nurse had come for you, and you absolutely refused to return home. The last sight I had of you, you had chocolate ice cream smeared all over your face, and the nurse was dragging you up street by the hand to the tune of your angry crying."

"That isn't a very complimentary picture that you paint."

"No, but you're no exception to the rule that 'the ugliest little girl often makes the prettiest woman.'" A hitherto unknown streak of gallantry was showing itself in Harrison's conversation.

The ice was broken, and when they returned to the house after the third dance, Harrison was in ill-favor with the boys for monopolizing Anna Lee.

"Congratulations, girlie. 'Dear old Vassar' should be proud of you. You're the only one that ever led him to the garden." This was Marjorie Page's compliment to Anna Lee as they undressed for bed.

"Not so bad, but shallow as hell," was Harrison's muttered soliloquy as he turned off his lights.

"What's the matter with Donald Harrison?" was the question that circles from bachelor bull session to the Old Maids' Sewing Circle in Wytheson's social world. The cause of this question was the rush that Harrison was handing Anna Lee Macon. Her visit of one week had been extended to four.

"Marjorie, I have already sent Bobby's ring back. I want a more mature man anyway, and I believe I've got that lawyer man a-going." Anna Lee expressed this opinion to Marjorie after the affair had been in progress a month.

"Maybe so," was Marjorie's doubtful opinion, "but if you have you're the only one that ever did."

"Well, I'll tell you, Marjorie, he has started off several times in a real tender tone with all of the symptoms of a proposal. He always begins 'I have something to tell you,' and then he stops when I sort of egg him on."

"Have you told him that you have returned Bobby's ring? Maybe he's holding back 'cause you're already engaged."

"I haven't told him, but I will tonight."

True to her word, Anna Lee told Harrison that night of returning Bobby's ring and of deciding that Bobby was too immature for her.

"That seems wise, to me, at least," said Harrison; "now I have something to tell you."

"I think you're the cutest man," Anna Lee exclaimed as she snuggled closer to him in the swing.

Harrison talked rapidly for several minutes. "And you see it was this way," he concluded, "I couldn't refuse to do your father the favor. He wrote me and asked me to try and break up your infatuation for young Dale. Now, since you've come to your senses and returned the ring, I can return to my neglected law practice."

To O. A. W.

If I could mold
The clay of words
Into an urn
Of beautied shapeliness,
And pour therein
The fullness
Of my love for you,
I should bring it,
Overflowing
To your feet
And kneel
Content.

Or if,
With mystic skill
Deep-learned and true
I could dip lightly
Into the startling redness
Of the dawn,
And mixed with depths of twilight
Splash on
A rocky mountain height
The formless
Hieroglyphics
Of my love—
It would be well.

But I am caged
Within the finite humanness
Of my small life.
Only the singing
Of my love
Is infinite,
Breaking against the barriers
Of my self
In vanities
Of reachings
Strivings,
Growths.

Only through nearness to your soul
May my soul know the fullness
Of great emptyings.

R. H.

Longing

I have known the beauty
Of red earth
Against the greenness of a dusky wood;
The winding of a little road,
Weed-grown, enticing, shy;
Soft mist on distant hills;
Great, silent heights
Where one can stand on tiptoe
And reach God.

But deeper than these loves
There is the joy—
The poignant heart-break
Which a lone tree brings;
Naked, apart,
And silhouetted dark
Against a twilight sky.

Perhaps there is the fading bit of red
Among the hills,
Perhaps a first, brave star
Shines just above,
But always—
The lone tree.

I think, in some long distant time
My spirit knew such want;
Impelled by an unreasoning desire,
Formed by a destiny
It could not choose,
Springing from depths
Toward
An unknown infinity,
Rearing its nakedness
Against the winds
Toward God.

R. H.

Aberration

By J. P. Pretlow

Realizing that my qualifications as an author were far short of the requirements, I have recently devoted quite a bit of time to going through with experiences that every self-respecting man of letters has to have ere he can write of the fantastic. I, therefore, in the course of eliminating these handicaps, wandered out upon a lonely moor, and called loudly for an old man, or woman, to give me some of that marvelous potion that enables one to see the supernatural. Evidently I had picked a time not propitious, for the hag came not forth —probably being too busy supplying writers of class prophecies—they seem to be the favored customers. All I got for my calls was a cold and a sore throat. Through all the night I wandered about, and in the early hours returned home. Chilled to the bone, and so hungry that I had not my right senses, I started to bed; but, before retiring, in order to dispel my chill, I repaired to a quaint bronze vase, of some size, wherein reposed a bottle of whiskey of more potency than purity. After ten minutes, and several glasses, I felt much better, though still very cold. I wandered to the bathroom, and turned on the water heater. A good, hot bath, I reflected, would take the chill from my bones.

* * * *

I rushed headlong through space. "Ah!" I thought. "Now this is more like it. Maybe I'll be an author yet."

I lit in a hay field, and found myself confronted by a large woman in a straw hat, who brandished a pitchfork at me. "Good morning, old thing," said I, bowing to the best of my ability from my prone position; "do you happen to have a cigarette about you?"

She gazed at me, horror-stricken. "I'll have you know that I'm not that kind of a girl—and anyhow, I smoke a pipe."

She impaled me upon her pitchfork, deftly tossed me aloft, and again I flew through space. As I drifted away, I seemed to hear: "Maud Müller, on a summer's day——"

Turning around, I saw a figure, bewigged and berobed, ride by, pause, and ride on.

What thoughts I may have had at this procedure were rudely dispelled by a second alighting. I sat up and rubbed my head. Behind me two people were gently murmuring and sighing. I caught the word "Balzac" —evidently the name of one of the two—whispered in a feminine voice, and heard a gruff voice say, "Love."

"Pardon me," I said—"no, I assure you that I won't look—but, please, might I have a cigarette?"

Following creaks, as of a bed, then the gruff voice: "Get t' hell out o' here!"

"But," I said, "I only want a ci——"

A very firm, though bare foot heaved me out of the window, and again I flew through space, grinning as I heard a small feminine scream, and the words, "Dearest chuck." Old Balzac, I reflected, was a bird, even though it was a trifle embarrassing to drop in on him at times.

I lit beside a slimy, hard thing. Everywhere was silence, mold, and the odor of decay.

"I wonder what this thing is?" I said to myself, gazing at the hard, slimy thing.

"I," it said, with accent sepulchral, "I am a tarn."

"I don't give a tarn—ha, ha—funny, ain't it? I know some card tricks too—say, have you a cigarette?"

Suddenly, an English professor with his class appeared on the scene.

"This, gentlemen," said the professor, "is Poe's famous tarn."

I held up my hand, and snapped my fingers.

"Prof, while we are on the subject, do you happen to have a cigarette?"

"Registrar," he called, "has this boy paid his bills?"

A far-away voice boomed, "No!"

"Sir," said the professor, "until you have paid your bills, you may consider yourself dropped from the rolls. Buy your own."

And he booted me out of the door. As I again sailed through space, I reflected that if I were ever a college professor, I should leave the booting to the students. I started back to tell the English professor about it, but I was far away by this time, and anyhow, professors don't learn things—they teach them, so it would be useless to tell him.

I flattened against a rough wall and dropped to the ground. A sound of baying hounds reached my ears, and a smell of brimstone was about. Gathering myself upright, I wandered to the seeming source of the baying, and there beheld a young woman, pretty as sin, being run about by several dogs. Now and then one would disappear, the woman would swear, and strike herself, at which the dog would reappear, and run with the oth-

ers around her. I chased the dogs away, and said to the woman:

"I know you—you are from Milton. I want to ask you for something, but before I do, I hope that you will not, in reply to my request, send me sailing into space, for I don't seem to be able to land without considerable pain."

"Sure," she said, "anything you want. But just a moment." She blushed and fumbled with her dress. I turned my head. I heard a sudden yelp, then she said:

"It's rather uncomfortable, you know."

"Yes, I rather imagine it is. But when one puts on the dog, one should not be surprised at the consequences, should one?"

"No, but really, Milton leads one such a hard life, don't you think?" She lit a cigarette. "If he had only written doggerel——"

"Pardon me," I said. "But my request, you know —might I have a cigarette?"

She handed me the pack, and lit a sulphur match for me. I inhaled deeply, choked and sputtered. The cigarettes were sulphur!

To cover up my disgust, and to keep from offending my benefactor, I made conversation.

"What are all of these queer, shadowy forms all around?"

"Don't you recognize them? you must not be very well read. They are the scenes that writers have imagined: scenes that were lifelike. Every time anyone reads of these scenes, his mind comes here and sees them."

"Well, well, how very strange! Still, in this age and time, one should not be surprised at anything, should one?"

"Watch that pile of lumber," she said. "One of those newer poets—writing about building a house."

The lumber writhed about, lifted itself into the rude semblance of a cottage, then tumbled back into formlessness.

"He'll learn," she sighed. "I'm afraid that it will obstruct the view, though."

"What th' hell do you mean by smokin' on duty? Tell your boy friend that he'll catch the devil now in a minute."

I fled, tripped over the lumber pile, and soared again. Blackness.

My roommate wakened me.

"Five minutes more, and I'd have had to dig you out with an ice pick."

I groaned and clasped my head. My mouth was furry, sulphurous in taste.

"Roomie, give me a cigarette."

"Sorry, I'm all out."

And he threw me on the bed, where again I soared, this time into blackness.

By-Paths

Life has one roadway,
Straight—
Sun-dazzled—
Monotonously steep.

But
If the throng has wearied you—

Or
If the press of burden is too great—

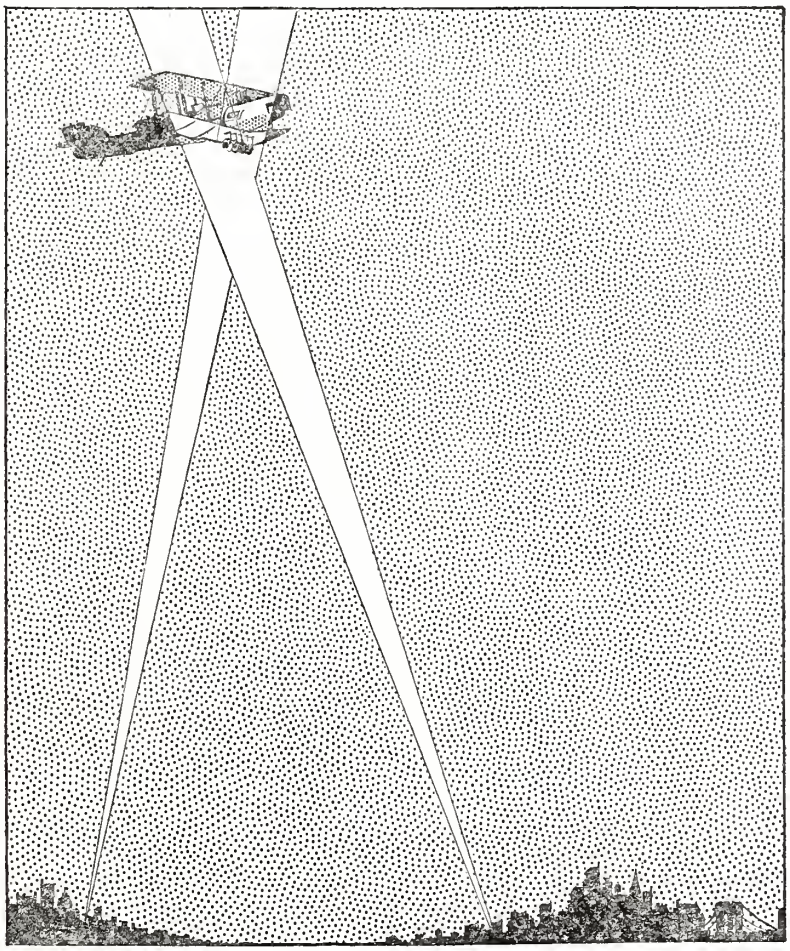
Or
Life seems long and hardly worth the toil—

Then
You may leave the white road of righteousness
And turn
To little paths
Which trickle through cool woods
To softer, wider spaces.

There you will find
The joy of little things,

But—
Life will pass by
On its great white highway
Of righteousness.

R. H.



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Debunking the Catalogue

(Continued from page 18)

disorders. No text-book necessary; the classes presuppose no preparation. By means of thorough group discussion, many new and startling discoveries are made. The oracular utterance at the desk stamps its approval and the discussion is closed.

Professor Odum: Teaching a subject that must be handled with gloves on, and carrying it off well. He has the necessary background to see through his subject—and somewhat more than the necessary. One of the few original thinkers in the faculty. Professor Meyer: An interesting lecturer until the end of the first two or three weeks, when he starts over again, having exhausted his "line." Assumes a fair and reasonable attitude. "Hail-fellow well met." Mr. Hoffer: A conscientious automaton.

SPANISH

3-4. These courses are outstanding examples of foreign language requirements made interesting. The books chosen for translation are fairly easy and not altogether dull. Classes are in charge of a couple of young professors who apparently enjoy their work and endeavor to infuse this spirit into the students. They are not great sticklers for routine and frequently allow themselves to be drawn into lengthy bull sessions on aspects of modern Spanish life.

5. Not quite as good as 4. The course opens with a book of Spanish ballads which abound in archaic forms and obsolete usages. To translate them it is practically necessary to master a new vocabulary. In addition to this feature the student is called on to do a fair amount of outside reading upon which he makes periodic reports. Only the personality of the instructor makes attendance worth-while and keeps things from falling into the prevalent rut of collegiate boredom. Professor Adams.

Mr. Stoudemire: Young-man-about-town type. Knows all about opreys and paintings and things. Smokes Lucky Strikes, which may or may not mean anything. Professor Adams: Linguist, sport and gentleman. An outstanding example of what a professor can be if he retains traces of humanity.

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1. Absolutely no tardies. This course is not intended to be a general course in zoology, but only an introduction. The classification of the animal kingdom is taken up; the frog and dog fish are studied in detail. Concentration on class is necessary to get good notes. Figures and clear explanations accompany the lectures, which are given by Dr. R. E. Coker. His lectures show that he has done much research and is an authority on his subject. The laboratory is a test of one's perseverance and patience, since most of it is dissection.

2a. This course deals with the theory of evolution. The facts are taken from a study of lower vertebrates, and also from a study of Mendelian heredity. Students will be expected to work hard for this course, but if they do work hard they will be sure to pass the course, as Professor Wilson really appreciates hard work on the part of the students, even though they do not do very well on the quizzes. Professor Wilson.

2b. Dissection and study of the crawfish, grasshoppers, bees, beetles, etc. Frequent field trips. Conducted by a conscientious teacher who is fair with the students. Professor Coker.

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Ralph as a Sophomore

(Continued from page 10)

"We're two of a kind then." Earnest sat up in bed, very wry of face and fully clothed. "Why in hell didn't they undress us, since they so very accommodatingly put us to bed?"

"Don't know. My mouth feels like a bird's nest made out of cotton and chicken feathers," Ralph said.

"Mine tastes worse than that," replied Earnest. "Let's take an eye-opener."

A drink was sandwiched between a shower bath and the donning of clothes, and another was taken before the boys left the room.

Ralph was roundly denounced that morning by Georgie, and he as roundly denounced her as the cause of his downfall. They passed the next two days in very politely seeing a great deal of each other; Ralph kissed every girl who did not object to a whiskey breath, and Georgie was kissed by any man who might be worked for a bid to the Easter dances. When Ralph took her to the train in Durham, she merely shook his hand and declared she had had a good time, and the two parted in the manner of a pair of casual acquaintances.

Now that the Thanksgiving holidays were over, the football season closed, and love affairs for the time being in the background, Ralph settled down for the approaching exams. He found himself woefully behind in all his studies, with a deal of back work to be attended to, several papers to be prepared, and much outside reading to be done. He set to work; no more dances, no more parties, no more love-letters—nothing but work occupied his time now. He took little interest in any of his classes except English 4. French was not at all to his liking, as he saw no use for "such stuff." History was dry, dull, and full of facts alone; English he enjoyed more because of the personality of the instructor and his method of conducting the class. This man was always neatly dressed, parted his black hair in the middle, wore a smile, or rather, a half-smile, on his strong face, and was very capable and efficient. In class he invariably "rode" someone every day, showing up the unfortunate student with a cutting, sarcastic remark that caused a blush and a laugh. Never were the facts of the assignment discussed; the students were directed in their remarks along topics of life, philosophy, economics, everything that had any bearing whatsoever upon the particular lesson of the day. The students were led to think and weigh for themselves, to form and express opinions, to argue their points with real material for evidence; and always there was that little undercurrent of humor, sarcasm, and irony that made everybody listen with eagerness to all that was said.

At the end of the quarter Ralph went on his exams with confidence, although sometimes with a confidence weakened by having "boned" until the cocks began to crow for morning, and strengthened at breakfast with two or three cups of strong black coffee. On English he made a two; on the other courses, fours. But he was satisfied.

After the Christmas holidays social life once more claimed Ralph. Though not to such an extent as in the fall. He loafed at his fraternity house a great deal. He went to three or four dances in neighboring cities. He took part in several campus activities, notably "Y" work, and the functions of the "workers," an organization for promoting the general student welfare, and the rather intermittent meetings of the "Knights of the Square Table," a sophomore social order. During the Lenten season parties of any kind ceased to take place, and much good work was done by Ralph on his studies, with the consequence that again he passed every course.

The spring holidays brought the Easter dances, a party or two, some "loving," and a new "girl." Although he had no girl up to the dances on his bid, his father let him have the new Buick, and with it he made a great impression on Helen Randolph, the sister of a fraternity brother. He told himself that this time he was really in love: Helen was not a "neck-artist" like Georgie, but a sincere, sweet little girl who wouldn't let him kiss her until the night of the last dance, when he hadn't had a drink.

The spring quarter for him was a succession of trips to Helen's town, little attention to studies, many bull sessions, several poker parties, and two or three drunks. On cool nights he would take long walks with one or two companions, or alone, or would sit at his frat house until midnight telling jokes, talking politics, science, religion or literature, or talking about nothing at all, which meant wine, women, and song; and afterwards would wander slowly across the campus to his room, deep in his own thoughts.

One night Jim Blake, his former roommate, Sam, and Harry Rollings enticed him into a poker game. They agreed to quit at twelve o'clock, but when the hour came the two losers, of which he was one, wanted to continue the play, and the ethics of the game demanded that the winners continue also. Every hour a time for quitting was set, and every hour the time was moved up. The room was foul with cigarette smoke and the floor covered with ashes and butts, the faces of the

players haggard and weary. The matches had given out, necessitating that one of the four keep a cigarette always burning, and towards five o'clock the cigarettes gave out so that it was necessary to smoke the butts off the floor. Apple cores, the remnants of the one o'clock intermission, lay in the corners of the room, articles of clothing once discarded in the heat of the early night, were donned haphazardly because of the morning chill, and the game dragged slowly along till seven o'clock. It was on the last hand that Ralph, who had been loser all evening, "came back."

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The game was "twenty-five-fifty," roodled for the last pot, and Blake was dealing. Three times each man looked at his cards, and three times no one could open. Ralph dealt; the limit was one dollar-two dollars.

"Check," from Sam.

"Open," said Rollings, and tossed in a dollar.

The other two boys "rode," and Ralph dealt three cards to Sam, one to Rollings, two to Jim, and two to himself.

"Check to the two card men," said Rollings.

"Bet two dollars," Blake put in the money.

Ralph looked at his hand, saw three aces and a pair of jacks, and bumped the pot two dollars.

"Called," said Sam.

"Bump you two," Rollings made sure of what he held and placed his money in the pot.

Blake dropped, Ralph "hit" the pot again. Sam dropped, and Rollings called. He had a queen-full. Ralph's ace-full won the money. The twenty dollars put him even; Blake won fifteen dollars. Sam and Rollings lost five and ten respectively.

Hollow of eyes, slow of mind, tired and aching of body as he was, Ralph nevertheless "caught" his classes, and was "ridden" by every prof for failing to pay attention. That afternoon he slept heavily until supper, then shaved, took a cold shower, dressed, and fell once more into the regular routine of spring time at college.

Because he had scarcely known he was taking courses that quarter, and cared but little more that he was in school at all, he refused to sit up all night before exams, studying half-heartedly a few hours at night, and sleeping soundly until just before the time of the test the next morning. A few days after the university school year was over came the finals dances. Ralph and Helen had a glorious time together, and when he reached home for the summer holidays he was tired, but very happy in the contemplation of plans for a summer of pleasure. His plans were seriously, violently, and swiftly nipped in the bud, however, for his father had his report, which showed a four, a five, and a six, and, as Ralph said, he "gave him teetotal hell!" That summer Ralph got up each morning at five o'clock, rode horseback three miles into the country, worked like a dog in the broiling sun all day, and returned home after dark, too weary to do more than eat, bathe, and groaningly crawl into bed to dream of Helen and her fun down at Wilmington in the surf and at the dances.

The Song of Love

(Continued from page 13)

trying to bend and crush some object in the air in front of him. This seemed to soothe his wrath. He sat down at the table and attempted to write. The saxophone continued to bray: "You are my song of love. You are squ-e-e-e-el my——"

Finding it useless to try to write, Mr. Morton got up and resumed his tour around the room. This time he seemed to be hitting the air with a sledge hammer. After a violent movement of his arms, a look of satisfaction came over his face. He stopped for a moment, then rushed to the window, reached out, closed the blinds, slammed down the window, and lowered the shade.

It was eleven-thirty. I started for home. As I ran down Sted's front steps, Mr. Morton came out of his front gate. He carried a bundle of papers under his arm. He stalked determinedly down the street. As he passed I heard him whistling, "You are my song of love. You are my song of love. You are——"

Revelation

Last night, when the world was very still,
And the chaos of chatterers
And grumblers and idle thinkers
Had given place to the simplicity
Of silence
And God . . .
I saw a little half-starved thing
With wistful eyes,
And begging hands,
Who cried to me for food.
The innate beauty of its form was lost
In shivering ribbiness.
And, in its hollow eyes,
The dreams were blotted out by tears.
I looked my wonderment.
Sadly, the creature smiled.
"You do not know me?
Strange . . .

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The ancient, rhythmic beating of the sea,
The awe-compelling wonder of the sea,

With its vastness beguiling man,
With its beauty ennobling man,
With its anger destroying man.

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Symbolic of man's highest yearnings
And of his lowest passions.
World-old—
Impersonal—
Unconquerable—
The Sea.

R. H.

To My Friend

High in the within of me
There is an altar.
On the altar there are two candles—
Two white candles.
They burn always,
With an unwavering flame.
One is the candle of Understanding;
One is the candle of Trust.
I have placed them on the high altar,
The altar of love which I have built
Before the shrine of a dream—
My dream of Friendship—
Which is realized
In You.

R. H.

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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WE ARE THE PEOPLE

On the night of May 4th the great annual farce of our campus was enacted. The *Golden Fleece,* a so-called honorary organization, conferred what it considered high honor on a small group of men by taking them into its membership. It stamped them with its own mark of high estate; it proclaimed them worthy of all honor and praise from the common herd; it marked them as select members of that body which has almost a monopoly of the highest virtues of mankind.

As a member of this select order, I have great doubts about its ability to see and recognize virtue or excellence or any of the other highly tooted qualities which it modestly admits that it possesses. I can not see that I am any better or worse (save for $17.50 initiation fee which I regretfully admit that I paid) for having been admitted to the sacred fleece, and am frank to state that I have no wings and cannot stand the high altitude which this most excellent body affects. Bluntly stated, I am sick of this egotistic pretense and rot; and furthermore, I wish to state that I think it one of the worst influences in our life here.

The *Golden Fleece* idea has warped, twisted, and perverted the students' attitude toward education. It has taken the amusements and purely secondary interests of college life here and helped to magnify them out of all proportion in the students' mind. It has catered to the tastes of a hero-worshipping multitude. It has opened the way to self-glorification for the man who has no mental right to be in a University. By a tap on the back in public, and several taps on the pocket and elsewhere in private, it seeks to mark and reward. It helps your dull, vulgar eye to see virtue. It gives the elect their due praise and exalted position among *the people.*

Strange to say, I have a very good opinion of most of the men (as men) who are members of the *Fleece,* but how they can with straight faces proclaim themselves *the people,* the people entrusted with upholding Carolina's most sacred traditions, the people who serve as examples and models for the rest of the campus, the people capable of seeing, recognizing, and rewarding virtue and excellence, the people, who, modestly and to the best of their ability, select *the people* of the next year,—how they can publicly admit these things is beyond me. If they uphold Carolina's traditions, then, if Carolina ever intends to become an effective educational institution, it is time that she abolish her traditions and start on a new tack.

The *Golden Fleece* upholds no traditions which really belong in college life. It has aided and abetted the prevalent perversion of the students' attitude toward education. It is nothing but a mechanism which simplifies the problem of selecting heroes for the dumb student hero-worshipper. Along with many other organizations and activities here that clutter up and obstruct the way to the student's intellectual growth, that distract his attention and pervert his interests, I hope to see the *Golden Fleece* die.

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Lord Buddha: Saviour of the World

By H. R. FULLER

I

THE QUEST BEGUN

A HUNDRED thousand cycles vast, and four immensities ago, there was a town named Amara, a place of beauty and delight. Within this prosperous city lived Sumedha, who had great possessions and much store of grain and treasure. A student he was, and knew all the wisdom of the ancients, and was a master of the three Vedas.

Sitting alone under a Yoga tree in the heat of summer, Sumedha thus pondered to himself: "What misery to be born again! And have the flesh dissolve at death! Subject to birth, old age, disease, I will seek to find extinction; where no decay is known, nor birth nor death. What now if I could leave this foul body, this loathesome prison house, and go my way without a care, or least regret for things behind! There is, there must be, an escape! Impossible there should not be! I'll make the search, and find the way."

So saying, Sumedha spent his hundreds of millions in alms to the poor, and left his kindred and his friends, and built a hut of leaves beneath the hill named Dhammaka not far from the snowy slopes of Himavant. By deep thought and strenuous efforts, he attained the Six High Powers, then cast aside his cloaks of cloth, girded on a barken dress, and left his hut of leaves to live at the foot of forest trees and fare on wild-fruits.

While thus the sage lived with Nature, sunk in holy contemplation and deep trances, there was born a Buddha, Lord of All the World, by name Dipamkara. Now it so happened that the Great Being journeyed through this distant borderland not far from the hermitage of Sumedha, and was received by the multitude with joyful hearts. And Sumedha, coming to the way where the great Buddha must pass, helped clear a portion of the path. And thousands came in His train, and men and gods played triumphant music, and celestial beings threw broadcast on the earth the Erythrina flowers of heaven, the lotus and coral-flowers. But Sumedha, not having finished his portion of the path, threw himself face down in the mud, and cried:

"Let the Buddha tread on me, with the disciples of his train; if I can keep him from the mire, to me great credit shall accrue."

And while he lay thus upon the ground he thought unto himself: "Today, if such were my desire, I might consume all my corruptions and find escape for myself from rebirth's circling stream. But why thus unknown and all alone, should I the Doctrine's fruit secure? Omniscience first will I achieve, and be a Buddha in the world. Not alone will I escape, but salvation bring to multitudes—this earnest wish I make in presence of this best of men."

While thus he mused, came great Dipamkara, and halted by the monk of matted hair. "Behold," he cried, "this monk austere. Lo! he, unnumbered cycles hence, a Buddha in the world shall be. In the fair town of Kapila shall he appear. His name shall be Gotama." And having said, he passed on; and all his numerous train shouted, and made obeisance as they passed the prostrate monk.

And when the Conqueror was departed, Sumedha raised himself and sat cross-legged, meditating on the path that he must tread. And the dwellers of ten thousand worlds rolled forth a glad and mighty shout, "Surely a Buddha thou shalt be." And all plants put their blossoms forth, and every tree and every vine was forthwith laden with fruit, and from heaven fell down a rain of many-colored flowers, and music was heard, and a heavenly fragrance filled the air, and the mighty ocean

heaved and rolled, and throughout the whole of hell the fires ten thousand all died out.

And Sumedha sat cross-legged till he saw clear the ten perfections of the road to Buddha-ship. And he arose, and beginning already to fulfill the ten conditions of his long quest, which must endure from life to life and death to death unnumbered, re-entered then into the wood.

II

THE BIRTH

Now while the Future Buddha was still dwelling in the city of the Tusita gods, the "Buddha-Uproar" took place. And the guardian angels of the world wandered about proclaiming:

"Sirs, after the lapse of a thousand years an omniscient Buddha will arise in the world."

And when the gods of the ten thousand worlds heard the proclamation and saw all the omens of the Uproar, they gathered together in one place. And when they had ascertained what individual was to be the Buddha, they approached him, and besought him, saying,—

"Sir, it was not to acquire the glory of a Sakka, or of a Mara, or of a Brahma, or of a Universal Monarch, that you fulfilled the Ten Perfections, but it was to gain omniscience in order to save the world. Sir, the time and fit season for your Buddha-ship have now arrived. In your next existence attain your high destiny."

And the Future Buddha observed the time, the continent, the country, the family, and the mother, and kindly made the gods the required promise. And he entered the Nandana Grove of the Tusita heaven, and lived there surrounded by the deities and continually reminded of his accumulated merit. And when he died, he was conceived in the womb of the Queen Maha-Maya.

There was on earth a city, Kapila, having its sides surrounded by the beauty of a lofty broad table-land as by a line of clouds, and itself, with its high-soaring palaces, immersed in the sky. In that city, shining with the splendour of gems, darkness like poverty could find no place. With its fertile arbours, its arched gateways and pinnacles, it was radiant with jewels in every dwelling, and unable to find any other rival in the whole world, it could only feel emulation with its own houses. After mocking the water-lilies even at night by the moon beams which rest on its silver pavilions—by day it assumes the brightness of the lotuses through the sunbeams falling on its golden palaces.

A king, by name Suddhodana, of the kindred of the sun, adorned the city. The very best of kings he was, joyously reverenced by all men. To him was a Queen, by name Maya, strong and calm of purpose as the earth, pure in mind as the water-lily.

"This people, being hard to be roused to wonder in their minds, cannot be influenced by me if I come to them as beyond their senses,"—so saying, Duty had abandoned her own spiritual nature and made her form visible in Maya.

In the time of the Midsummer Festival, Maya bathed in perfumed water and fell asleep on her royal couch. And she dreamed that angels carried her to a golden mansion on a silver hill in the Himalaya Mountains, and bathed her to remove every human stain, and clothed her in divine garments and decked her with flowers. And the Future Buddha came down from the North in the form of a superb white elephant. And he plucked a white lotus with his silvery trunk, and trumpeting loudly entered the golden mansion. Three times he walked round his mother's couch and entered her womb through her right side.

And in the morning she told the king of her dream, and he called the wise Brahmans.

"Be not anxious, great king," said the wise men; "a child has planted itself in the womb of your queen, and you shall have a son. And he, if he continue to live the household life, will become a Universal Monarch; but if he leave the household life and retire from the world, he shall become a Buddha, and roll back the clouds of sin and folly of this world."

And the king rejoiced at these words.

And when the time of Queen Maya was now come, she went out with a band of courtiers to a pleasure-grove of sal-trees, called the Lumbini Grove. And this grove was one mass of flowers from the ground to the topmost branches, and among the branches hummed swarms of bees, and flocks of various kinds of birds flew about warbling sweetly.

And going to the foot of the monarch sal-tree of the grove, the queen wished to take hold of one of the branches, and the branch of itself bowed down to her hand. She took hold of the branch, and immediately her pangs came upon her, and the branches leaned down to make a bower around, and the ground was covered with rare flowers blooming out of season. As the queen stood thus, the child came forth pure and spotless from her right side. Like the sun bursting from a cloud in the morning, he made the world bright with golden rays which issued from his body.

As king Aurva was born from the thigh, as king Prithu was born from the hand, as king Mandhatri was born from the top of the head, as king Kakshivat was

born from the arm-pit,—thus too was his birth miraculous, and without pain or sickness to his mother.

The young prince was born full of wisdom, his mind purified by countless aeons of contemplation. And after coming from the womb he took seven firm steps, and looking to the four quarters, he spake with full assurance: "I am born for supreme knowledge; this is my last birth; for I am born now this last time for the purpose of saving all the world."

At these words, two streams of pure water burst from heaven, bright as the moon's rays, and baptized his head.

When he was born, the earth, though fastened down by Himalaya the monarch of mountains, shook like a ship tossed by the wind; and from a cloudless sky there fell a shower full of lotuses and water-lilies, perfumed with sandal-wood. Pleasant breezes blew soft to the touch; the very sun gleamed with augmented light. Angelic music, self-caused, delighted the ears. The various cries and confused sounds of hearts were hushed, and all cruel and malevolent kinds of beings, together conceived a loving heart. All diseases and afflictions among men were healed. And the Devas floated through the heavens singing in responsive harmony their heavenly songs, to encourage him to accomplish his perfect purpose. All the gods rejoiced for man, because the Buddha was born; and the whole world of creatures enjoyed peace and universal tranquility.

Mara, the king of the world of desire and of evil, alone was grieved and rejoiced not.

And the child was carried to the city by all the people, and he lay on a bed with a royal canopy and a frame shining with gold and supported by feet of lapis lazuli, and in his honor the yaksha-lords stood round guarding him with golden lotuses in their hands.

And the king Suddhodana was moved now with joy, now with fear, not knowing what these strange portents might mean. But his Brahmans and soothsayers bade him rejoice, saying: "But now the king, like the moon when it is full, should feel in himself a perfect joy, having begotten an unequalled son who will become illustrious among his race. One endowed with such transcendental marks must reach the state of Perfect Illumination, or if he be induced to engage in worldly delights, then he must become a universal monarch."

The king was glad at these words and gave great gifts to the holy men, and said: "May he become the ruler of all the earth according to your words, and retire to the woods when he attains old age."

And he proclaimed a general rejoicing throughout the whole city; and the heart of the people was glad.

But the great seer Asita, whose ear long closed to earthly was attuned to heavenly things, heard the Devas in space singing the birth of a royal son who should complete the way of true wisdom. He came to the palace gate, and was admitted at once because of the great renown of his sanctity. He beheld the king's son with wonder, and stood sighing and looking up to heaven with tears hanging on the ends of his eyelashes.

But beholding the tears of Asita, the king was agitated through his love for his son, and with his hands clasped and his body bowed he thus asked him in a broken voice choked with weeping: "Wherefore, on seeing him, do tears come to you, reverend one? Is the prince destined to long life? Surely he is not like the frost-flower of autumn, which though it seems to bloom, is not a reality. I have with difficulty obtained a handful of water, surely it is not death which comes to drink it?"

"Let not the king be anxious," replied the aged seer. "Recollecting that I myself am old, on that account I could not withhold my tears. It is my time to depart, and now this child is born—he who knows that mystery hard to attain, the means of destroying birth.

"For this son of thine shall rule the world, born for the sake of all that lives.

"He will attain the highest truths and shine forth as a sun of knowledge to destroy the darkness of illusion in the world.

"He will deliver by the boat of knowledge the distressed world, borne helplessly along, from the ocean of misery which throws up sickness as its foam, tossing with the waves of old age, and rushing with the dreadful onflow of death.

"By the reign of the Law he will give gladness to the multitude who are consumed in this world with that fire of desire whose fuel is worldly objects, as a great cloud does with its showers at the end of the hot season.

"He will break open for the escape of living beings that door whose bolt is desire and whose two leaves are ignorance and delusion.

"Therefore make no sorrow for him, but rather for those pitiable ones who through illusion or the pleasures of desire will refuse to hear his Law.

"Happy am I to have seen him, yet I must die before he makes known his good Law."

Then the sage Asita departed by the way of the wind as he had come, his figure watched reverently in its flight.

Then from afar came merchantmen with gifts for the young prince, and presents from the neighboring

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Four Poems—Medino De Parron

Translated by R. K. Fowler

A brief introduction should be given to this group of poems, telling something of their author, Medino de Parrôn. Señor de Parrôn is a young man twenty-seven years of age and is a native of Paraguay. He is self-educated and has traveled over three continents, paying his way by any jobs he could pick up. Only in the past year has he turned definitely to literature and the few that have read him claim that he already stands in the first rank of South American poets. His one slim volume, *La Ébana Esclava,* is done in the modern manner and is well above the average. The four poems chosen for translation are representative of his simpler style.

ANOCHE

Last night white flame belched skyward
From the sweltering lava mouth.
The Cross hung like a pendant
On the bosom of the South.

Last night my heart flamed whitely
'Neath its coruscating bars;
It glittered for your pleasure
As a cross of distant stars.

MONTE DE PIEDAD

A scarred guitar,
A glazed string of Carmencine beads—
Segments of soul.
Gold is the food that a pauper needs.
Grim is the winding road that leads
From dark to dawn.
The shop that pays the pittance feeds
On souls in pawn.

RIO VAADRA

A condor wheels
In arcs of feathered fury
Above the rich purl of the Vaadra.
Thick swamp scum,
Towering, miasmic banks,
Green lushness of the jungle crawling.
Day hung dully
With a net of twisted fern fronds;
The pinched blue oblong where a condor wheels
Above the Vaadra.

SUSTANCIA

Yet what am I to grasp the cooling night
And press it to my brow?
If ever I should cry for dumb surcease
God would withhold it now.

The sun licks at His fingers and the moon
Sinks shuddering at His nod.
So what am I to rasp my aching throat
And rail aloud at God?

The Mystery Ship

By William James MacMillan

It was a glorious cool September day. The avenue was thronged with well-dressed people crossing, and recrossing. The very air tingled with animation and life. I clambered in a bus and tempted by the fun of watching the crowd, mounted to the top. I was about to seat myself when, as invariably happens, the bus started with a lurch, throwing me against the shoulder of one of the two men seated just in front. He looked around and accepted my apology with such unusual graciousness that my interest was aroused; and on being safely seated, I observed the pair with some degree of interest.

Now I am not the type of person who reads the news surreptitiously off his neighbor's paper. Neither am I in the habit of "listening-in" on any conversation that might be going on around me. But, on this occasion I must confess I did, shamelessly, and I got repaid for it—but that comes later on.

As I was saying, the unexpected politeness of the gentleman had aroused my interest. I was scrutinizing the back of his head when his voice struck my ear with peculiar force. It was full toned and of a carrying quality, though well modulated. He was obviously recounting to his friend some past experience.

It was not without a few qualms that I gave myself up to this form of entertainment. His voice compelled me. The Avenue faded away. The people, even the vehicle we were on, seemed to dissolve under the spell of his tale. Gradually the roar of the traffic melted into the pounding of a wind-swept sea.

"It was nearing dusk as we sailed into the bay. The sky which had been threatening all day now began to emit a disheartening drizzle, a chill wind seemed to spring from nowhere, blowing the wind in our faces. Cold and wet, we were in that state of depression which only such physical discomfort can bring; consequently it was a distinct relief when we sighted the entrance into the bay—I say bay, but,—" he paused and puffed meditatively as though searching for a more adequate word, "in reality it was more like a fissure, where the sea had forced a passage into the heart of a mountain. Now it wasn't the most ideal place to spend the night, but the wind was increasing in violence and we decided to remain.

"It was not until we had lowered the anchor and done the few last jobs necessary before going below, that we observed we were not alone. About a hundred feet ahead of us lay a two-masted schooner. We were somewhat surprised that anyone else should have picked this rather unusual spot to spend the night, but in all probability would not have given the matter another thought, so intent were we on thoughts of food and shelter—had not the wind suddenly changed, blowing straight down from the mountain.

"The breeze was heavy with the scent of balsam. We involuntarily stopped to inhale its curious fragrance, mixed as it was with the salt tang of the sea-air."

The conductor was now charging down upon me. Needless to say I was boiling at the interruption. I fumbled wildly for a dime—of course I couldn't find any silver at all. By the time the conductor had made the correct change and I had deposited my dime, I thought surely I would have completely lost the thread of the narrative. However, good fortune was with me, his companion had apparently interrupted him and my friend was just now resuming his tale.

"Our ears caught a curious sound coming from the unlighted derelict-looking ship. As the boat swung around the sound increased, and above the noise of the waves came the wail of a child, thin, piercing, unmistakable! We stood transfixed to the deck. The agony in the cry seemed to paralyze us. The shriek lasted but a moment and was gone with the shifting wind. I wondered if I could have been dreaming. I hesitated to mention it, wondering if it had been audible alone to my ears. Perhaps a trick of the wind, a scream of rage as she rent her gown on a jagged point of rock? I turned and started back when the cry came again—more faintly—but losing nothing of its indescribable agony. I wheeled—

" 'Mac, did you hear *that?*'

"In the murky light Mac's face gleamed white and ghastly. His voice when he answered was hoarse and seemed to break through his lips with difficulty.

" 'Good God! It's terrible—it sounds like a child's voice.'

"One of my questions was answered. Apparently my reason was still intact. With a common impulse we started for the tender and jumped in. Mac began to row furiously. As we approached the ship her general air of abandon and disrepair was more obvious. The

lower sails were furled but with evident haste and carelessness. There was but one stop on the mailsail and none on the foresail. On reaching the stern we observed that her dory was full of water and sinking slowly."

Here the roar of the traffic drowned out the speaker's voice. We had reached 42nd Street and the tide of traffic eddying around us drowned out all other sounds. After what seemed hours, the signal flashed out and we started on up the Avenue. I had intended getting off here, but nothing short of death itself would have drawn me away and out of earshot of the magnetic voice in front.

"Once on deck, the shabbiness and dreariness of the vessel seemed to rise like a cloud to smother us. The lifeboat's tarpaulin was half torn off and rent in several places. Even the rail sagged. The deck was strewn with bits of rope, rotting in spots. As we started to cross it our nervousness was increased ten-fold by hearing the rope, with which we had secured our dory, slip off down into the water. Evidently we had forgotten to secure it tightly."

He laughed—"I can laugh now, but I never have had such a feeling of utter abandonment before or since. I could tell that Mac must be in the same state of mind from his quick short gasps and the clutch of his arm. Some way we managed to cross the deck to the door of the shuttered cabin—every board creaking a protest. Momentarily we expected to hear that sickening, soul-shriveling cry.

" 'We are mad,' Mac whispered to me, his voice fairly whistling through his teeth. 'Let's go—we can swim away.' He stopped. 'If we were only sure it was a kid.' Overhead came the slow heavy boom of canvas. We both jumped and glanced quickly up, fully expecting, I think—" He hesitated. "I really don't know what we did expect. Probably something supernatural. However, the cause, terrifying as the effect of it might have been, was a natural one. The unclewed main-topsail was flopping dolefully in the spiteful gusts of the wind.

" 'No, we are going below,' I replied, remarking grimly that as I thought our chances of reaching our ship were extremely doubtful, I preferred the danger of the unknown to the practically certain death of jumping overboard.

"We stood some moments before the door, before we could resolve to open it. My heart, thumping like a trip hammer against my ribs, knocked the wind out of me.

" 'Well, you are not going alone,' Mac responded. He took hold of my arm to steady himself. The deck was like glass from the moisture of the atmosphere; we needed each other's physical as well as moral support to keep our feet at all.

"How we finally screwed up our courage actually to open the door, I have never known. If it had stuck, I don't believe we would have had the nerve to break it down."

He turned with a quick motion to his companion. "I can't begin to describe to you the atmosphere which enveloped that boat, and the weather didn't lessen it any.

"Well, to go on,"—he puffed his pipe in quick short puffs—"I gave the door a rather violent push, expecting at least to find it latched. The door opened. Completely thrown off our balance, we fell in through the aperture and down the cabin stairs. We managed to stick together and were still holding each other's arm when we brought up with a sickening jar on the cabin floor.

"Involuntarily I had shut my eyes during the fall and I now hadn't the courage to open them. Evidently Mac had. A shudder ran through his frame, followed by a low moan. I could feel his body collapse against mine. I think I must have fainted then from sheer terror, because when I came to and opened my eyes——

"By George!" he exclaimed, "we are way past our street. I got so interested I didn't notice."

He rang the bell, got up, and taking his friend's arm, descended the stairs. I was so surprised and furious that it was some moments before I could collect myself at all. I got up and tore after them, determined to find out the end of the story. Of course, before I had succeeded in getting half way down the stairs the bus had started on again. I returned to my seat, so filled with disappointment and unreasoning anger that I had ceased to care whether I accomplished my errand or not. I rode for blocks, turning it all over in my mind. It was weeks before I could get that thing out of my brain. Some day I am going to advertise and see if I can't find the man, and find out just what he did see. I certainly am going to find out what was in that cabin some day!

Lafcadio Hearn in New Orleans

By W. T. Peacock

Lafcadio Hearn's father was an Anglo-Irish Surgeon-Major of a British Infantry regiment; his mother was a lovely Greek girl with whom the Major became acquainted when his regiment was ordered to duty on one of the many small isles off the coast of Greece. Patricio Lafcadio Tessima Carlos, for so he was named, was the second child of this union. A great many of his eccentricities were undoubtedly inherited from the many peoples that had found their way into his family tree. From his father, in addition to his English and Irish blood, he inherited a Gypsy strain. His mother, in addition to her Grecian blood, probably bequeathed him a dash of Arab and Moor. Safe to say, he was heir to an ill-assorted mixture whose instincts were constantly at war.

When Hearn was two years old his father was ordered to the West Indies, and young Hearn and his mother were sent to the father's relatives in England. They found refuge with Mrs. Sarah Brenane, Major Hearn's aunt and an ardent Catholic. English weather and temperament did not agree with Mrs. Hearn, and she returned to her Grecian isle. Hearn, now a child of seven, was left to the tender mercies of his aunt. She determined to make a priest of him, and accordingly sent him to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, in the Yorkshire hills. Here while at play he suffered a blow on the head that caused him to lose the sight of his left eye. He became an omnivorous reader; the classics of the Greeks and Romans interested him in particular, and all through his later writings a distinct bias toward the Greek theories is shown. The constant strain of reading for long hours injured his one good eye. It became swollen permanently to twice its normal size and gave his appearance a certain elfish distortion. One day Hearn announced to the Jesuit brothers that he had become a pantheist. Pleadings and prayers were of no avail, and so he was ignominiously dismissed from the college. He was then sent by his aunt to a Jesuit school in France in hope that he might lose his "devilishness." Here again he was hopeless, and finding the brothers determined, he ran away and spent some time in Paris.

Returning to England, Hearn found that his aunt had given up all hope of making him into a priest and had decided to ship him to America. He went, willingly enough, with instructions to go to Cincinnati and to report to a relative of one of Mrs. Brenane's friends. Instead he remained in New York. Little is known of this period in New York save that he was often on the point of starvation. After two years he gave up the struggle and went to Cincinnati. Here the man to whom he had originally been instructed to report gave him a small sum of money and turned him loose once more.

Odd jobs gave him sustenance for a period and then he found employment as a reporter on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Here he made his mark as a writer of the weird and unusual. Murder stories, the ghastlier the better, were the type upon which Hearn throve. His queer taste led him to seek strange stories. He wrote of seeing a naked model in an artist friend's studio; climbed a church tower with a steeple-jack and gave his impressions. His taste ran to the morbid. Then, following an unfortunate affair with a negress, Hearn found life in Cincinnati intolerable. He had grown tired of the city and longed for new experiences. A chance description of a Mississippi plantation decided him to go to New Orleans. At that time Louisiana was undergoing a recount of the votes cast in the Hayes-Tilden presidential campaign, and the Cincinnati *Commercial* offered to pay Hearn's way to New Orleans and commissioned him to write political articles.

He eagerly accepted the offer of the newspaper and prepared to make the momentous trip south. In October of 1877, then, he boarded the train that was to take him to Memphis, Tennessee, where he was to take a boat to New Orleans.

Going down the river he was overcome with the beauty of the scenery. The blue of the sky and the river with the green of the bank on both sides filled his heart with gladness, and he sat down and wrote of the "Fair Paradise of the South." Filled with excitement, curiosity, and anticipation, he landed in New Orleans in the fall of 1877 with twenty dollars in his pocket. He found a room at a cheap boarding house and began to explore the strange city. Here in the queer mixture of peoples, architectures, and languages that was New Orleans he was tremendously happy. This was a fertile field for the curiosity and vivid imagination that was Hearn. The negro "mammies" chattering in Creole, the stalking Choctaw Indians, the Spanish, French and

English residents were a wonderful new experience for a man with rapidly developing literary ability. For weeks he merely wandered, observing the many-sided city. What writing he did was all of his impressions of New Orleans. As for the politics, he knew nothing, and in consequence was shortly relieved of his commission by the *Commercial*.

He soon found himself at the end of his funds, and was forced to seek employment. The city was then in the grip of the yellow fever epidemic; men were being laid off rather than new ones taken on. Hearn subsisted for six months, no one knows how. Certainly he led a hand-to-mouth existence in which he never knew one morning where he would sleep that night. His meals were generally of the five-cent variety. Often he thought of suicide, but he said that the dark, swirling waters of the Mississippi were too foreboding; he could not end it that way, and if he had had money for a pistol he could have eaten. When it appeared that he could no longer even exist, he found a place with the *Item* as assistant-editor at a salary of ten dollars a week. The *Item* was a paper which had been founded a year previously by several journeymen printers who were out of a job and had begun it as a coöperative enterprise. From the start it had been a fair financial success, and was daily gathering strength.

It is well at this point to consider Hearn's opinion of newspaper work and of southern newspapers. The drudgery that he had undergone with the Cincinnati *Enquirer* had turned him strongly against journalism as a profession. After coming south he had sworn that never again would he go through the daily toil. As for southern newspapers, he held them in the greatest contempt. He wrote to a friend in Cincinnati shortly after his arrival in New Orleans: "There is not a southern paper worth a damn. They are without life, courage, ability, enterprise, intelligence, or even money." This expression, however, came at a time when he was very low in spirits and unable to find a job with any of the New Orleans papers. His opinion was much softened later, although he never held a very high regard for southern journalism.

Hearn's duties on the *Item* were at first very light. He wrote a leader or two on foreign politics, read over the New York dailies for ideas for editorials for the next day, worked the telegraph news up to its final form, and clipped items of special interest from the papers of the Louisiana parishes. Gradually the paper began to expand. Hearn's far-reaching taste and his intimate knowledge along many lines changed the paper from a mere local sheet to a review of national and world-wide affairs. Strange notes from oriental and European fields began to appear; the paper became artistic and intellectual. Among the early Hearn contributions was an editorial entitled "Genuine Journalism" in which he laid down the theories he held as to the true functions of a daily paper, and attacked the other papers of the city for their short-comings. Then began his series of translations from the French. These translations were the product of much hard labor on the part of Hearn. He strove always to preserve all the beauty and strength of the originals, and New Orleans, being Latin, received them with delight.

His writing, however, was not all of a bizarre nature. He took up his editorial pen in defense of the weak and the poor much as would many a less literary editor. There were outpourings against police extortion and inefficiency, white slavery, child labor, gang rule, and the overworking of employees. The board of health came in for its share of Hearn vitriol. He kept up a continuous fight against the almost unbelievably unsanitary conditions of the city.

Women and war were other subjects upon which he wrote. He greatly condemned the entrance of women into politics, but predicted that it would come about. He also discussed smoking by women, gave as his opinion that it would surely come, and pointed out that the nations where both sexes smoke (Turkey, Spain, and the Oriental countries) are either decayed or on the road to decay. He was a pacifist, but declared that war would never cease altogether.

Hearn was undoubtedly the greatest force on the *Item*. He had brought it to the forefront through his writings, and had kept it on its feet through a period of hard times when it probably would have fallen. Still, however, the *Item* was not yet a financial success. Hearn's salary was still small, and when a better opportunity came to him in the early eighties, he took it. Major E. A. Burke, who owned the greater portion of the *Democrat*, conceived the idea of combining it with the *Times* and making the most powerful paper in the South. Hearn had been doing some work for the Sunday *Democrat* in addition to his regular work with the *Item*, and when the consolidation took place he was offered the position of literary editor of the new paper. The salary was thirty dollars a week, and as this was far more than the struggling *Item* could pay, he took the job. The new *Times-Democrat* had a staff of exceptionally able men. Hearn found himself associated with men of culture, fixed in a position of enjoyable work, with more leisure time than ever before. Life took on a rosy hue for him. He continued the foreign

translations that he had started in the *Item*, and kept up his editorials on foreign affairs. His leisure time he turned to study with the result that his writings became more literary. His quarrels with the police and the board of health were forgotten; local matters were lost in the books over which he pored. In addition to his translations from the French authors, he watched the French press for translations from other foreign languages and these he turned into English. Thus the literary page of the *Times-Democrat* was spiced with a great variety of foreign tid-bits, and Hearn's fame grew.

These translations of his became popular with the people of New Orleans, and through necessity the other papers of the city began also to print translations. Most of them were shoddily done pieces of work that lacked the artistry and polish of Hearn's translations. He delighted to pick flaws in them, pointing out places where the translator had left out the true or given the wrong meaning to a passage. These editorials angered the opposition papers, and the *States* challenged him to a contest with its translator. In reply, Page Baker, editor of the *Times-Democrat*, refused to allow his translator to enter into a merely local contest, but declared that if the *States* would back a national contest of that nature, then the *Times-Democrat* would accept and back its "translator, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, against the most accomplished in the country." Naturally the contest never developed.

It is told of Hearn that he used to compose his writings while walking up and down the editorial office in the *Times-Democrat* building. Oblivious to his surroundings he would pace the length of the cocoa matting and back again until his subject was entirely planned in his mind. Often he would write standing up with his paper pressed against the side of the door. In this office he planned and executed the essays upon many subjects that marked his stay with the newspaper.

Hearn seldom made friends, and he never even made acquaintances easily. However, during his seven-year stay in New Orleans he did have a wide and varied circle of acquaintances; many were fellow intellectuals who had been drawn to the little man because of his writings; and others, who might have been classed as the "low element," were companions of Hearn because he sought their company. Among his earlier friendships in New Orleans was that with George W. Cable. He was first attracted to him because of a story by Cable that he read in *Scribner's*. Cable at that time was still unknown in the literary world, and the praise of Hearn was the initial basis upon which their friendship was founded. The greatest barrier between the two was the strong New England conscience that Cable had inherited from his mother. Hearn, an avowed pantheist, could hardly stomach the puritanism of his friend. However, he greatly aided him through favorable reviews of his books in the columns of the *Item*, while Cable returned the favor by helping Hearn to get the *Century* to publish an article. Together the two learned much of Creole literature and lore. Both were collecting the songs of the Creoles, and Cable was writing the scores for them. At this time Hearn was the better of the two. He picked up acquaintance with the old negresses who sat in public places and sold sweetmeats. They were the chief source of the great number of ballads that he later published. From them he learned all the gossip of the Creole section of the city, and gained an insight and understanding of the manner of their life. His friendship with Cable came to the same end that most of his others did—they quarreled and parted. Hearn was accused by Cable of having stolen his story in "Chita," while Hearn always believed that Cable had been most untrue in the matter of certain of the Creole songs that he obtained from him and published.

Living at the Bayou St. John, near New Orleans, was a Catholic priest who knew all about Indians. Hearn heard of him and sought his acquaintance. He found him a most fantastic fellow who, at the age of five, had run away with a party of Indians that had passed by his house. Although shortly rescued by his parents he had held his love for the forest people, and after he obtained his degree from the college in France to which his Creole parents sent him, he returned to the Choctaw Indians. This Adrian Rouquette—for so he was named—found a strong bond with Hearn in their common love of French literature. The two grew to be great friends and spent much time together, often talking the whole night through of religion, mysticism, great names in French literature, or Indian customs. It is not known what happened to break up this friendship, but break up it did. All Hearn's friendships broke, and often only because of trivial incidents.

Page Baker, editor of the *Times-Democrat*, probably did more for Hearn than did any of his other friends. It was Baker who would calm the little man when he went into one of the ungovernable fits of rage that came to him over the smallest of matters. It was Baker who would send him away on a vacation when he saw that he was tired and half-sick. It was Baker who introduced him to many prominent persons in the literary and social world of New Orleans. Baker was ever the kind-

est of friends, always solicitous of Hearn and never asking anything of him in return. He felt that he had a genius on his paper in the person of the queer little man from up north, and he was careful to foster that genius.

Perhaps the nearest that Hearn ever came to a true friendship was his relation with Mrs. Courtney. She was an Irishwoman who ran a boarding-house in the real Irish way. Hearn came to her house to board at the recommendation of a friend, after the greasiness of the Creole boarding places had begun to sicken him. Mrs. Courtney, a motherly soul, was attracted to Hearn from the start, and when she learned of a peculiar aversion of his—a hatred of being seen while eating—she arranged a private table for him in a house in her backyard. In other ways she pampered and mothered him. Hearn never forgot her, and even after he had left New Orleans, even while in Japan, used to write to her.

At just about the time that Hearn became acquainted with Mrs. Courtney and her excellent boarding-house, he also met a brilliant young Spaniard, Rodolpho Matas, who had grown up in New Orleans, and had been graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Matas and Hearn were drawn to each other through a mutual love of good books, and soon became warm friends. They often talked of the many subjects in which Hearn was interested and on which Matas' medical training could throw new light—how long consciousness remained in the body after death, whether a negro's vocal cords were different from a white man's, of the effect of odors on the imagination. Matas treated Hearn's faltering eye also, and did him much good. That Hearn was appreciative of the many things his friend had done for him may be gathered from the fact that he dedicated his book, "Chita," to "My Friend, Dr. Rodolpho Matas." Their friendship continued until he left New Orleans, but it was later blighted.

The most outstanding one of Hearn's friendships with those whom his friends of the fashionable quarter refused to recognize, was that with Denny Corcoran. Denny was an Irish lad, a nephew of Mrs. Courtney. He weighed in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds and was reputed a two-gun man besides. Absolutely fearless, he was a natural gang leader, and was held in the greatest respect by all persons in New Orleans. All told, he killed five men during his career. With this companion, Hearn was wont to wander through the bawdy district. He knew that so long as the redoubtable Denny was with him none would dare do him harm. Together the two would go through the entire section carousing the night through. Their wandering even took them as far as the opium dens, and this may account for the somewhat nebulous quality that at times appeared in Hearn's stories in the *Times-Democrat.* Denny always preserved a warm feeling for Hearn. He said of him after he left New Orleans, "Mr. Hearn, he loved statues, and, beggin' yer pardon, de nooder de better and he offen sit in de park and tell me about 'em. I didn' know nuthin' he was talkin' about, but I loved him."

The most important of Hearn's writings while in New Orleans are those that have been collected into the volumes "Fantastics," and "Creole Sketches." In addition there are a number of miscellaneous essays and writings that have been gathered together by Albert Mordell into a volume entitled "An American Miscellany."

Of the three, "Fantastics" is by far the most distinctive. Here there is the free play of the Hearn imagination. The "Fantastics" are little nothings that grew out of Hearn himself. They have been called exotic storiettes, and as such are far ahead of anything else that has ever been done along that line. Fantastic to the extreme, still the word fantastic in description of them seems not just exact. It is too suggestive of a phantom that will soon fade, while the Hearn "Fantastics" have too much of life, too much of beauty ever to fade. They are, rather, exquisite jewels, perfectly cut and polished by a master. There is perfection in each sentence. The excellence of his choice of words cannot be cheapened even by praise. Consider the following passage from "Aphrodite and the King's Prisoner":

> . . . The delicate mellowness of the antique marble admirably mocked the tint of human flesh;—a tropical glow, a golden warmth seemed to fill the motionless miracle—this dream of love frozen into marble by a genius greater than Praxiteles. . .

Again the power of description is found in "All in White," a fantastic in which Hearn is at his best:

> She was dead! All in white,—like the phantom bride of the German tradition,—white robes, white satin shoes, and one white tropical flower in her black hair shining like a star.

No single passage taken from any of these writings can give any idea of the exquisite beauty of the whole or of the single passage in its relation to the others. To appreciate them one must read them several times over.

One can only speculate as to the effect that Hearn's life in New Orleans had upon his writing of the "Fantastics." New Orleans is all through some of them. Some are inspired by oddities of the strange city. Many of them, however, are clearly products of the Hearn imagination—an imagination stimulated by much read-

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In Criticism of Criticism

By Edward Scheidt

In European countries the collegian is said to be vastly interested in politics. It is no uncommon sight, we are told, for students to be making heated speeches, carrying banners, or engaging in street brawls with opposite factions, but no such trend is observable in America. Isolated instances of political ambition, of course, do crop up. Witness the case of the University of Florida students who have announced their candidacy for their state legislature. We might also mention the *Tar Heel* announcement that Governor Al Smith of New York is being boosted energetically by students at the University of North Carolina for the Presidency of the United States, but this piece of tomfoolery is scarcely deserving of notice. It is exactly on a par with the "Republican Clubs" which astute leaders of that party organize in colleges and universities around election time.

Encouraged and fostered by political bosses, such collegiate explorations into the realm of politics make excellent party propaganda and that is the end of their significance. As expressions of an independent reaction they are *nil*. The fact is that we young men are too well fed to get excited about politics. For that matter, the country itself is quite satisfied with existing conditions. The nearest thing to an issue is the prohibition amendment; in certain quarters it is still causing groans. However, a peculiar condition prevails with regard to prohibition which makes a Whisky Rebellion in the near future unlikely; and that is the fact that whoever desires liquor is still able to get it, and whoever doesn't want to drink it doesn't have to.

Unwilling to hunt for vegetation in a barren field of politics, the collegian of to-day who is seeking expression turns to more familiar regions—the universities themselves. So it is that a vast literature of protest against existing educational conditions has grown up. Youth, it should be understood, *must* protest something. It is not surprising that it should be higher education. From the earliest infancy of every student now in college, glorious pictures of the wonders of university training have been unfolded before his eyes. Reality cannot but fall short of romance. Add to this the controversial element present in most of us. Our colleges and universities have been extolled to us so often and so long that it is quite easy to assume a negative frame of mind and say, " 'Tain't so."

In passing from the causes of the criticism like that which has been rampant in the Magazine for months, to some of its manifestations, allow us to assert that it is our purpose not so much to white-wash the colleges as to paint the reformers in their true colors. That conditions are not perfect we grant, but we do say that so far as the colleges are concerned the progress of anyone who wants an education need only be limited by his own ability, and that practically everyone who does go to college "gets enough out of it" to make it eminently worth while.

The gist of the charges which are being brought is that the geniuses are being crushed by routine, and the most ordinary of specimens graduated, a great avalanche of mediocrity periodically being thrust out into the world.

Of panaceas there are a plenty. Some writers say optional class attendance, that anything should "go," so long as the student can pass the examination. Others advocate doing away with examinations. Some say tighten the requirements and keep the morons out. Others would do away with such silly things as requirements. One familiar figure says pay no attention to how the knowledge is got, just so it is got. There you have it:

Tighten down, loosen up,
Have more exams, have none at all.

And how ingenuious these reformers are! Each comes forth confident and snug in the realization that to him alone has the truth been revealed, and that he alone has the courage to speak boldly, disdaining the consequences. But alas! when it comes to the showdown, their ogres are only pumpkin heads and their vitriolic utterances mere comedy.

Having hobnobbed with these fellows, having listened to them and felt them out and penetrated their thin veil of hypocrisy, I am now prepared to say that they are superficial creatures who have collected bits of information much as fly-paper catches flies, and have absorbed them no better. Supreme in their assurance they strut about, proclaiming to all who will lend ear the True Reason Why Everything Is All Wrong. One such person has told Magazine readers how he ventured to dispute with an "inane" French professor who stated that Christianity was essentially spiritualistic and paganism materialistic, and presumably was quite rebuffed,

justly enough, no doubt. I knew another chap at Carolina, certainly a kindred spirit of that writer, who used to do this self-same thing. Let us call him P. The class was a small one, as German 25 always is, and P had plenty of cheek and a glorious gift of gab. The professor, one of the most cultured and intellectual men on the faculty, gave him free rein to interpret romanticism in his own way. The result was a grand splurge into Nietsche and Schopenhauer which was highly entertaining while it lasted, but a little question here, a little one there, judiciously interposed by the professor, and the arch pretender was revealed in his true colors: He was superficial, and superficiality masquerading as profundity is unpardonable. Naked ignorance is bad enough, but when it takes on the garb of knowledge the poor camel's back collapses under the strain.

Of the outcome of such tilts there can be little doubt. Whenever an immature youth attempts to correct an experienced teacher on his "home grounds," the young man may expect to come off a bad second.

One of the reasons why A. B. S. Vik, P and others hold forth, we suspect, is that they are chafing under the restraint of being kids and want to be full-grown men, at liberty to criticise and be heard. When I was a freshman in high school one of the teachers caught a boy feasting surreptitiously from the amorous contents of the *Red Book* Magazine. Never will I forget the lecture she gave the class. The entire period was consumed in explanations why the *Red Book* was all right for adults to read, but for the immature mind, Oh my, no! I speak for the class when I say we resented to the man the insinuation that we were but children, and particularly did we resent the expression "immature minds." Yet time has healed the wound and we realize that this good lady was at least half right, the *Red Book* Magazine should not be read by children. May Vik and P profit by this story.

I have said that these fellows are all alike. There is just such a chap now editing *The Lantern*, the campus daily at Ohio State University, somewhat clever, but unfortunately suffering from the same queer delusions. His idea is that too many people are going to college and the bright boys are being suffocated. Half the students should be squeezed out—given some industrial training or sent directly to work.

A contributor to the student opinion column of the same paper voices the sentiment that the self-help student pities himself; that he might as well be working on a full-time job for the good he is getting out of college; that he isn't capable of doing the college work; and that it is really very hard on the boys who are not self-help students.

It is not hard to see what criterion these men would use to determine who should stay in college and who should be kicked out. The idea that only the rich deserve an education is not a new one. Send a man to college and you make a poor slave out of him. He learns to think, resist as he may, and ambition, together with a sense of superiority, is instilled into him. He goes out unwilling to work at some mechanical task day in and day out, and he rebels against being at the mercy of the employer as all wage slaves necessarily are.

The machines must be kept running and a common school education is the ideal training for factory work. Any more than that is not only wasted, but downright harmful. What more natural than that the employer should resist? What more natural than that he should sweep the country with a flood of propaganda—the cry to raise the standards of colleges, the cry to exclude? Why do men like Edison belittle college training? The answer is plain: They represent manufacturing interests. The more educated their workers become, the harder to satisfy.

The adjustment of working conditions to the increasing intelligence of the working class is a serious economic problem, but it is no solution to attempt to deny these people the opportunity for an education because they thereby become less willing slaves. The leisure class, however it may feel about the matter, has no monopoly on brains or ability, nor is the fact that one was once helpless reason why he should always remain so.

In view of the very definite agitation to keep the workers and their sons at the bench, I regard it as pathetic that able young college writers are joining these forces of subjugation. True, their motives are not the same as those of their unscrupulous allies, but this is small consolation when they work to the same end.

I deny that our colleges and universities are stifling intelligence, or that any appreciable number of students are attending who do not profit by it. One cannot pour knowledge into an empty head, but it is surprising how much even the dullest of us pick up in spite of ourselves. No one, I say, can be subjected to the discipline of the class-room without receiving training which will prove invaluable to him.

It is considered clever to deprecate the value of education. Writers such as George Moore in his *Confessions of a Young Man* do this to perfection. But we notice that such writers often have acquired their own

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Fragments

Youth gives us dreams,
Life proves them false;
Age gives us wisdom,
Death proves it vain.

* * *

Man gropes and gibbers
Through the fog of life,
Clutching each familiar object
With unremitting zeal.
Hesitant,
Lest, stepping on,
He lose the touch
Of solid things.

* * *

To every man is given his hour,
Pregnant with beauty,
Clean of all travail's stain.
And he,
Ecstatic with its breathless puissance
Insensible to all its hidden pain,
Clutches it blindly.
Then, when it is gone,
He throws the fragments to posterity
And cries, "All ends in Nil!"
Mistaking his thin shroud
For infinite invisibility.

A Portrait

Cool eyes,
Slim lips
Haunted with smiles;
A body
Poised,
Detached,
Impersonal.

But suddenly—
The lashes lift
Their veiling
From a soul
Which thrills and blinds
And crashes
With the splendor
Of beauty
And great truth.

Cool eyes
Slim lips—
With always
Their faint hint
Of stalking ghosts.

Discontent

Men say
That he is fortunate,
And that he should be happy.
He has received his doctor's degree
In three years, and holds a professorship.
But I smile, when I hear them say this,
For I have seen him
Gazing wistfully into a fitter's window
Full of tweeds and bright ties
—On his face, the expression of a small boy,
Longing for things he has missed
And never will attain.

Lament to a Tub

MODERN lighting and plumbing, including shower bath." So do the advertisements mark the passing of that noblest of American institutions: the bath tub.

So has the speed of living been moved up another notch. No time to spare! Do it now! Don't write, telegraph! System! Effciency! Living is not a pleasure —it's a business! Why watch the water run in the tub when you might be taking your bath? Hurry ! Hurry! Billion dollars—time is money! F'r Gawdsake Hurry!

First came the newspaper—and the great art of gossip was overthrown. Next was the telephone—and neighborly calls ended. The automobile—and walking for pleasure became a rarity. Now the last of pleasurable leisure is to be taken from us—by the showerbath.

The bathtub is the foundation of the home. Who does not remember the Saturday night baths? The family gathered about, each waiting his turn, comfortably relaxed in negligee: mother struggling moistly with the younger members of the family, clearing reticent ears, and scrubbing grimy hands; the kitchen stove glowing in its efforts, supplying oceans of hot water; the streamy, soapy, clean odors. We were scrubbed for Sunday School, for Church, for parties; we associated the bathtub with religion, and quite correctly; we associated it with events of social importance—even more correctly.

And now comes this inhuman thing—the showerbath. One turns the faucets, steps under the spray, swears as someone else turns on the water, and quickly hops out, half scalded, or frozen, as the case may be. Ensues more twisting of the faucets, a boiled hand, water in the eyes, and general loss of religion. Finally the knobs are adjusted correctly, and you start to sing, only to be checked by the sneering hiss of the descending waters.

Half of you is stung into beet-red rawness by the driving waters, while the other half is chilled by a current of air that is always freezing cold. You stand there, conscious of yourself, and not at all in the mood for pleasant reverie, while the water tears at your eyes with a savage roar. Someone again turns on the water. Disgusted, you quit, turning on the cold water, that you may not catch cold after your bath.

Compare that to a pleasant quarter of an hour in the tub. First comes the ritual known as running the bath. You sit by the tub, and adjust the faucets with all the care and exactness of a chef compounding hors d' oeuvres for a company of Lucullans, letting the stream flow over your hand that the temperature of every drop of water may be checked. Finally it is ready. You slosh some of the water on the back of the tub, so that it may lose its chill, then with slow, easy movements as you lay yourself down, with ecstatic sighs as the warm liquid covers you. Mayhap you have a book in hand. If so you can sit and read and smoke. Or, perhaps you nourish some grudge, or your feelings may be frayed by someone's harsh treatment. In the languorous embrace of your bath, you are consoled, you smile condescendingly, your superiority is reestablished, and you beam with good will toward mankind. If perchance, the water should lose some of its original heat, a touch of the faucet brings reenforcements and once again you lie and dream. Then comes the soap. The joy of being able to lather yourself into a snowy whiteness, without having it whisked off by rude jets of water! And the soft, smooth sensual feel of it!

Who dares compare the shower to the tub? Who ever was able to smoke, to dream, to read, or to lather in a shower?

Instead of being in a benignant frame of mind, you swear at the fool who keeps turning the hot water off and on, diminishing your own supply to an almost freezing mixture, and then cooking you alive in its sudden heat.

Then, too, the bathtub has recognized social prestige. Did not Mary Garden, *the* Mary Garden, give interviews to newspapermen while she was bathing in her tub? Can one possibly suppose that she would give an interview while in a shower—even if it were a milk shower?

However, time is money—F'r Gawdsake Hurry!

Lines Written in the Library

I

He touched the corner of a star
And reached his feet to earth.
Unhurried beauty pierced his heart
Until he knew the mute, sweet song
Of dim gods at their rites in far
Off lands. He did not have the art
To speak it—or he spoke it wrong
And gave the rah-rah boys some mirth.
(A silver god sat in his blood-red heart.)

II

A gentleman, a poet, and a man
Whose soul was touched upon a time by Pan
Sat musing at a table near the stair.
Perhaps he conjured up a pretty, rare,
And esoteric fancy fit to write
In lyric numbers on that very night?
He rose and lightly tipped behind the stacks—
His dainty shoes gleamed dark beneath the backs
Of books that marched in solemn dusty rows—
And in a meditative way he picked his nose.

III

He sat reading with the sun in his face.
There is spring outside.
Why do you sit reading, I asked him.
I do not like what I see outside, he answered.
You will ruin your eyes reading like that,
I told him in a whisper. Why do you do it?
I do not like what I read, he explained,
And sat there with the sun in his face.

IV

Bibliography—
A frenzied shrieking,
Slow limbs creaking,
A graduate student rushes by.
His glasses guide in a mystical way
An abandoned delight in statistical play.
He likes to investigate anything big.
(Give him a tree and he sees but a twig.)
Bibliography!

V

Oh, moon, oh moon that climbs the winding stairs
Of night; oh stars, oh happy little rain,
Is this the pagan girl who wildly bares
Her soul, who sighs for love—in vain?
Is this the valiant, poignant poetess
Of introspective mind and plaintive pen
Who wants to spoil her newest Easter dress
By lying in the sprouting grass again?
She sings with joy her sultry summer song
Of rosy limbs and blushing summer madness,
And in trite metaphors she drools along
With virgin fervor and poetic badness.
The blame, of course, must rest upon her soul,
Purveyor of the pinkish barcarolle.

G. A. Cardwell

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: The letters herewith were written in answer to, and in criticism of the article "Debunking the Catalogue," which was published in the April issue of THE MAGAZINE.

TO THE EDITOR:

Any plugger that is a misfit elsewhere can get into college teaching. Any misanthrope that can parade a list of scholarly articles can get on the pay roll. No eccentricity short of St. Vitus dance will bar a man who rates the title "Doctor." The field is crowded. This keeps salaries down just the same as a bumper crop of cabbage keeps the price of cabbage down. If universities (president and students included) do not put a premium on genuine intellectual power and magnetic personality, and the outside world does—what happens?

The better students have a right to be heard. Their demand for better teachers will carry weight if they are persistent and judicious. Let a carefully picked jury of them bring in the verdict on a culprit. No individual debunking phraseologist who seats himself on the bench as judge will help the present situation, however brilliant be his pen.

The debunking article in the April issue was clever and, on the whole, fair. However, contradictory appraisals by individual students are futile, and may bring undeserved pain to sensitive men. The somewhat laborious process of deriving a composite opinion from different views of "the best students" may cramp the style of individual student critics; but the sober judgment of the group merits respect, whereas the individual is nothing. Surely, the "best students" have enough ingenuity to perform the necessary integration.

The article was encouraging. Granted that the *average* student often looks upon education as a price to pay, like the tuition fee, for the privilege of four years of fellowship and "outside activity," the contributing authors gave little evidence of "resistance to education," but did show distaste for dry bones, froth, and dogmatism.

W. N. W.

TO THE EDITOR:

There is one question I would like to ask about this *Debunking the Catalog* article.

Why were certain professors left out of the write-up? I refer particularly to the following; doubtless someone else could add others to the list: (1) A man, the head of his department, whose ignorance of the literature in his own field, whose absurd methods and teachings, would be, if generally known, a disgrace to the University; (2) a professor whose theory of teaching is that his function is to act as policeman to keep the student working. Numerous times have I sat on this professor's class and heard him make errors, errors in his own subject, in English grammar, and almost anything else he took a notion to talk about.

I knew one graduate student who had to sit on his classes, a well-informed, brilliant student. The professor knew less about his subject than this student, as was evident whenever discussions arose. I am thoroughly convinced that in this case, as in many others, the graduate student attended classes merely in order to keep on the good side of the professor who would examine him for his degree.

I realize that bad feeling would have been aroused if any one had told anything like the truth about these two men. One ignorant, the other lazy; both unashamed of it. Now if you can't criticize men like these, if you can't really criticize, why criticize at all?

I am in favor of some sort of system that will eliminate the dead-heads and duds from the faculty as well as from the student body. From comparison with visiting lecturers, I feel sure we have a rather superior faculty, but we certainly have some men who are rank misfits.

A. B. S.

TO THE EDITOR:

So the boys don't like some of their teachers! Well, well.

Young men, I am afraid that you forget the dual purpose of a university. We were not all hired because we had a natural aptitude or love for teaching. A university exists not merely for the purpose of teaching young minds, but also for the more important purpose of adding to the sum total of knowledge, of discovering new truth.

When the president has a professorship to fill, he looks for a man with a scholarly reputation. This means possessing the doctor's degree, and publishing numerous articles in the learned journals. It is found that the prospective member of the faculty has, we will say, discovered that Molière, on the day he began his greatest comedy, consumed six hard-boiled eggs for

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Carnival

I HAVE just been reading some of those strange tales of Poe, those tales which give one a kind of nostalgia. I have read *Eleonora,* and, the *Cask of Amontillado.* I like the one about the Amontillado; not so much because it is uncanny, but because there is in it a picture of men and women who *live,* flushed with the hot ecstasy of love, and life, and beauty. I should like to live in one of those cities of southern Spain, or Italy. And I should like to participate in a carnival like the one Poe has painted. Here in Chapel Hill it is sometimes very dull. It is dull now, but perhaps the artistry of my imagination will produce for me something which is not so dull.

Toledo, imperial city of old Spain! Proud Toledo, seated high on a mass of rock, your grim, embattled turrets glittering in the sun, you look down in haughty splendour into the winding Tagus which bathes your feet. And well may you be haughty, O Toledo, for have you not a cathedral which is the envy of all western Europe? Have you not traditions which will live so long as there is romance? And have you not daughters whose dark beauty and flashing eyes may be seen nowhere save within your walls?

Today you will celebrate the *fiesta de San Juan.* Today your narrow streets will be plunged into a chaos of colour, and laughter, and joy. And today I, lost in the tumult and the revelry, will live as I have never lived before. Masquerading as an Italian courtier of the gay period of the Medici, I will go forth into your streets to tempt Fortune—to woo Adventure.

The throb of the carnival, the mad whirl of life—I am part of it. I am intoxicated with it! The atmosphere is heavy laden with strange perfumes. All space seems filled with showering confetti, a myriad of multi-coloured specks touched into flames by a setting sun. Serpentines, thin streamers of tinted paper, hover above the revelling throng. It is a phantasy; and there is laughter.

A shower of confetti overtakes me from behind, and I turn abruptly to look into the smiling eyes of a *Pierette.* Oh, who can this woman be who looks out so naïvely from under a domino mask? She is fair, fair as the women of the Norse countries, and her eyes are blue. But her hair is raven black, and her mouth is small, and red, and soft. A flashing smile, a whispered word, and my *Pierette* is gone, swept on in the tumult of revelry. I plunge onward with the throng, possessed now with one sole, flaming desire to see her again.

The evening has passed into night, and now the skies are a deep, blue mantle of satin, jewelled with the brilliant constellations which may be seen in southern Europe. And still I have not found my *Pierette.* I rest for a moment against the limb of a Moorish arcade to watch the passing phantasy which is silhouetted against the glow of a nearby street lamp. And on with the quest!

At the end of the arcade there is a little court, illumined only by silvery light which falls from a crescent, hanging low, which is the Moon, and by the distant, scintillating stars. Emerging into this court, I encounter a shadow. Yes, it is the shadow of a *Pierette.* Can it be——? And from the shadow, in a low contralto, I hear, "Será mi Italiano, il doge?" It is truly she, then! My magnetic *Pierette,* to whom I have been mysteriously drawn from among the immense crowds of revellers.

Have you ever been in a carnival? You know, then, what it is to be inebriated. One may commit the most monstrous acts if only one is inebriated. I clasp my *Pierette* in my arms, and I press a kiss upon her small, red mouth; nor does she resist, for perhaps she, too, is inebriated.

But alas! At this moment I am rudely interrupted by a complete stranger who has entered, unannounced, to my room—which is in a dormitory. He wants to know if I have a match. R. S. A.

Trip

By G. A. Cardwell

Such a silly Nibs' dear mother was! She stood at the window even as the train started moving and pressed kisses with her fingers against the glass.

"Mother's ten year hero!" she called at him. Then she was gone, father pulling at her, looking back over her shoulder and wrinkling his forehead at Nibs.

The train moved with a steadily growing rush that astonished Nibs even more than he cared to admit even to himself. It was over a year since he had been on a train. He had gone then with his father to visit his grand-parents in Baltimore. Living on the edge of town, out in the suburbs, as he did, he was a little bit less experienced than most boys his age. Then there was his mother who kissed him so often and kept him so close at home—to take care of her, she said. But now he was off alone to see Grandmother and Grandfather, and he had to change trains in Washington!

The mysterious way the middle of the big green chair tilted when he leaned against it absorbed him for a time. Then he noticed the man opposite, a large man with heavy gray hair carelessly brushed; a nose which swept down his face and ended in the upward tilt it had been trying to make all the time. The part of him or about him which was most interesting was the book he was reading. Nibs had a passion for books and this was a very strange one. Bound in plain paper, entirely blank, held together where it was wearing by strips of tape, it showed just inside the back cover a curious print with distorted figures in the center and queer curlicues at the corners.

Nibs kept his large brown eyes fastened on the small limp book, fascinated by the plaster patches and an occasional glimpse of the print. The man turned several pages while he watched. No pictures. Disappointed, Nibs gave up watching him and looked out of the window. Everything was very green and wet. Everywhere, in great pools, water stood and glistened in the sun. Once he saw two boys paddling in water, sailing something. But Nibs was interested in people. There were too few of them outside; one saw them for too short a time. He looked back in the train and stared at what he could see of the highly-scented woman sitting in front with her chair turned from him. She reached at intervals and ate chocolates from a box on the floor by her. Ten years later Nibs would have said "Sybaritic imbecile!" and wondered what her purpose in life was—save one.

Now he admired the pink cheek he saw, the curl of yellow hair. He was curious what she would do if he reached forward and took a piece of her candy. He remembered there was an apple in the little bag he carried—his large bag had been checked through—but he wasn't to eat it until Washington, in the station. At the next stop a jerky little man in a check suit who looked as if he spilled eggs on his tie at breakfast swung onto the car and came trotting down the aisle. The pretty woman saw him, he saw her; they clasped each other and kissed loudly; the woman began asking questions in a hard joyful voice.

Nibs, very disappointed indeed, squatted back in his chair and squirmed down in it until he could feel the heavy nap of the velvet pricking him through his pants. He looked down at his own rather fat legs and tried not to listen to the talk up front. He tried so hard that he got hot and prickly all over, but he couldn't help hearing that he was her husband, that he was through travelling for the rest of that week, and that they would have a great time of it while he was home. The man called the woman "sweetheart," "honey," "wifey."

Nibs got up and walked to the end of the car. Over the door he read "Women." As instructed at home, he turned and walked back to the other end. A girl in flesh-colored stockings with fur on her dress tittered when he read the sign and turned around. Nibs flushed hotly and hated her; he hadn't expected anything like that. Trying not to fall against the legs and bags which reached out at him, he trudged back down the length of the car. All the way his arms bothered him, his head felt clumsy.

The conductor who took up his ticket looked after him in Washington. He was nice, fat, and had a big gold chain with two thingumajigs on it.

"Your father told me to see you off, young man," he told Nibs in his kind fat voice. Nibs felt how important his father was and followed meekly down the tracks and walked out of the door he was shown. He was to wait thirty minutes in the station and it would be time for his train. He must give the note in his pocket to a red cap and he would be put on the right one. He sat down and ate his apple. He had been sitting so long

that his back ached. How smelly it was! Feeling stirrings within him, he got up, looked around, and trotted soberly back through a haze of smoking men.

Past the dime toilets, past the five-cent toilets, back by the wash basins he went. He pushed open a door and went in. He read the carvings on the inside of the door while he was sitting. There were whole gobs of names and initials. "K. O. Sid Schultz" he read. He knew what K. O. meant. The man Schultz must be a boxer. Nibs was very fond of looking at pictures of boxers. Then he read "R. L. D., Univ. Minn." Nibs grew more interested when he saw that. He was going to Harvard. Harvard should have a carving here. He searched earnestly for the name. There it was! Blacker and deeper than the other one, better carved! "M. F.—Harvard '18."

Nibs washed his hands at the long row of basins and wiped them on his handkerchief. The steam from the hot water filled the room, pleasant somehow but uncomfortable. He picked up his bag and walked back into the great room beyond. It ought to be nearly time for the train. He gave the note to a red cap. The negro read the note through carefully and scratched his head.

"That train won't be in for close on to two hours, Captain," he said. "There's been a wreck up the road. You had better sit down and wait."

Nibs walked around and looked at all the statues high up in the station. They had turned the lights on behind them. Then he examined the booths: the picture postcard one, the drug store, the soda fountain, the Western Union booth where the clicking that no one paid any attention to was going on. Then he remembered that he had eaten his apple and began thinking about it. He could still see it, wrapped in tissue paper, in the top of his bag. He looked to make sure it wasn't there.

He thought of a game he could play with himself for a while. The red tiles were places he could step and the white tiles in between were water. Sea serpents fought with submarines to get at him. Sharks swam around waiting for a mis-step. He tired of the sport, carelessly drowned himself, and walked to the front doors where he saw the lighted dome of the Capitol, like half an orange or a gilt bottle top in the sun.

The red cap he had spoken to found him there in the doorway.

"Come on, Captain," he cried, "your train has made up time."

It was very difficult getting the ticket from where it was pinned in his shirt so as to get through the gate, but they finally managed. When they were safely on the train, Nibs gave the red cap the quarter he had been saving for the purpose. Then it was too dark to see well; the motion of the train was soothing; Nibs snoozed.

At Baltimore there was a great bustle of people getting off. Grandfather and Grandmother, curiously wrinkled of face, had come with their chauffeur, Eddie, to meet him. Nibs thought of the time he had visited them before. He had been very fond of the limousine, of the things they gave him to eat for breakfast, of the big bed they put him in.

Grandmother was talking as they got in the motor.

"Tell us about your trip, dear. Was it hard?"

"No, ma'am. Very dirty." Nibs had heard his father say it.

The two old people chuckled and looked at each other.

"And why didn't you take an earlier train out of Washington when you found that this one was delayed?"

"Because mother said to take this one."

The two old people looked at each other. Grandfather cleared his throat.

"That's right," he said. "Always do what your father and mother tell you." He chuckled.

Nibs was getting sleepy. He shut his eyes and saw friendly old lady wrinkles closing in on him from all sides.

Christ, the Great Dreamer

Great, saddened one
Who dreamed
Too high for earth,
Too wide for life,
Too deep for death,
Who through desire's flame
Purged all who shared the dream,
Where are you now?

Is all the passioned longing of that body
Dust?
Or
Was your dreaming
Powered to create beyond itself,
To beat from nothingness
A mystic, lone reality
Wherein you know
The emptiness
Of realized dreams?

Genius in the Bud

By J. P. Pretlow

Let those who will bow down before the paint-smeared canvases of the old masters; grant others who so desire the mouthing of the stage, the hoarse screams of the opera, the gymning thumpers of the concert piano. I ask but one thing. When I yearn for higher things, when I wish to pour balm over my world-weary soul, when I would glimpse the higher things of life—catch the divine afflatus afflatusing—I crave but one sight: let me look upon genius in its bud.

What rarer sight can mortal man look upon—what can be more inspiring? To see the first petal of rose tinted pearl push from its sheath of green; to listen to the first words of the One Who Is To Be Mighty; to see the modesty and shyness with which he comports himself; and above all the little worth he places upon his own endeavors. Family and friends may praise him to his face, yet he is not puffed up. Enemies and disappointed ones may sneer, yet he is not cast down. Someday he will write the story that the world will weep over, compose the music that will make the planets dance, or paint the picture that angels shall carry away, lest mortals fight to extinction for a sight of it.

And what joy, what self complacence one gets in smoothing the path of the genius; that he may have more time to see the dew on the flower, see the star dust, the moon in its roundness, and the sun at setting; that he may not have to count pennies and make beds. And the privilege of consoling and cheering Him who has become discouraged in his work—He knows that he can express himself, yet he dares not, lest the world jeer, or perhaps he has the divine urge, yet fears to tarnish the beauty of His inspiration by placing in it ordinary vehicles.

But above all, the privilege to sympathize with the misunderstood! Ah! Then does one who is of the Babbitry rise to almost sublime heights; for in listening compassionately to the troubles of those who are for the Higher Things does one on a lower plane rise in harmony with the sufferer, and for weeks afterward feels a warm and divine glow throughout his being.

And the millions of beings who do not realize the good they might do! Millionaires grossly lavishing their wealth on themselves, when one of the five great poets of the south begs for a publisher, alone, misunderstood, and grief stricken that her praises of her native country go unsung by the multitude for lack of one who might broadcast her sunny messages over the world; and yet she still carries on, losing none of her *joie de vivre*, still singing hopefully and cheerily her songs of Bladen.

Let me look on genius in its bud—what rarer sight can mortal man look upon?

I Will Lift up My Soul

The purpling deeps of the hills
Shaded by vaguely moving clouds,
The red clay of their threading roads
Like a bloody gash—
They wear their red wounds flauntingly
Like toreadors—
All blend
Into a benediction of beauty.

Like the shepherd-psalmist,
I will lift up my eyes—
My soul—
Unto those strength-giving hills,
Those infinite, peaceful hills,
Where one's mind is rid of its clutter
Of mistaken dogmas
And out-grown thoughts,
And learns the simplicity of Truth;

Where the Soul is held like a goblet
Into which is poured wine
From the vessel of infinite love . . .
Poured full—
Overflowing—
And the surplus
Runs down and away,
Making a path of glory—
Of gleaming, reddish glory—
Back to men.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

"I am in favor of some sort of system that will eliminate the dead-heads and duds from the faculty as well as from the student body."—*From a Letter to the Editor on page 18.*

And so is the Editor of *The Magazine*. But how can it be done? Who is going to grade, classify, and select for elimination? This is clearly one of the prime functions of the administrative department. At present it seems that the biggest consideration in selection and promotion is research work. But of course it is absurd to say this is the only consideration. Faculty committees discuss, and consult others whose opinions are supposed to be worth considering. But even if our faculty committees were perfect and had enough money available to be able to interest and keep capable men, they could not hire and fire with the best interests of the students and the University foremost.

One of the most vicious conditions which can exist in an educational institution has obtained here now for close on to a quarter of a century. A certain member of the faculty has succeeded in making himself solid with a large number of influential alumni. It is my firm conviction, founded upon nine months' close observation, that he has been one of the most detrimental influences to intellectual growth which this campus has ever harbored. Out of the yearning vacuity of his uninstructed consciousness, directed by a certain sharp and to the simple mind convincing cleverness, have come most insidious as well as most absurd teachings. His influence has been consistently to discourage honest, intelligent, informed intellectual effort. And as a social being, his example has been of a distinctly negative quality.

The alumni would howl were he eliminated from the faculty; and might possibly cause the chopping off of some of our most valuable faculty heads. The University must have the support of the alumni. What can be done in such a situation? I do not see how any institution can hope to maintain any intellectual dignity or sincerity when its faculty allows such a condition to exist.

And I wonder, from this short description of mental characteristics and attempted evaluation, how many faculty members and students are unable to identify the subject of the previous paragraphs. The doubtful prize of eternal glory somewhere else awaits that individual or group which has the courage or foolhardiness to devise a plan for the elimination of such intellectual stumbling-blocks.

Editorial

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 18)

breakfast. This is new truth, and stamps the author as a desirable professor on any scholarly faculty. He would be expected to make further discoveries here, and so bring honor and credit to the university. Of course, he will have to conduct a course or two, but he will earn his salary mainly by keeping himself, and consequently the university, in the academic limelight, as it were, by the publication of his researches in literary history.

You see how naïve your comments are. Also, your immature minds, I have found, fail to comprehend the beautiful democracy among facts. Truth is truth however humble in appearance. A newly discovered fact is welcomed by the academic world into the brotherhood of Truth, and is given the fraternal grip, so to speak. All facts were created free and equal, and have the same rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of learned journals.

For example, let me mention a puerile criticism of a doctoral dessertation, which you will find listed in the Library of Congress record of dissertations, and entitled: "Noun Clauses Object of a Preposition in the Works of Perez Galdos." The remark was that Mr. Galdos would turn in his grave if he knew of this, which of course he will not, being dead many years. Infantile scorn will not remove the possibility that this research may some day be momentous. It has been said that a million similar works lie buried in library cellar dust. What of that? This may eventually prove the foundation for a grand edifice of light and truth, to the glory of the human mind.

I note that you also find fault with some of my colleagues in the more "practical" and, as it were, "popular" fields of knowledge. You young gentlemen fail to realize the necessity of keeping the average student interested. And that, I am told, is best accomplished by diluted lectures, gilded platitudes in the inspirational style. What if my friends have taken private courses in how to develop a dynamic personality, how to inspire men! That is the way to popularity and success.

Boys, you know not what you do. Where else could learning be augmented but in a university? Who else would support antiquarians but a university? Where else could scholars make a living but in a university? And what but the obvious in new labels would inspire the "student body," so called, we may be sure, for want of mind?

D. T.

Enlightenment

By J. H. Burke

We came to Browning's "The Lost Mistress." I liked the poem. It seemed perfectly simple to me, but evidently I had missed most of it. There were details to be interpreted, and the class had to decide what these details meant before the poem could be appreciated. You remember the poem:

All's over, then: does truth sound bitter
As one at first believes?
Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter
About our cottage eaves!

And the leaf buds on the vines are wooly,
I noticed that, today;
One day more bursts them open fully
—You know the blue turns grey.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest?
May I take your hand in mine?
Mere friends we are,—well, friends the merest
Keep much that I'll resign:

For each glance of that eye so bright and black,
Though I keep with heart's endeavor,—
Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,
Though it stay in my soul forever!—

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!

Our professor looked down his page for a question mark, then down his roll for a name, and finding both, linked the two together. The name was Mr. Pot, and the question was, "Mr. Pot, what is meant by 'friends the merest keep much that I'll resign'?"

Mr. Pot scratched the back of his fat neck, frowned, looked thoughtful and very important. "Well—uh—doctuh, I—uh—think he means—uh—." Mr. Pot was weighing his words carefully. "—uh—think he means—uh—that—uh—th' merest friends will keep much—uh—that he will—uh—resign."

"Quite right, Mr. Pot. You're quite right," agreed our professor. "But now tell us in your own words, Mr. Pot, just what he means by that."

"Well—uh—, I think he means—uh—They must have broke up for some reason."

"Quite right, they must have broken up," encouraged our professor.

"And—uh—he thinks—uh—he will have to—uh—give her up."

"Exactly, Mr. Pot, he'll have to give her up; but what does he mean by 'friends the merest keep much that I'll resign'?"

"Well—uh—, you see——they have been lovers, this man and woman,—they have been lovers. And now—uh—all is over. He says all is over in the first line," pointed out Mr. Pot triumphantly.

"I think," attempted Miss Link.

"Just a minute, please," interrupted our professor. "I'm sure Mr. Pot knows this. Just take your time, Mr. Pot, and tell us what he means."

"He—uh—means that—uh—now since all is—uh—over—uh—I—tell you, Doctuh, I am not sure that I—uh—exactly know just what he does—uh—mean."

"I'm sure you know, Mr. Pot. You just can't express it. Mr. Katz, can you help him out?" said our instructor.

"I think he means that he won't get to see her as much as the merest friends," ventured Mr. Katz.

"Well—perhaps so, but not necessarily. What do you think, Mr. Tabs!"

"I think," said Mr. Tabs, "He means that they won't be able to feel free with each other."

"Why not?" challenged our professor.

"Well, they've been lovers, and after it's all over, they'd feel kinda funny with each other, you know."

Evidently our professor did not know. "I can't say about that," he answered. "Perhaps you're speaking from experience."

Mr. Tabs blushed. The class laughed.

"But just what does he mean by 'friends the merest keep much that I'll resign'?"

Mr. Tabs didn't know, if, he added with another blush, it didn't mean what he had said.

None of us knew, not even Miss Link, who was, however, inclined to think, with Mr. Tabs, that it had something to do with feeling ill at ease or restrained. But, she hastened to add, she was not speaking from experience.

"Well," our professor said towards the end of the hour, "As I see it, it means that the merest friends keep the possibility of having her for a lover, while he can not look forward to that, since that is passed. Some of you may not agree with me, but we must come to some decision for the class; so if I should ask you on examination . . . ."

But just then the bell rang, and being close to the door, I escaped.

Four Great Religions

By J. A. Crow

As Carlyle says, man's first type of worship was transcendent wonder at the beauty and enormity of Nature. Since the time when our first ancestors prostrated themselves to the sun, moon, and stars, there has been instilled into our very being a reverence for some unknown, intangible Deity. The type of apotheosis and the manner of worship is ever dependent upon the environment and the nature of the people. One of the earliest recorded religions is Brahmanism, which originated many centuries before Christ. The four Vedas, the holy books of the Brahmans, were presumably inspired by Brahma himself, the creator of the Universe, and voiced through the medium of his son. Man was created by direct emanations from the Deity's body. Bulfinch says: "The Vedas undoubtedly teach the belief in one supreme God. His attributes are represented by the three personified powers of creation, preservation, and destruction, which, under the respective names of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, form the Trimurti or triad of principal Hindu Gods."

A selection from the Vedas states:

> In those three persons the one God was shown—
> Each first in place, each last, not one alone;
> Of Siva, Vishnu, Brahma, each may be
> First, second, third, among the blessed three.[1]

Brahma, then, corresponds to a universal soul out of which the All has arisen, and into which the All will ultimately return. The human soul is but an infinitesimal part of the Universe. This idea was later developed by the European philosophers Spinoza and Schopenhauer, and in America by Emerson. Another essential element of the Brahman creed is the teaching that man's soul undergoes metempsychoses, returning to this earth in a different form after his bodily disintegration has occurred. The type of rebirth is determined by the kind of life the man has lived while on earth; if righteous he passes to a higher state, if wicked, to a lower. The transmigration is preceded by a short intermediate period during which the soul exists in transitory felicity or torment in temporary heavens or hells. Such a creed would naturally exert a powerful influence for good, and a potent deterrent from evil. According to Brahmanism, the most deadly of all forms of iniquity is concupiscence, an uncontrolled indulgence of which inevitably results in man's being reborn as an unclean animal. The three commandments of the Brahman creed may be summarized as follows: good thoughts, good words, good deeds.

The succeeding selections[2] from "The Laws of Manu" will give a much clearer conception of the Brahman's creed than can any amount of comment. Note especially the similarity to the Biblical precepts:

> From poison thou mayest take the food of life,
> The purest gold from lumps of impure earth,
> Examples of good conduct from a foe,
> Sweet speech and gentleness from e'en a child. . . .
> Wound not another, tho by him provoked,
> Do no one injury by thought or deed,
> Utter no word to pain thy fellow-creatures.
> Treat no one with disdain, with patience bear
> Reviling language; with an angry man
> Be never angry; blessings give for curses.
> Do thou, if thou be wise, restrain thy passions,
> Which, running wild, will hurry thee away.
> Give to the poor, but talk not of thy gifts,
> By pride religious merit melts away.
> The soul is its own witness; yea, the soul
> Itself is its own refuge; grieve thou not,
> Oh man, thy soul, the great internal witness.
> Contentment is the root of happiness,
> And discontent the root of misery.
> Wouldst thou be happy, be thou moderate.
> So act in thy brief passage thru this world
> That thy apparel, speech, and inner store
> Of knowledge be adapted to thy age,
> Thy occupation, means, and parentage.
> Quitting this body, man resembles merely
> A bird that leaves a tree. Thus is he freed
> From the fell monster of an evil world.
> The universal soul is all the Gods,
> Is all the worlds, and is the only source
> Of all the actions of embodied spirits.
> He is their ruler, brighter than pure gold,
> Subtler than atoms, imperceptible,
> Except by minds abstracted, all-pervading,
> Investing all with rudiments of matter,
> Causing all beings to revolve like wheels
> In regular and constant revolution
> Through birth and growth, decay and dissolution.

In recapitulation we might say that to the Brahman, God is eternal, immutable, the prime cause and the inevitable issue, the sum total of reality. Man and the Universe are the results of preconceived and invariable laws proceeding by a process of gradual evolution and not *per saltum*. Good is rewarded by advanced transmigration, evil punished by retrogression. Man must

[1] *Error's Chains*, Dobbins.

[2] *Brahmanism and Hinduism*, Williams.

be moral, sincere, generous, loyal, truthful, humble and obedient. The idea of subjecting oneself to physical torture and abnegation is also regarded as very praiseworthy.

The second founded of the world's greatest religions, that of Buddhism, which at the present time embraces over thirty per cent of the earth's inhabitants, was based on the Brahman idea of the transmigration of the soul. Gautama Siddartha, prince of one of the noble families of India, was the "Buddha," or "Enlightened one," who inaugurated this new outlook on life. To the Brahman creed he added the idea of Nirvana attainable only through self-control and service. Buddha was born in 550 B.C., and was an unusually precocious child, both physically and intellectually; his philosophy is second to none in open-mindedness, and keen investigation of the perplexities of life. Even at the present time the Buddhistic idea of Nirvana is accepted by the most advanced students of theology and science as the unavoidable if not the most desirable state of being after death. Gautama became bored with the aphrodisiac vanities of mankind, and retired to a life of celibacy, to which he rigidly adhered for a period of six years. Then being convinced that this was not the correct attitude he unhesitatingly altered his entire conception, and devoted his future years to teaching, study, and meditation, always trying to be of some service to his fellowmen. "His life has no stain. His constant heroism equals his conviction; and if the theory which he extols is faultless, the personal example which he presents is irreproachable. He is the finished model of all the virtues which he preached; his teachings do not in a single instance receive the contradiction of a different life."[3] To give his own exact interpretation of life, we quote from Buddha's speech at Benares:[4] "Hear, O monks, the holy truth of the springs of sorrow. Sorrow is born of lust of life, that drags us from incarnation to incarnation, and of pleasure and desire, which seek their fulfilment hither and thither; the lust of pleasure, the lust of life, the lust of power. Hear, oh monks, the holy truth of the conquest of sorrow; it is the killing of this lust by the utter abandonment of desire, the giving up of all desire, the forgetting of all desire, the freeing of the body of all desire, until there is no place left for desire."

In a more general meditation upon life Buddha said: "Life is but a spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted, and it is extinguished; we know not whence it came nor whither it goes. It is like the sound of a lyre, the wise man asks in vain its origin or its end. There must be some supreme intelligence where we can find rest."

To the Buddhist, Nirvana is the goal of life; the term itself means "the blowing out of the candle," but an accepted interpretation of the state of Nirvana has never been arrived at. We do know, however, that it is supposed to be the cessation of annoying metempsychoses, and a kind of passive but ineffable bliss wherein all temptation, lust, desire, worry, turmoil, mental activity, and grief are non-existent; these latter characteristics the Buddhist classifies as *karma* of which there are both meritorious and demeritorious types. The highest attainable felicity is freedom from all *karma*, be it good or bad in character. When man has led a noble life he is permitted to enter the deathless tranquility of undisturbed sleep, otherwise he must submit to a rebirth in another form. Individual consciousness is lost in Nirvana, perception ceases, thought concentrates and then expands into the world-soul, and one feels the same pleasurable, luxuriant sensation that one feels upon retiring after a hard day's work.

Buddhism is a religion of strong convictions, but also of liberal tolerance. At the present time it is beset by innumerable sects and other disrupting influences as is Christianity and all the other religions; but originally it was the freest of superstition and miraculous elements among the world's religions. By 300 B.C. it had gained widespread acceptance throughout Asia, a hold which it has maintained to this day.

The Buddhist creed might be summarized as follows:

God is the force of the Universe, the soul of the world, the intangible Nirvana wherein all is cessation and rest. Man is a creature of his own destiny, and must at all times exert every effort to become emotionally more restrained, more thoughtful, more enlightened, always, however, being as strenuous in effort as is possible. The triad, effort, control, and thought, constitutes the chief commandment of Buddhism. The state of tranquility in Nirvana is its reward. Nirvana is not annihilation, it is freedom from karma, i.e , it is the final state of the soul when all passion, infatuation, torment, and every human incapacity, and every temporal characteristic is extinct eternally. Science is beauty and truth; all men should study therein. Buddha himself was not divine; he was merely the exponent of the faith, and its most exemplary adherent, the teacher "incomparable, wisest, best, most pitiful, the giver of Nirvana and the law." Man's effort should be toward the complete eradication of evil; his action always service; his attitude, inquiry and resignation; his love,

[3] From Saint-Hilaire, quoted in *Error's Chains.*

[4] *Nature of Man,* Metchnikoff.

truth; his knowledge, all that he can ascertain; his goal, cessation of metempsychoses; his end, Nirvana.

The third religion that we shall endeavor to present is Mohammedanism. In the year 570 A.D., Mohammed was born into the Arabian family which had charge of the temple in Mecca containing the famous sacred "black stone" said to have fallen to the earth with Adam. Mohammed was brought up according to the strict discipline of the desert, and had little time for either bodily or mental luxuriance during his early life. When about twelve years old he went to Palestine, and for the first time saw the influence of the Christian religion. He was greatly fascinated by the Christian devotion and sincerity but somewhat at variance with their interpretations. During his later years Mohammed thought more and more about religion, and despite the constant turmoil in which he found himself, always had time to meditate. In order to be freer from interruption, he followed the Arab custom of retiring once a year into the seclusion of a mountain cave, and devoted his entire time while there to religious speculation. He became convinced that he was chosen by Allah to lead the dusky myriads of Arabia to the truth, and with this idea in mind began to disseminate his doctrine, first beginning at home, and then extending the region of conversion to the entire country. He gradually gained a band of zealous followers, and attained a religious prominence which has held the faith of millions to this day. The whole idea of Mohammed may be summed up in one word: Islam, meaning absolute resignation to the will of Allah. As the Koran states:

> He is God alone:
> God is eternal,
> He begetteth not, and He is not begotten;
> And there is none like unto Him.

Mohammed is the prophet of Allah, a great man, inspired but not divine. In the Koran constant reference is made to both Christ and Moses, and other Biblical characters who are also great prophets, but according to the Mohammedans not inspired to the extent that Mohammed was. As the prime commendment says: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Carlyle gives a very vivid idea of Mohammed's Heaven and Hell:[5]

"Mohammed's Paradise is sensual, his Hell is sensual; true, in the one and the other there is enough that shocks all spiritual feeling in us. But we are to recollect that the Arabs already had it so; that Mohammed, in whatever he changed of it, softened and diminished all this. In the Koran there is really very little said about the joys of Paradise; they are intimated rather than insisted upon. Nor is it forgotten that the highest joys even there shall be spiritual, the pure presence of the Highest, this shall infinitely transcend all other joys. He says, 'Your salutation shall be, Peace. Have Peace,—the thing that all rational souls long for, and seek, vainly here below, as the one blessing. All grudges shall be taken out of your hearts; ye shall love one another freely; for each of you, in the eyes of his brothers, there will be Heaven enough.' But there is another thing to be said about the Mohammedan Heaven and Hell. This namely, that, however gross and material they may be, they are an emblem of an everlasting truth, not always so well remembered elsewhere. That gross sensual Paradise of his; that flaming horrible Hell; the great enormous Day of Judgment he perpetually insists on: what is all this but a rude shadow, in the rude Bedouin imagination, of that grand spiritual Fact, the Beginning of Facts: the Infinite Nature of Duty?"

The most admirable characteristic of Mohammed and his followers is, as Carlyle says, their intense sincerity, and conviction of the truth of doctrine which they profess. Even the most superficial ceremonials are observed with a strict regularity that is rarely disturbed by the domestic and business excuses so frequently offered for dilatory or sporadic attendance at Christian churches once a week. Though the great prophet probably never even knew how to write his name, he was endowed with a remarkably pensive and logical mind, and a wonderfully magnetic personality which swayed all who heard him to his convictions, and maintained their unwavering support throughout all succeeding trials. His companions gave him the appellation "The Faithful," which he certainly showed that he deserved during his later life of zeal and unswerving loyalty to the faith, and to the faithful. His spontaneous doctrine voiced in the Koran, while not expressed in the erudite concinnity that is characteristic of the Bible, is albeit a passionate outburst of a sincere man's soul, and as such deserves our unequivocal respect and admiration. The moral restraint that he advocates, in fact, the only restricting precept of his religion, is absolute and unquestioning submission to the will of God. He converted the sanguinary, idolatrous Arabs to a religion of love and fervor, and despite his rather coercive efforts to force his faith upon others, should for that reason alone be regarded as one of the greatest teachers that the world has known. There is no pretension in the religion of Mohammed, he is not ostentatious, yet neither is he obsequious; he is always true and honest, never offering apologies for the somewhat merciless tenets of his creed, never veiling the

[5] *Essay on Mohammed*, Carlyle.

sensuality that he knew existed therein; but ever trying to better the existing state of affairs by a gradual method of innovation, only retaining those ancient practices which he considered necessary adjuncts, or evils too deeply rooted to be extirpated. The prime conceptions of his religion are genuinely sincere and truly appreciated by the horde of Moslems who profess his Islam, and endeavor to pursue its commandments.

Below is a selection from Sura LXXXVI of the Koran, it gives a very vivid idea of the simple eloquence of Mohammed, desert bred and uneducated:

> By the heaven, and by the NIGHT-COMER,
> But who shall teach thee who the night-comer is?
> 'Tis the star of piercing radiance.
> Over every soul is set a guardian.
> Let man reflect then out of what he was created.
> He was created of the poured forth germs,
> Which issue from the loins and breastbones:
> Well able then is God to restore him to life,—
> On the day when all secrets shall be searched out,
> And he shall have no other might or helper.
> I swear by the heaven which accomplish its cycle,
> That this Koran is a discriminating discourse,
> And that it is not frivolous.
> They plot a plot against thee,
> And I will plot a plot against them.
> Deal calmly therefore with the infidels; leave them awhile alone.

The following is another selection set to verse in rather irregular metre:

> By the star when slow it setteth,
> Ne'er is mankind led astray,
> Neither speaketh he from impulse,
> But from earnest revelation
> Omnipotence has taught him,
> Inspired, wise, and knowing,
> Never false, but always true.
> Loyal in his precepts feeling
> In the name of God almighty,
> In the name of Allah's prophet;
> 'Tis the soul of man divined.

(Concluded in the next issue)

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The summer rain
Slaps forcefully against the eager dust.
The slim grace of the flowers
Is gone before its downpouring.
The grasses are leveled.
Even the great trees
Sway like rhythmic dancers
And make obeisance to its strength.

People run coweringly into doorways,
Or clutch protecting umbrellas,
Or slink with bowed heads.
Slowly—joyously—exultingly.

But I—
I walk slowly with the rain,
I lift my face to its caressing.
It falls into my spirit with great, healing splashes
Of understanding and comradeship.
For the rain and I
Are kin.

Futility

Life?
A scribbling on the wetness of the sand
The tide has left a moment;
An echoing of sudden wind-flung song
A mating bird has dropt,
A gay-splashed leaf
Poised for the snatching wind—
A briefly joyous flinging into space
Of moods,
Emotions,
Paradoxes,
Circled thoughts
Which strive and beat and tear
But never blend.

But
This frail wisp of nothingness
Men crush with frighted hands
And burdened eyes,
Losing the moment's gleam
In futile gropings
For eternity.

R. H.

Lafcadio Hearn in New Orleans

(Continued from page 12)

ing—and might have been written just as they are had he never come south of Cincinnati. "A River Reverie" is, as the name suggests, a reverie of the Mississippi. The great river was one of the fascinations that New Orleans held for Hearn. Often he would sit and gaze, dreaming and speculating of the myriad life that the ships represented. The "River Reverie" represents an expression of this feeling that he had, and as such is a definite contribution of New Orleans to the Hearn make-up. "The Post Office" and "An Idyll of a French Snuff-Box" are others in which the influence of New Orleans is marked. "When I was a Flower," "The Ghostly Kiss," and "Aphrodite and the King's Prisoner" are creations from his imagination fostered by his reading. They might, perhaps, have been created in Savannah, Richmond, or Boston. The whole of "Fantastics" forms a volume of carefully written, carefully polished storiettes. For enjoyable reading from sheer beauty of language, it can hardly be surpassed; but lacking any great living idea, it can hardly lay claim to a topmost peak in American literature.

"Creole Sketches" is the volume that is distinctly of New Orleans and for New Orleans. There is lacking in it the greater artistry and imagination that is shown in "Fantastics," but it is a carefully written book and passages at times become almost poetical.

Here we find an expression of his feeling for the city that of all in America he found most pleasant. In "The Glamour of New Orleans" we find him saying:

> She fascinates by her nights of magical moonlight, and her days of dreamy languors and perfumes. There are few who can visit her for the first time without delight; and few who can ever leave her without regret; and none who can forget her strange charm when they have once felt its influence.

Certainly New Orleans contributed much to Hearn. A dreamer, here he found an ideal place for his dreams; a place as many-sided and varicolored as a prism hanging in the sun. His studies of the Creoles alone were of untold value to him as a man with literary aspirations. His recognition of the many sides of New Orleans is given in the following passage:

> For a hundred years and more has New Orleans been drawing hither wandering souls from all ends of the earth. The natives of Japan have walked upon her pavements; Chinese and swarthy natives of Manila; children of the Antilles and of South America; subjects of the Sultan and sailors of the Ionian sea have sought homes here. . . . . All cities of the North, South, East, and West have yielded up some restless souls to the far-off Southern city, whose spell is so mystic, so sweet, so universal.

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In his "Creole Sketches" Hearn has made a distinct contribution to the literature of the South. It was one of the earlier books that wrote of the South and wrote of it as it really was—not as it existed in the minds of a dying, dreaming aristocracy. Hearn himself had the greatest of contempt for the so-called southern novel. He said of it, ". . . gushy, floriated English written in bad taste—wishy washy trash." He has preserved for the coming generation in his sketches a fast-dying phase of life in New Orleans and the South, and aside from their literary merit they are a worth-while contribution. Those whom the present awakening of interest in the South is touching will find "Creole Sketches" valuable for the information contained. Perhaps it is not so good from a literary standpoint as some of his other works, but still it is of a very high order.

A number of miscellaneous Hearn writings have been collected into two volumes by Albert Mordell and entitled "An American Miscellany." The second volume contains several essays and shorter writings that appeared in the *Item*, the *Democrat*, or the *Times-Democrat* and were gathered from the files of the paper by Mordell. They illustrate the Hearn of many moods and interests. Certain of the Creole writings are found there; the fantastic, imaginative Hearn that is found in "Fantastics" is there also; the student Hearn, who wrote of the many curiosities he ran across in literature, completes the list. Here we find an essay on New Orleans superstitions, on the voodoos of the negroes, on St. Malo (the Phillippine settlement near New Orleans). All owe their stimulus and their being to his life in New Orleans. Others, such as the "Piper of Hamelin" and "A Mephistophelian," are directly the product of his reading.

These essays as a whole fall short of either his "Creole Sketches" or his "Fantastics." They were written while his Muse was still in the process of development, and as such lack the final polish that is so marked in his later writings. Still they are an interesting chapter in that development, and serve to throw much light upon the man Hearn.

* * *

These were pleasant days that Hearn was spending on the *Times-Democrat* as literary editor. After seven years he had at last reached a place where he was living a life of comfort and pleasure in congenial surroundings. Yes, these were pleasant days for him; they must have seemed almost heavenly to the poor, half-sick genius who had felt so much of the cruelty of the world to the poor. Just why he should have seen fit to bring them to a close is hard to understand. Certainly he loved the city. The words that he said to one of his

friends in a letter leave no doubt of that. To him he said after telling of his troubles there, "Still I love it so much. I love New Orleans." Perhaps it was an outcropping of his Gypsy blood that made him move on. Tinker in his "American Days of Lafcadio Hearn" has this to say about him: "The time had come for Hearn to move on. New Orleans had for seven years supplied the opportunity to practice his daily literary scales and this had perfected his technique. . . . He had met some of the most distinguished magazine editors as they had passed through New Orleans and the Eastern magazines were accepting his articles for publication. For the first time he felt assurance that he could support himself elsewhere." Around the first of June, 1887, then, Hearn left New Orleans and never returned. He left, but the man and the city had each made its indelible mark upon the other, a mark that could never be erased.

In Criticism of Criticism

(Continued from page 14)

splendid educations by the very methods which they say make education impossible. The same may be said in a lesser degree of the college writers. Actually they are very much attached to college and the process of getting a diploma. If one of them doubts this, has he thought of withdrawing to keep his genius from being stifled? Possibly so, but not seriously. Generally, he stays four years and leaves with a diploma safely tucked under his arm. Probably he has it framed, but he would be ashamed to admit it. Now look at the question from a slightly different angle: Suppose some one tried to keep this self-same party from going to college. Then we would have opportunity to witness his true appraisal of the value of a college education. And lastly, what college has done for these very men who complain loudest is evident in their own remarkable development. Observe them as freshmen, then again after four years, and I ask no better tribute to college education than that which they themselves furnish.

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Lord Buddha: Saviour of the World

(Continued from page 4)

states, costly unguents of sandal-wood, and strings of gems like wreaths of flowers, and little golden carriages yoked with deer.

And throughout the kingdom it became as it was in the reign of Manu, the son of the Sun. Gladness went everywhere and evil perished. The people, delivered from famine, fear, and sickness, dwelt happily as in heaven. None pursued love for mere sensual pleasure; none practiced religious duties for the sake of gaining wealth; none injured living beings for the sake of religious duty. Prosperity and plenty were in the kingdom, and there was peace with all the neighboring states.

And since all these things followed the birth of his son, the king caused the prince's name to be Siddhartha, or the All-Prosperous One.

But the queen Maya, from excessive joy which could not be controlled, died and was born in heaven.

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

FOUNDED IN 1844

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TO HIM WHO HATH BRASS---

At a recent meeting of the Central Executive Committee the problem of awarding the Davie Cup was discussed. When finally it was decided that it should be awarded by open ballot, one member rather jokingly mentioned the possibility of a frame-up giving the cup to an undeserving man. However, the idea was the subject of some laughter and the general opinion seemed to be that no man on this campus would stoop so low as to *politic* for a purely honorary award carrying the significance which the Davie Cup was supposed to bear.

Thus, the cup was to be awarded by the vote of the campus. But, as is the usual custom with this independent body, the cream of the intellect of the state (God help it), a total of some fourteen votes were cast by late Friday afternoon. The chance was too good to miss. The next day, at least two canvassing parties had been the rounds of the dormitories collecting registration numbers. What a significant fact it is, that the roll of the University can be called with an adding machine.

Perhaps the winner of the cup knew nothing about all this, but what honor can go with an award won by the efforts of a few zealous fraternity brothers. The cup was to go to the man who best typified the ideals of Carolina, and we can justly say that the vote, at least, was true to form.

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Negro Music and Jazz

By W. J. OLIVE

THE average person would be very much surprised by the statement that jazz is a direct relic of African barbarism. Even our most violent reactionaries would no doubt be reluctant to believe that the music to which our young people dance in the best society today, in its original form, is essentially the same as that of certain savage tribes in the most obscene and lascivious of their dances. Perhaps some of the bizarre effects which jazz produces upon present-day listeners may be better understood when we know its origin.

Jazz has obtained such a hold upon the American people that it has forced itself into nearly every phase of our life, from the church to the dance hall. "Jazz . . . 'blues,' ragtime . . . have become the musical expression of so many of our people *outside* the church, that the same sort of thing, with a poor, thin veneer of religion, is demanded *in* the church," says Dr. Hubert Poteat, in his *Practical Hymnology*. "The result is that thousands of our churches and Sunday schools are using the same sort of music exactly as is jingled forth by the electric piano at the picture house, the pony ballet in the theatre, and the jazz orchestra in the public dance hall." The very fact that the term jazz, originally applied exclusively to ragtime music (and so employed throughout this paper) has been extended to embrace everything characteristic of the "wildness" of the present "younger generation" is an eloquent testimonial of the incalculable influence this music has had and still has upon American life. This is frequently called the Jazz Age. And so it is only natural that we have come to look upon jazz as the characteristic American music, produced by America, and her supreme contribution to the world of music. As a consequence, many loyal Americans are making extravagant claims for it. They divide the history of music into five movements, last, but by no means the least, of which is jazz—the period of Palestrina, of Bach and Handel, of Beethoven, of the Romanticists, and finally of American jazz, the natural product of our own country. Others go even further and say that jazz expresses, better than any other music could, the American spirit; that it is American, not alone from the fact that we produced and developed it, but also because it interprets our hectic and jazzy life.

Such claims are entirely spurious. Jazz is no more a product of America than is Shakespeare. It is a portion of negro baggage from Africa which in this country has been exaggerated and developed under more or less civilized conditions. The negroes brought it with them and developed it into their spirituals and slave songs; from these came the ragtime of a decade or two ago; and this, with some development and exageration, became the jazz of today.

Properly to understand the influence of the negro music upon jazz, it is necessary to understand the rhythm which sets them off from other music—for it is this peculiar rhythm that makes them both distinctive. The backbone of jazz is syncopation. This is a much maligned but entirely harmless word. A few years ago, when jazz was being vehemently decried by the mossbacks, it was synonymous with everything damnable. Many puns were made about the sin in syncopation. I remember one Sunday school superintendent, who was rather ignorant of music, becoming worried when some of the young people at a social gathering began playing some lively music. He was not sure it was jazz, but knew that if it was it was evil and should be stopped; so he went to consult someone who knew more about music. Every Sunday this same superintendent led the congregation in singing cheap hymns in which the same syncopation was inherent.

Syncopation in music means simply that the accent is misplaced, so that usually an effect of propulsion, or hurrying of the movement, is obtained. Normally the accent is placed on the first note of a measure. When it is syncopated, this accent is thrown off, frequently the first note being weak and the other notes of the measure emphasized. There are two common forms of syncopation: the first note of the measure may be tied or

slurred; or the accent may be changed by employing short notes to begin the measure. A familiar example of the first form may be found in the popular song, *Who*. In the first line of the chorus, "Who stole my heart away," the "who" is held for one measure and the first note of the succeeding measure, making the word "stole" come in on the second beat, when normally it should come on the first. The second form occurs twice in one line of the "gospel" song so much in vogue a few years ago, "Brighten the Corner." In the first line of the chorus to this song, the first syllable of "Brighten" begins the measure, and normally should be accented; this would make the normal accent fall also on the first syllable of the word "corner." However, in its syncopated form an eighth note is used for each of these syllables, and a quarter or dotted quarter used for the second syllable of each word—thus weakening the notes which properly should be emphasized, and emphasizing those which properly should be weak.

From this it will be seen that syncopation is simply a variation from the normal, and it would seem that any music of which it is the essence, such as jazz and the negro music, must be an anomaly. This is more apparent when it is considered that these schools of music are the only two (or one, perhaps, since one is a development of the other) in which it is essential. Syncopation is nothing new. It occurs certainly as early as the seventeenth century in English folksongs. It is frequent in the music of Brahms, and in the Hungarian folksongs from which he drew his inspiration. It occurs in Scotch folk music, in Spanish dances, and at one time cropped out in Italian opera. Certainly jazz has no monopoly on syncopation. The difference is that always elsewhere it has been simply a variation, a secondary and non-essential element. In jazz it is dominant and essential, and almost the only distinctive characteristic.

As this exaggerated syncopation is anomalous, it is interesting to speculate on its origin. Of course we got it from the negroes, who in turn brought it from Africa. But how did the African natives develop it? Authorities now consider that it was produced by the use of inferior and defective instruments of percussion. The negro music was in all probability built around the rhythm of the drum calls and beatings of the tom-tom. Dr. H. E. Krehbiel, in his book *Afro-American Folksongs*, gives examples of the African drum calls which exemplify this rhythm.

The rhythm which is common and essential to jazz and to the negro music, and to them alone, should in itself be enough to correlate them and indicate the development of one from the other. However, there are other similarities, some of which may not be very apparent or significant, but which, at least, are interesting in view of the relation existing between the African and popular American music. Frequent dissonances—the striking of notes just a shade off key to produce "harmonious discords"—impromptu chords, notes and accents, and the use of unusual cadences are all efforts to produce a weird or novel effect, and are present in each. A recent fad with jazz orchestras was to end each piece as unconventionally as possible. Many times, songs were ended on the fourth or seventh, or even on a chromatic, giving a novel and humorous effect which was very acceptable on the dance floor. Whether there is any significance in the fact or not, unconventional endings are recognized characteristics of a large number of negro songs, and are one of the means the negro has of lending an unusual effect to his songs. A simple illustration of one of the spirituals which has such an ending is the song "Turn Sinner, Turn O!" It has many variations, but all have the characteristic ending on the second note of the major scale—the only example I have ever seen anywhere of such an ending. There is a tendency in particularly "jazzy" orchestras for the players to interpolate short phrases of singing, ejaculations such as "hot dog!" and so on, wholly at the caprice (apparently) of the players. One of the most unusual features of the negro spirituals is the spontaneous and extemporaneous intrusions of such exclamations as "Hallelujah!" or "O Lord!" This characteristic is found very frequently in the negro spirituals, and is the response to the stirring and exciting effect the music produces. J. W. Work, in his *Folk Songs of the American Negro*, says:

> Another surprising peculiarity is the use of ejaculations at the dictates of feeling. Such ejaculations take the form of "O Lord!" "Hallelujah!" "O Yes!" "Sing!" "Sing it, children," and are usually thrown in by the leader, but oftentimes by others, just as the spirit moves.

In fact, the relation is so apparent, the similarities so obvious and so manifold, that the best authorities are now recognizing our heritage from the negro and hence from the uncivilized Africans. In substantiation two quotations are offered, in which I have italicized certain definite statements. It should be remembered that jazz is simply a modern name for a development of the ragtime music of several years ago. Even now the words "jazz" and "ragtime" are used interchangeably. Concerning this ragtime, the *Encyclopedia Americana* says:

> *Ragtime.* Rhythm or movement of inversion of emphasis and irregular accents, a sort of continuous syncopation. . . *It was*

formerly applied to the Negro melodies of the southern United States. . . The music itself is supposed to have originated through the limitations of the crude African musical instruments, the emphasized accents being effective on instruments of percussion.

And this from the *International*:

Ragtime. The popular title given to the humorous dance or vocal music *of Negro origin and characteristic* which has had great vogue since the early nineties of the last century. Theoretically the music of such compositions is an excessive exaggeration of syncopation. The general lack of instruments other than of percussion among the different races of negroes inclined them to punctuate their melodies with strongly marked pulses or accents.

II

Now, at the expense of a digression, it should be worth while to consider the effects which their music produced upon the negroes. By so doing it will perhaps be easier to understand how our ragtime of today has such marked effects on listeners. The negro's dance and music were closely related. There are some, I know, who will resent the implication that dancers today respond to the same type of music as that to which the African blacks responded in their dances of the lowest possible type. The truth of the statement is too apparent, however, to demand discussion. Whether dancers today respond to the same extent with the same sensations is indeed a question, but the music is essentially the same. And the music based on African rhythms has always been effective in physical stimulation. "The men sing," says Work, "and their music seems irresistible; for their bodies sway . . . " James Weldon Johnson, himself a negro, and a student of negro music, says that "it is very difficult, if not impossible, to sing these songs sitting or standing coldly still, and at the same time capture the spontaneous 'swing' which is of their very essence." As a matter of fact, several of our recent dances are really negro dances. The *International Encyclopedia* lists the negroid dances as forms of dance which have had most vogue in recent years. More than ten years ago H. E. Krehbiel said:

It is not out of place to point out that in this year of pretended refinement, which is the year of our Lord 1913, the dance which is threatening to force grace, decorum and decency out of the ballrooms of America and England is a survival of African savagery which was already banished from the plantations in the days of slavery. . . . It was in the dance that the bestiality of the African blacks found its frankest expression.[1]

Another time Dr. Krehbiel takes time to stop and deplore the fact that "the 'tango' and the 'turkey trot,' the former African in name and both African in dramatic motif and purpose, are tolerated in circles which call themselves polite today."

But the "tango" and the "turkey trot" have come and gone, and now

another Negro dance has recently swept the country. It was introduced to New York by Messrs. Miller and Lyles in their musical comedy *Runnin' Wild.* And at present white people everywhere, in the cabarets, on the ball floor and at home count it an accomplishment to be able to "do the Charleston." When Miller and Lyles introduced the dance in their play, they did not depend wholly on the orchestra—an extraordinary jazz band—for the accompaniment, but had the major part of the chorus supplement it with hand and foot patting. The effect was electrical and contagious.[2]

For the benefit of our reactionaries, I cannot refrain from giving some descriptions of the conduct of the negroes in their dances and under the influence of their stirring music. For the most part, these might tally word for word with a reactionist's description of occurrences in the "Jazz Age":

But the most part of their songs at these places are fraught with obscene ribaldry and accompanied with dances in the highest degree licentious and wanton.[3]

The following is from Lafcadio Hearn, writing in 1886 in the *Century Magazine*:

Yes, I have seen them dance; but they danced the Congo and sang a purely African song to the accompaniment of a dry goods box beaten with sticks or bones, and a drum made by stretching a skin over a flour barrel. . . . As for the dance . . in which the women do not take their feet off the ground . . it is as lascivious as is possible. The men dance very differently, like savages. . . .

M. Julien Tiersot, in his *La Musique chez les Peuples indigines de l'Amerique du Nord,* says that he has "seen their religious meetings degenerate into disheveled dances under the influence of the same songs."[3] What M. Tiersot was referring to is the so-called negro "shout" which sometimes followed the religious services of the slaves. It is described by a writer in *The Nation,* for May 30, 1867:

But the benches are pushed back to the wall when the formal meeting is over, and . . . all stand up in the middle of the floor, and when the "sperichil" is struck up begin first walking and by and by shuffling around, one after the other, in a ring.

[1] Krehbiel, H. E. *Afro-American Folksongs.* New York and London. 1914.

[2] Johnson, James Weldon. *Book of American Negro Spirituals.* New York. 1925.

[3] Cited by Krehbiel.

> The foot is hardly taken from the floor, and the progression is mainly due to a jerking, hitching motion which agitates the entire shouter and soon brings out streams of perspiration. . . Song and dance alike are extremely energetic, and often, when the shout lasts into the middle of the night, the monotonous thud, thud of the feet prevents sleep within half a mile of the praise house.[4]

I must give one more quotation. It is from an article by George W. Cable on *Creole Slave Songs* in the *Century Magazine* for April, 1886, and is a description of the negro voodoo dance, a relic of bestiality and savagery connected with snake worship brought by the negroes from Africa, and suppressed in civilization:

> The dance and song entered into the negro worship. . . There are a few trivial formalities and the voodoo dance begins. The postulant dances frantically in the middle of the ring, only pausing, from time to time, to receive heavy alcoholic draughts[5] in great haste and return more wildly to his leapings and writhings until he falls in convulsions. . . The contortions of the upper part of the body, especially of the neck and shoulders, are such as to dislocate them. . . There are swoonings and ravings, nervous trembling beyond control, incessant writhings and turnings, tearing of garments, even biting of the flesh—every imaginable invention of the devil.

Is it any wonder that chaperones of today never witness a slow and graceful minuet?

III

An impression may have been gained from the foregoing that jazz is a sort of bastard negro music, and that it contains no originality. Such an impression would not be wholly correct. There are some distinct differences.

The most fundamental of these, perhaps, is the fact that the negro music was the natural and serious expression from the negroes' souls. The spirituals expressed their deepest emotions, and were in many cases the result of much sorrow and suffering. The negro in his sorrow had recourse to his religion and his music only, and these were inseparable; consequently, his music was the outpouring of his heart. Jazz, on the other hand, is for the most part superficial—even artificial. It is patterned after other music, and its characteristic elements, frequently even its themes, are borrowed. The bulk of the negro music was essentially and deeply religious; jazz, to say the least, is not.

Then, too, the negro music was vocal, while jazz in its highest development is instrumental. The negroes rarely used any instrument in their singing, and, while the music may be rendered instrumentally, its best interpretation is vocal. The most valuable contribution jazz has made to music is the variety of new orchestral effects it has made possible. The best interpretation of jazz can be given by a jazz orchestra.

The melodies of the two schools are different. The negro melodies, like the music of most primitive peoples, were either pentatonic, minor, or major with simplified variations. Jazz takes our conventional classic or folk melodies and adapts the African rhythm to them.

Since these differences are apparent, and since jazz has been developed to a high degree of perfection along certain lines, the question of its future is being raised. Some of its enthusiastic friends are predicting that it will largely supercede other music. Already it forms the major part of the average person's musical education. Dvorak, more than a quarter of a century ago, predicted that the American music would be founded on the music of the negro, and showed his estimate of it by basing several of his own compositions, including his *New World Symphony*, upon these songs. Their influence has been felt by Gottschalk, Schoenberg, Chadwick, Kroeger, and others. Others, realizing the simple beauty of the negro spirituals, have confidently awaited the time when a new and distinct music, based on these songs and utilizing their best qualities, would be developed.

The answer to these expectations seems to be jazz. It is the music of the negro, supplemented by other influences and developed and adapted. It has gained immense popularity. And yet if its supporters hope to see in it a great movement in the world of music, one can prophesy only disappointment. For to this time jazz is only jazz, the obvious descendant of the noises created by the natives for the lascivious tribal African dances, the proper accompaniment for the Charleston and others of the hideous modern dances.

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[4] Cited by Krehbiel and in *Slave Songs of the United States.*

[5] Possibly there is a parallel here.

Jim

By J. H. Burke

"Well, I do say! You've just about growed out of my knowledge," was Aunt Sarah's greeting.

She was sitting over at one side of the fireplace, looking just as she had looked as far back as I could remember, except that she seemed a little smaller and a little more wrinkled. I have heard my father say that Aunt Sarah would never die, but would just keep getting smaller and smaller until she would be light enough to float off to the next world.

Everything in the room was unchanged. The big stone fireplace, full of hot coals and one or two crackling logs. The log walls, daubed with mud to keep the wind out. The old-fashioned four-poster bed. The hand-made chairs. Everything. Such a treat it used to be to go out to Aunt Sarah's and crack walnuts on Sunday, or to spend the night. The winter nights were best because they were longest. Then before the open fire, I would listen to Aunt Sarah tell stories of the Civil War until I fell asleep in my chair or where I was lying on the hearth. How she got me to bed, I never knew; but always I would wake up early the next morning in the middle of a fat feather-bed, and climb out on the same warm hearth.

"I do say," Aunt Sarah kept repeating over and over as I answered her questions about everything that had happened since I had last seen her.

We had talked for fifteen or twenty minutes when we heard old Ranger barking, and Aunt Sarah hobbled over to the window to see who was coming.

"It's Jim," she announced. And looking over her shoulder, I saw coming up the road, a long-limbed, slouched man in overalls, astride a yellow mule.

" 'Light and come in," called Aunt Sarah from the doorway, as Jim, a man whose sunken features looked as if he had reached old age thirty years too soon, rode up.

"No, ain't got time. Just started to town, an' thought I'd see if you wanted anything," Jim answered.

"Well, no; Dexter took my eggs in an' got my sugar an' coffee yeste'd'y. But you'd better come in an' warm up yer feet a little."

"No, aint got time, I reckon."

"How's all th' folks?" Aunt Sarah asked.

"Just middlin' like. The kids is been havin' a cold right smart lately," answered Jim as he started to bite off a chew from a black plug of tobacco.

"Gimme a chew o' that tobaccer, Jim. I kinda had th' toothache all day, an' it might help it," said Aunt Sarah.

"Seems like you have th' toothache right smart," said Jim with a grin, as he held out the plug.

The irony, if any was intended, failed to penetrate. Aunt Sarah answered, "Yes, a right smart."

"Jim has broke powerful fast," she said after he had gone. "He aint been like himself fer—let's see—it's been nigh on ter ten year. It was just about three month after Madeline, his youngest kid, was born, an' Madeline was ten last month. Yes, it's just about ten year. You've heard about his wife, ain't you?"

I had heard something about her, and I knew a little of the story. But I wanted to hear Aunt Sarah tell it; so I said no.

She settled back in her chair and pushed the wad of tobacco over in one side of her mouth.

"To begin at th' beginnin'," she said, "Madeline was 'er name, same as the young un what was named after 'er. An' she was pretty as a peach. I mind when Jim was talkin' to 'er. He'd hitch up this little black mare o' his'n to th' buggy an' ride down by here bright an' early every Sunday mornin', singin' loud as you please, an' it was always pret' nigh Monday mornin' when he got back. I knowed where he's a-goin', an' he tol' me he's aimin' ter bring 'er back with him one of them first days, an' shore 'nough he did.

"She made 'im a good wife, too. She was just as smart as a briar, Madeline was. She could sew the prettiest you ever seen, an' she knowed how to save an' put up stuff. She always had a good garden, an' canned lot uv vegetables an' fruit. An' I do say, she could make th' best wild strawberry preserves I ever tasted on bread. I told 'er I just had to hand it to 'er, they was better'n mine, an' she always give me a jar er two every year. I mind th' last time I seen 'er. It was a first Sunday, an' they was at preachin', just like they was every first Sunday. That's th' only time we have preachin'. That day I was talkin' about, she tol' me she was savin' two quarts o' strawberry preserves fer me. But she said if they was worth havin' they was worth comin' after, an' she wasn't aimin' fer me to have 'em 'less I come an' got 'em.

"That was just two days before—but there, I'm gettin' ahead o' myself. To go back a spell, her maw had been crazy, off an' on, an' Madeline worried over it a right smart. She tol' me she had heard it run in families, an' it worried her a sight t' think about what would become of Jim an' the kids, she had three little uns before long, if anything was to happen to 'er. Her bein' th' only child, she figgered if it did run in th' family, she'd have to be the one it hit. She never mentioned it to Jim, though. They was plum fools about each other, an' she didn't wanta worry him. But she done a powerful sight o' worryin' herself when she was there with nobody to talk to but the kids. She asked preacher Barnes about it, an' he said they wasn't nothin' to do but pray to th' Good Lord fer help. So she prayed every night that she wouldn't never go crazy.

"I reckon th' Good Lord knows what's fer th' best, an' I ain't th' one to complain about nothin' he does, but it does seem like some things is mighty hard to understand.

"Anyhow, they'd just been married about four year (an' as I say, they 'ad three kids), when one day as Jim was comin' up to dinner, he heard Madeline, th' baby that was named after her maw, cryin' fit to kill. He hurried to th' house to see what was th' trouble, an' found it a-layin' in the middle o' th' floor, stark naked. Its maw was gone. He couldn't find her nowhere, an' he saw th' well rope was gone. Right then, he said, he knowed what had happened. He seen it all right before his eyes, an' his legs pret' nigh give out from under him, he tol' me.

"He climbed on his mare, barebacked, an' rode over here like wild fire. I never seen as wild a lookin' man in all my life as he was. His hair was down in his face, an' he was shakin' all over like a leaf, an' his eyes looked like they'd pop out o' his head.

'I can't find Madeline, an' th' well rope's gone,' he cried to me. 'You go over t' th' house an' mind th' kids while I get some men to help hunt 'er,' an' off he dashed fit to kill 'imself an' his mare both.

"He went an' tol' Taylor Fry an' his two boys, an' shot back by me at full tilt afore I got to his house. Soon as he got there, he jumped off'n his mare an' started runnin' 'round through th' woods like a chicken with its head cut off. An' he hadn't gone far till he found 'er. She was hangin' in a tree. Dead. Th' sight liked to a kilt him. Taylor Fry found him takin' on terrible over her body, what he'd cut down. He kept sayin' she wasn't dead, an' so we sent fer a doctor just to humor him. But she was dead an' black in th' face from th' time he found 'er. The next day she was buried.

"Preacher Barnes was down at Blowin' Creek, holdin' a big meetin', an' didn't get here till way after time fer th' funeral. An' that funeral—I shan't never forget it to th' longest day I live. Jim was settin' there on th' front row holdin' his baby, Madeline. The kin folks was all cryin'. But Jim's eyes was dry. He just set there an' stared at th' coffin. But I don't believe he was seein' it 'tall.

"Finally th' preacher got there, but he had come straight from Blowin' Creek an' hadn't heared anything 'bout how she died. Martha Tillet met him at th' door, an' I knowed she was tellin' 'im about it. I didn't like th' looks o' things a bit—Martha out there a tellin' th' preacher how she committed suicide, an' me a knowin' how he felt 'bout suicide, 'count o' sermons I'd heard him preach on it. An' there was Jim starin' at that coffin, an' lookin' like th' whole insides of him was gone out.

"At last th' preacher come in an' walked slow-like up to th' pulpit. He looked worried, an' I knowed he was thinkin' on what th' scriptures says 'bout takin' yer own life. He was a good man, preacher Barnes was. He done his duty like he saw it, an' 'e preached th' scriptures from start to finish. An' I reckon he was right in what he said that day; leastways, that's what th' Good Book says. But it did seem mighty hard to hear 'im say it with Jim settin' there lookin' like he was.

" 'Friends,' he commenced, slow an' sad like, 'I just heared how this beloved sister met her death at her own hands. We all know what a good woman she was, an' it grieves me more than I can say that she has come to such uh end. But it ain't fer us t' try t' understand th' workin's uf th' Lord. He suffered His own Son, Jesus Christ our Savior, to die on th' cross; so we have to stand up under our burdens an' take what th' scriptures says. Th' Good Lord will help us bear our sufferin's if we will only go to Him. But it grieves me more than I can say not to be able to comfort her dear ones with th' thought that she is saved. We all know what th' scriptures says 'bout takin' yer own life.' Them is just his words. Then he prayed to th' Good Lord to be easy on her soul an' to help her dear ones bear their burden.

"All th' time Jim just set there an' stared at th' coffin an' helt his baby, Madeline. But he never shed nary tear. I don't believe they was one in him. He followed th' coffin out, an' fer five year he never went inside that ner no other church.

"Fer a while, he stayed right in th' house (his maw's house, I mean, fer of course he had to move in with her after his wife was gone, on account of th' kids), an' he wouldn't let them kids out of his sight. But before

long, he begun walkin' around by himself, not speakin' to nobody, an' with his head down, lookin' at th' ground all th' time. I don't believe he halfway knowed what he was doin'. His maw tol' me he'd walk around this way at all hours of th' day an' night. An' after while he got so's he didn't even notice his kids.

"Then he left.

"They heared from him now an' then, an' he sent money to his maw fer th' kids. But they never knowed where he was half th' time. He stayed away fer three year on a stretch, an' when he did come back, he looked like a old man. An' he still looked at th' ground all th' time an' never talked none. He'd pass right by me er anybody else 'thout even speakin', just like he never saw us. But he seemed t' be a bigger fool than ever 'bout his kids, especially Madeline. He always was plum crazy 'bout that kid. She looked like 'er maw.

"His maw was foolish over th' kids, an' wanted t' keep 'em. But she had two little uns 'erself, an' that made too many kids together. They never was a house big enough fer two families o' kids. They had uh uproar there continually; so Jim wanted t' get his'n out. But he couldn't keep house himself. So they wasn't but one thing to do. An' that, he was set pat against. He wouldn't listen to no talk about marryin' ag'in. He said he'd never take another woman in Madeline's house. But his folks kept talkin' fer it, hopin' maybe he'd marry an' settle down an' start goin' to preachin' ag'in, 'stead of leavin' fer another spell like they was afraid he'd do. They talked an' talked an' talked, till he finally give in an' said he'd marry anybody they'd pick out that'd be good t' his kids.

"Well, it wasn't no easy job, findin' somebody that'd marry a man like Jim, fer he didn't have no words fer nobody. But they finally sighted Mandy. She lived up th' way towards Buzzard Run, an' she was uh good enough sort uf girl, Mandy was. But she was sorta dull—wasn't plum right in some ways—an' she was powerful young. She wasn't more'n sixteen. But she was big an' stout, an' she was good to children. So Jim married her 'thout goin' to talk to 'er but one night. I don't believe th' girl rightly knowed what she was doin'. But her folks was glad 'nough to see her marry him. They'd been afraid nobody wouldn't have her, 'count o' her bein' kinda queer, an' she wasn't pretty nuther. Then they knowed, too, that Jim was uh good man, even if he had plum' quit goin' t' preachin'.

"As I say, Jim married her. But he'd said he wouldn't never take another woman in th' house him an' Madeline lived in, an' he never. He made all th' 'rangements beforehand; an' when time come to marry, he piled every blessed thing he had, kids an' all, in his wagon, an' went over by fer Mandy. After they was married in th' company bed room, he piled her in th' wagon too, an' off he went, way back up in th' mountains to Taylor Wike's apple orchard, what he'd got a job tendin'.

"There they lived. An' they wasn't a neighbor within five mile uf 'em. He never one time brought Mandy back t' see her folks, er even t' town. He never wanted t' see nobody himself, an' I reckon he figgered she didn't neither. I never went up to see 'em myself, but his folks did, an' they didn't like th' looks uf things much. His maw tol' me he was just th' same. He still went 'round with his head down an' he didn't talk none, not even to Mandy. An' Mandy wasn't likin' it none, bein' way off there with nobody to talk to but th' kids an' 'erself. She told Jim's maw it pret' nigh drove her mad. She said they was times when she thought about Jim's fust wife hangin' herself, an' she felt tempted to do th' same. But they thought that was 'count uf her not bein' exactly right.

"They lived there fer uh little over uh year, 'thout havin' no children. An' then one day Jim's paw went up there to see 'em, an' foun' Mandy ravin' crazy, threatenin' t' kill th' whole family.

"If ever uh man had troubles, it was shore Jim. They took Mandy to th' 'sylum, an' in 'bout uh month she died.

"That's 'bout all they is to tell. Jim come back an' lived with his maw fer two er three year. Then he started keepin' house in 'is old house, where him an' Mandy had lived. His oldest daughter was big enough then to help him some with th' cookin', so he made out.

"An' now—but I forgot, he started goin' to preachin' ag'in, an' takin' his kids t' Sunday school. His youngest un, Madeline, got her New Testament fer sayin' th' little catechism last month. But Jim ain't never been th' same. He don't talk none, an' he always looks down.

"Now, as I started t' say, I just opened my last jar uf wild strawberry preserves this mornin'. They ain't like Madeline's, but they're uf my own makin', an' if you'll come out in th' kitchen, I'll give you some on a slice uf salt risin' bread."

A Spirit Imprisoned in the Vale of Chamouni

By M. L. Radoff

The glaciers move but slowly to the Arve,
And from their whiten breasts springs forth the milk
Of song, of sound, of love that beckons onward
The countless streams that flow from Mont Blanc's peak
Until they mingle in the brilliant cord
That winds itself about the Valley's heart,
Then passes with the wind to Switzerland.

The oxen graze upon the green hillsides
And fill the valley with their melody:
Their lowing mingles with the simple bells
That ring with every movement of the head.
The herders, meanwhile, lean upon their staffs
And watch with careful eye their peaceful flock
And dream of homes, of restfulness serene
That blesses lives which have no care but love.

And in the mountains hunt the chamois and
The gray hares who seek unto the snowy peaks
The herbs and grass which nature hides within
Steep moss-grown banks for these her children who
Can nothing know or nothing think and only
Live and die upon her bounteous breast.

The fishes in the brooks, the sober birds
All linger in this mountain paradise
And give it with their lives new moods, new songs,
To make of it that which man calls perfection.

Above this valley live in clouds of dreams
The Alpine Fairies guarding their domain
And keeping in their treasure box the souls
Of those whose spirits were as bride to them.
Of else they do but little all the day
And night but dance with silver shoes
On floors of prisoned moonbeams gold and grey
Which they have stolen from the snowy tops
Of mountains that reach out and gather in
The moonlight to their breasts when all
The Valley sighs in jealousy and knows
The somber blackness of the shadowed night.
And of their dancing they can never tire,
Nor can their hearts e'er tell them that their lives
Are fruitless but of pleasure; for they have
No souls, and soulless they are numb to that
Which urges ever onward man and goads
Him to an end he does not know or sense,
For he sees but the corner of the road
And nothing more, unless it be the end,
Which reached by others he is forced to see.

A fairy, prince among his fellow sprites,
Saw 'neath a mountain fir one brilliant day
A mortal woman, fairer far he thought
Than fairy sisters he had seen till then.
And so he offered up his princely state
To follow her, this child he loved so well,
And with the soul of man but heart of sprite
He gave to her his love, his body, all
And she in turn loved him and dwelt with him
In the great silent forests of the Alps.
The honey of the mountain bees, the flowers
Were subsistence. The berries from the
Choicest vines, the grapes that grew upon
Their rocky arbors on the warm hillsides,
The waters from cool streams that sprang from deep
Into the earth, their depth man cannot fathom,—
These all gave gladly to these happy lovers,
And bright and joyous were their love-filled lives.

There came a day when she, long used to such,
Climbed lightly up a stony mountain path
To meet her lover after a short parting,
And seeing close his arms outstretched to greet
Her and to press her close to him, she sprang,
Alas, too soon, and with no word or cry
Fell headlong down the cliff into the vale
Below. And when her lover found her there
He could not know her, for her body had
Been torn and bruised, her face destroyed,
Her smile, her beauty gone. He lingered there
And soon a man came by and gathered up
That sweet bruised heart of her. Her lover asked,
"Where has she gone, my love, her eyes of light,
Her song of midnight streams, her laugh of bells
That sound in mountain vales, her body white
As snow?" And the man who was wise replied,
"She is no longer here, this is but clay;
From whence she came to you, there has she gone.

She is with God, her Maker, He who gives
Us life and when He wants takes back His gift."
"Then I shall seek Him out and wrest from Him
That which is mine, that which is all I have."
The old man shook his head and went his way,
And the sprite who had a soul began his search.
Down the valley of the Rhone he wandered
To where the river gives away its waters
To the sleeping Lake Geneva calm and sweet,
And up again by old Chateau Maurice
By where the Pissevache roars its march triumphant
And dashes down the mountain from Lake Vaily,
Over the passes trod by countless men
In quest of booty or in penitence,
Where men with pilgrim's staffs and robes of sack
Marched side by side with golden-vested knights,
All toiling ever toward Jerusalem.
Then back he turned and crossed St. Bernard's pass
Into the valley where the Berebine
Flows swiftly onward through its bronzen path
And when the Midland Teeth loom up in fright
To marvel at the glory of its waters.
He crossed the glacier of the Trienti and wandered
Down its thundering gorge. Then searched he through
The Vale of Chamouni and o'er the Silvery Glacier
From whose mighty bosom springs the Arve. Then
He turned once more and trod with weary steps
The Sea of Ice until he saw below
The dashing Arly shouting o'er its bed
Of grinding stone. And through the forest and
The frozen caverns, ever onward marched
The sprite, but nothing did he find that he
Knew not, and what he knew could ne'er create
His love, and so he grew more sad but wandered
On by where the Great Green Needles raise their heads
And Mont Blanc guards the Savoie countryside.
And there he heard the whisperings of the winds
Who dwelt in his own fairyland, the songs
The pine trees sang, the cracking of the melting ice,
The music of his dancing brethren there,
The echo of the songs they sang by day,
And of the choruses they formed by night.
And saw their shining slippers in the moon;
But they were gone to him: the soul he took
To be the lover of his earthly bride
Was now a shade that guarded from his eyes
Those things he once had known, the life he loved.

More slowly now he walked and with a staff
That kept his once light body from the earth.
With eyes that hardly saw, and ears that could
Not hear, and the signs of ending life of mortals plain,
He yet strained ever on, for love still lived.
But never could he find that which he sought,
And now despair crept in his breast, and he
With ebbing strength climbed to the peak of great
Mont Blanc. And when he gained its hoary head
He cried out once, a cry of bitter anguish.
And there he died far from the paths of men,
With yet a mind of sprite but on a manlike
Pilgrimage. And when the wind sweeps by
On moonlight nights and the fairies dance with joy,
The mountain dreams of bygone days and wonders
Why long, long ago a sprite that he
Loved well climbed down his great white side, and then
When but few moons had passed, a man with weary
Step climbed slowly up and left his body there.

The South Interviews Herself

By Algernon Lee Butler

The past decade marks the beginning of a new era in the South. For a half century after the Civil War she lay practically dormant. There was not a single political, economic, or social idea that emanated from this "stupendous region" of "paralyzed cerebrums" during the period extending from 1860 to 1885. The vast carnage of the Civil War had drained the South of its best blood, half exterminating and wholly paralyzing the old aristocracy. Economically the Confederacy was destitute. The Carpetbaggers of the North and the Scalawags of the South were the political ringmasters. In short, the native white South was simply submerged under a deluge of domestic problems. Many of the first-rate Southerners that were left, demoralized and broken in spirit, could not face the strain and humiliation of reconstruction, and with families and personal belongings they departed.

The devastation in the South was complete. Faced with an appalling debt, largely accumulated during the days when the "Damyankees" and the renegade Confederates controlled the power of a plastic negro vote, confronted with the inevitable downfall of an industrial system which had been based on the feudal institution of slavery, lacking in most of the necessities essential for bringing it to an equality with the successful North, the South was left alone to work out her own plan of salvation.

Such were the conditions that called for a coalition of the Southern States into what is known as the "Solid South." Under the circumstances it was natural that the white South should have made a concerted effort to gain control of her own government. There were psychological as well as social, political, and economic reasons for such action. The average white Southerner's innate fear of racial equality, his fierce jealousy of the emerging black, has been the basis of all his public thinking. Recently the negro himself has done more than any one else to allay the fears of the whites. He is developing a race consciousness and a race pride which tend to elevate his standard of living. He has his work and his place, his social and psychological status is fixed, and year by year he is becoming less and less a social and political concern to the South. The late war also did much to reconcile the Southerner to the existing order of things. One cannot fight side by side with a man for the good of a common cause, for the protection of homes, wives, children; one cannot share dangers, and toils, and hardships, or feel the same thrill at the sight of a star-spangled flag, or experience the same emotions at the sound of a national anthem, without coming to a realization that the races are "brothers under the skin."

Today as never before the South has come to a full appreciation of her problems. There is a small group of men arising within her borders who are broad-minded enough to see the detrimental results of our mental provincialism. These men are unpopular. "They condemn without offering anything better. They tear down without building up." They commit the crime of knowing what they are talking about, or preferring facts to illusions. These men are the critics.

To repeat, the past decade marks the beginning of a new era in the South. It marks the evolution of this small group of critics who, because of their courage in breaking the shackles of sentiment and tradition which have bound the South, and because of their fidelity in preaching the truth as they see it, herald the first glimmerings of a better day. That this criticism should eventually arise in the South was inevitable. "That the South needs criticism and severe criticism there can be no reasonable doubt." But criticism to be effective must first of all be fair, accurate, and intelligent. Just how nearly recent criticism meets this standard remains to be seen.

A review of native writers on the subject of the South reveals a number of interesting facts. The most outstanding of these is the changing attitude toward the negro question. H. L. Mencken, perhaps the foremost critic of the South today, is the most vituperative and relentless in his criticism. In his now famous essay, *The Sahara of the Bozart,* Mencken describes the evolution of the Southern mulatto. In the great days of the South the line between the gentry and the poor whites was very sharply drawn. There were no intermarriages. History does not record a single instance of a Southerner of the upper class marrying one of the bondwomen. In other societies characterized by class distinction of that sort it is common for the lower class to be improved by extra-legal crosses. In other words "men of the

upper class would take women of the lower class as mistresses, and out of such unions spring the extraordinary plebeians who rise sharply from the common level, and so propagate the delusion that all other plebeians would do the same thing if they had the chance—in brief, the delusion that class distinctions are merely economic and conventional, and not congenial and genuine." But because of the sharp distinction between the two classes of Southern whites, the lower class did not receive the stimulus that crossing with the upper class would naturally have given. Instead, this stimulus went to the negroes. "The men of the upper classes sought their mistresses among the blacks, and after a few generations there was so much white blood in the black women that they were considerably more attractive than the unhealthy and bedraggled women of the poor whites." Mencken says that a member of the Southern aristocracy recently told him in all seriousness that he had reached his majority before it ever occurred to him that a white woman might make just as agreeable a mistress as the "octaroons of his jejune fancy." This preference has continued until of late and if it has really changed now "it is not the fault of the Southern white man, but of the Southern mulatto women," whose improving economic condition, increasing sense of race pride and self-respect, make them "no longer as willing to enter into concubinage as their grand-dams were." We might definitely settle the question of the present relationship between the two elements by a brief reference to statistics. The government census of 1860 shows that approximately 2 per cent of the total population of the United States were mulattoes, whereas, to-day, they approximate only 1.4 per cent, a fact which shows a decided decline in the tendency toward race amalgamation.

Mencken further states that this preference of the Southern gentry for mulatto mistresses has created a mixed race containing the best white blood of the entire country. Meanwhile the poor whites have remained "unfertilized from above" which accounts for the fact that the Southern mulatto is "intrinsically a better animal than the pure-blooded descendant of the old poor whites, and he not infrequently demonstrates it." It must be remembered that the white blood that flows in the veins of these mulattoes is "not the blood of the poor whites but of the old gentry" and that the negroes who rise so abruptly from general level are of this mixed blood, usually with the white predominating. Therefore, he says, "it is not by accident that the negroes of the South are making faster progress, economically and culturally, than the masses of the whites. It is not by accident that the only visible aesthetic activity in the South is wholly in their hand. No Southerner has ever written music so good as that of half a dozen white-black composers who might be named. Even in politics, the negro reveals a curious superiority. Despite the fact that the race question has been the main political concern of the southern whites for two generations, to the practical exclusion of everything else, they have contributed nothing to its discussion that has impressed the rest of the world so deeply and so favorably as three or four books by Southern negroes."

Mencken is by no means the only critic in the South who ventures to discuss the race problem. There are others who are just as free and bold in their criticism, but almost invariably they make one error that Mencken is careful to avoid. They fail to realize that some problems offer no possibility of solution. They seem to think that the only excusable and worthwhile criticism is the positive sort—that which offers a substitute for the thing condemned. Yet in the vast majority of cases there is no possible alternative method of solution and the whole object of criticism is not reform but to demonstrate that reform is impossible. Criticism of the negro problem must obviously fall into this category. Yet is is surprising the number of honest and intelligent men who offer some definite suggestion. But the problem is as far from solution now as ever for the reason that every suggestion has savored of salient imbecility. If we listened to the claptrap of would-be reformers, the negroes would be accepted as the whites' social equal, or else herded together in one large and odoriferous mass and shipped somewhere "east of Suez."

Judge R. W. Winston, recently a "freshman" at the University of North Carolina, offers a contribution to the discussion. According to Judge Winston the negro is a greatly misused man. He is still virtually a slave, buried under the impedimenta imposed by the white man. In spite of the fact that Southerners generally maintain that the negro is a free man, and that the law bears on white and black alike, they realize full well that in practice it is not true. To quote the Judge:

> Is a man free who cannot vote, hold office, or serve on a jury; is he free when he must ride in second-hand coaches, sit in the gallery at public places, occupy rear seats of electric cars and flee for his life when suspected of being a dangerous character? Is a race free which has been battered into submission by whippings and lynchings, and which has no part in governmental affairs? Can man or race be free with a spirit of chains? And does it lie in the mouth of the white man to charge that the negro is but a race of bootblacks, when we have confined him to the task of blacking our boots?

Judge Winston then goes into the relationship between the races. He states that they are undoubtedly homogeneous. That any two races are necessarily so which have "lived together in peace for 100 years, speaking the same language, worshipping the same God, having similar church affiliations, impelled by similar superstitions and prejudices, the weaker race imitating the stronger in customs, manners, and modes of thought." Then in support of his contentions he asks the pregnant question, "if the races are not homogeneous how comes it that there are so many mulattoes in the South?" He cites statistics to show that in 1910 one-fifth of the negro population was mulatto. But during the past ten or fifteen years sexual intercourse has practically stopped for in 1920 only 16 out of 100 negroes were of mixed-blood. It was necessary to adopt strenuous methods to effect this race segregation; bloody revolutions, legislation, riots, lynchings, burnings, etc., were used. But, today, the Southern negro is comparatively safe so long as he "behaves himself."

Judge Winston admits all this, but he fails to say whether or not he considers the South safe from the negro. One would infer, however, from a perusal of his recent observations, that he has the inherent fear of the blacks which is common to most Southern whites. This leads him to go a step further in his discussion of the negro and offer a solution for the insoluble. "Of what avail," he asks, "are houses, land or education, forsooth, to one in a state of bondage? Better ignorance and poverty for him." And carrying out this same line of thought he suggests packing the negroes off to some "foreign strand" and thus solve the age-old problem by the simple process of removing the incubus.

This suggestion is surprising to say the least, for the infeasibility of such a scheme is obvious. In the first place the South could not do without the negro. His sudden removal would mean her industrial breakdown. Just as our economic and domestic system was built on the institution of slavery prior to the Civil War, even so is our economic and domestic system today founded on the existence of the free negro. The North, the East, or the West might survive such a social revolution, but never the South whose food is prepared by colored hands, whose clothes are washed in houses where negroes live, and whose very babies are cared for by members of the colored race and very often fed at the breasts of colored nurses. But why argue a question the impracticability of which is manifest? Judge Winston concludes by seeing the impossibility of such a course himself and compromises by admitting that the negro has his rights as well as the white man and suggests that they be educated in anticipation of a better day.

Mr. Gerald W. Johnson, of the University of North Carolina, is also a prominent member of this society of critics. He refers to the negro as a menace 50 per cent worse than a "*moro juramentado*," which certainly sounds as though they must be very dangerous. In his recent article, *The South Takes the Offensive*, Mr. Johnson spends most of his time launching thrusts at the North rather than defending the South. The article is apparently in answer to *The Sahara of the Bozart* in which Mencken makes the charge that "the most booming sort of piety, in the South, is not incompatible with the theory that lynching is a benign institution." This calls forth from Johnson the sarcastic reply that "in 1922 the South lynched almost as many negroes as the number of non-union workmen that the Herrin miners lynched in one day." He further explains that in each there was at least some suspicion of the negro's guilt but in the case of the miners they were innocent of any moral or criminal offense. He further charges the North with the attempt to bail out every cesspool that it can find south of the Potomac. "Every discreditable thing that the South has ever done, or said, or thought has been made the subject of detailed reports in the public prints." The interest of the North in the South is the same as that which causes the murderer to visit the scene of his crime. Criticism of the South by competent critics, he says, is borne philosophically, but it is intolerable when coming from the hordes of Yankeedom who plainly regard themselves as competent critics and equally as plainly are mistaken. Then being led away by his emotions he makes several statements that are debatable. He charges the North with insanity in politics, religion, business, social intercourse, deportment in public, etc.; whereas in the South, politics, for instance, has some semblance of intelligence. He asserts that it is the North that is insane on the negro question and that one of the great troubles with the South is its juxtaposition to this imbecile North. His position is strained and over-drawn and the effect of his statements are weakened by his sectional bias.

But Mr. Johnson is not blind to some of the faults of the South. He does not, for instance, try to defend the lynching of negroes, for in another article he exclaims: "Every lynching in the South rivets our chains more firmly. Every nocturnal raid of the Ku Klux adds to the weight of our fetters. Every case of denial of a negro's rights under the civil law, every gratuitous insult flung at the race by the lower element among the

whites, every needless brutality practiced, every repression of the negro's legitimate aspirations to education,—in short, every unnecessary hardship inflicted on the black South postpones the day when the white South can resume its full membership, political, moral and intellectual, in this union."

In all of this discussion, the real negro problem in the South, that is, whether the burden of taxation which falls largely upon the whites to educate the blacks is a useless expenditure or a necessary expediency, has not been mentioned. The South spends millions of dollars annually of the white man's money in educating the negro, and then when he has been trained and has developed natural aspirations for culture and a desire to apply his acquired knowledge, he is confronted always by his social and racial status, and is repressed at every turn by his benefactors, the dominant white race. This must always be true and is perhaps necessary to prevent him crossing the chasm that must always divide the two races —one inferior and the other superior. If this is the black man's burden, it apparently has had no solution in the South. The negro finds it better to suffer these repressions so that harmony and good will may continue between the two races.

In numerous essays appearing from time to time in the leading magazines of the country, Mr. Johnson has ventured to criticise Southern parochialism and to point out its detrimental influence upon the South. In connection with this he pleads with the South for a more tolerant attitude toward these critics. "Criticism of the South is not only inevitable but certain to continue and to increase as the part played by the South in American affairs continues and increases in importance. It cannot be avoided but should be welcomed by thoughtful Southerners as long as it is accurate and intelligent." "What the South needs is criticism that is ruthless toward bigotry, intolerance, superstition and prejudice — bitter toward them, furiously against them — and sympathetic only with its idealism, with its loyalty, with its courage and its inflexible determination. Such criticism will not be popular, for it is not natural to hold in warm affection the idealist who exposes one's follies and frailties and continually appeals to one's better nature."

Mr. Johnson realizes full well that if one would appeal to the masses he must tell them of their virtues, not their defects. Therefore his stand is all the more admirable when we consider that it is opposed to the one thing that the majority of Southerners are most unreasonable about, that is, a solid Democratic ballot. In two articles especially, *The Dead Vote of the South* and *A Tilt With Southern Windmills*, Mr. Johnson condemns the present political condition in the South. The articles are almost identical, in fact the similarity in some places reaches the point of repetition. But the latter goes into the subject at greater length, so it is from the latter that I quote: "The list of candidates for whom the South has voted in the last 25 years is, by its diversity, irrefutable proof that the section is politically unprincipled." The Democratic convention of 1924 was divided between Catholics and Protestants; between Ku Klux and anti-Ku Klux. Where was the South? Alabama was voting for Underwood. Virginia was voting for Glass. Arkansas for Robinson. North Carolina, not having a favored son of her own, was "wandering around from one to the other." But in the list of candidates that she supported at one time or another, all names appear except that of Davis. He was the one candidate that the South did not try to nominate, yet it was the only section that finally voted for him. In presidential campaigns "she is about as important as the Portuguese battalions were in the war in France."

Mr. Johnson further declares that in the last campaign "the whole strategy on both sides was based on the assumption that the South would cast 136 votes for McAdoo, 136 votes for Smith, 136 votes for anybody, for Simple Simon, or a yellow dog, or the devil, provided only that the candidate bore the Democratic label." He contends that "in the choosing of candidates, we do not count; and in the subsequent elections we are already counted. With that delightful irony we claim to be followers of the man who had 'sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man!'" Yet in spite of this knowledge of the situation and the detrimental results which this policy of standpattism has upon the South, he admits that being born in North Carolina he naturally voted for Davis in the last election, and that he would likewise have voted for Smith or McAdoo had either been nominated. Such a statement counteracts in a measure the good effect of his previous criticisms, and when we read that Mencken, that caustic critic of the existing order, is also an habitual voter of the regular ticket with Mr. Johnson, we almost despair.

There is a certain amount of pathos in such a situation. That intelligent men should permit themselves to be controlled by sentiment and tradition is regrettable. They are helping to perpetuate that which they condemn as most detrimental to the South. According to the present classifications they are true Southerners—but they should also be true Americans. When we shall have the courage to vote for the men and the measures in which we believe, we will then elevate politics in both

parties, insure better government, and better men in control of our public affairs.

The South today is in a state of political dry rot caused by an abundance of politicians and a scarcity of statesmen. For the last generation the campaigns and public speeches have been based largely on the negro question. Not a single great economic problem has been discussed in political campaigns before the people. In the last campaign in North Carolina the Port and Terminals Bill was by far the most important proposition affecting our State before the public. Yet not even a single candidate for office or a single politician would discuss it.

The average politician has no desire to discuss important business and economic questions. It requires diligent research and study and the use of mental faculties—requirements sometimes lacking. He often tries to gain his ends by appealing to race prejudices and the dead issues of the past; and hence current issues, vital to the present growth and the future development of the State are not discussed, and the people are not informed and aroused to their importance. It is little wonder that our Southern States often lag behind other sections in our nation's progress.

In the field of culture the South has also come in for its share of criticism. Mencken declares that "for all its size and all its wealth and all the 'progress' it babbles of, it is almost as sterile, artistically, intellectually, culturally, as the Sahara Desert. There are single acres in Europe that house more first-rate men than all the states south of the Potomac." "If the whole of the late Confederacy were to be engulfed by a tidal wave tomorrow, the effect upon the civilized minority of men in the world would be but little greater than that of a flood on the Yang-tse-kiang. It would be impossible in all history to match so complete a drying-up of a civilization." He defends his use of the word "civilization" here by stating that in the old days that is what the South had "despite the Baptist and Methodist barbarism that reigns down there now." Moreover, "it was a civilization of manifold excellencies—perhaps the best that these states have ever seen." At one time the "main hatchery of ideas on this side of the water was across the Potomac bridge." But, today, all this is different. The few big caliber aristocratic Southerners left in the South are rapidly moving away. A few go to "South America, to Egypt, or to the Far East." But most go North. They find there "fit surroundings for a man of condition. They are welcomed by the codfish aristocracy as one palpably superior."

There is a reason for this emigration from the south. It lies in the story of the Forgotten Man. For instance, there is not a single memorial to Walter Hines Page in the entire South, whereas, England has honored him by building a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Mencken regards North Carolina as the best of the Southern states today, and Georgia as perhaps the worst. Concurring in this opinion is Fanny Kemble Butler, who describes the Georgia poor whites as "the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin that can be found on the face of the earth—filthy, lazy, ignorant, brutal, proud, penniless savages."

The present condition of the South is ascribed to its provincialism. "Free inquiry is blocked by the idiotic certainties of ignorant men." "Obviously, it is impossible for intelligence to flourish in such an atmosphere." "The old repose is gone. The old romanticism is gone." "What remains of the ancient tradition is simply a certain charming civility in private intercourse—often broken down, alas, by the hot rages of Puritanism, but still generally visible. The Southerner, at his worst, is never quite the surly cad that the Yankee is. His sensitiveness may betray him into occasional bad manners, but in the main he is a pleasant fellow—hospitable, polite, good-humored, even jovial . . . . But a bit absurd . . . . A bit pathetic."

We have not quoted all of these criticisms with entire approbation. The purpose of this article is to give a general survey of ourselves made by prominent critics within our borders. Unfair criticism will do us no harm, but just criticism, however caustic, will bring us face to face with conditions that our awakened conscience should strive to improve. A better day is ahead. The free press, free speech and free thought pervading our colleges and universities today will open the way for our social, civic, and political betterment.

The Record of the Vision

THE NIGHT of the day on which Brother Leo was found strangled on the floor of his cell in the Monastery of Anthessa, the young monk, Brother Francis, lay on his cot and dreamed of the manner of the death.

It may be that his dream was the result of a siege of fasting and meditation to which he had devoted himself for nearly two weeks, and then again it is possible that he was inspired by the beautiful spirit of St. Christopher, the patron of the monastery. However, following the devout custom of the day, Brother Francis received his dream with infinite satisfaction, termed it a vision, and transcribed it into a report to the head of the monastery.

This report is what has come to me and is that to which you owe whatever instruction you may receive from this free translation. I have made the translation free because I cannot conscientiously say that I consider Brother Francis one of the world's great narrative writers. His *Vision* is in a kind of Latin which smacks ill even to my taste and is redundant with *Deus Volentes* and *Benedicites*. So, I have taken the liberty of departing frequently from the text, of smoothing some of the more up-heaved passages, and of expurgating certain details which seemed right enough to Brother Francis but which sound coarsely to our modern ears and which might, indeed, cause this translation of a religious report of a vision granted by Divine Mercy to be placed under the ban of those who undertake to censor publications carrying obscene inferences.

But all this is not getting to the report of the vision. The record opens with a lengthy preamble calculated to bolster the smug self-righteousness of the order, flatter the vanity of the Brother superior, and point out the erudition of Brother Francis in matters concerning the records of the monastery.

Then comes a history of the dead Leo, some little of which it might be advantageous to relate here. It appears that he was of a preternaturally grave and reserved nature, though a young man, and that he was continually increasing the esteem of his brethren by the depths of his humility, his skilled illuminations and his occasional fervent ecstasies. To the description given in the *Record of the Vision*, I think it only fair that I add the impression which has come to me in the process of working with the manuscript. I believe that the unnatural reticence and humility of the monk serve to indicate a character under iron repression, a man whose passions burn with so bright a flame that he fears to let them ever catch lest the blaze destroy him.

In the same week that he was found with his blank eyes staring at the candle soot on the ceiling, there had been an event in the monastery which Brother Francis mentions in passing and to which I would attribute much importance. A certain jolly brother had been discovered clipped in the arms of one of the luscious country lasses and was haled before the Brother Superior to answer for his sin. It came out that the offense was not new and that the wench had not been forced in the least. Accordingly, a nameless punishment was inflicted upon the too-jolly monk and the gay lass was forced to stand stripped, tied to a tree, just beyond the wall of the monastery from the rising of the sun until its fall. The punishment was due her for her laxness, but the sight of her great dark eyes was enough to unnerve a tender-hearted man. Brother Francis relates that the cords were tied loosely about her small white feet so that they would not cut them, but that the girl kept her eyes upon her toes as if she were developing from them a system of astronomy. Her hair, he says, floated like a dusky cloud in the breeze and nipped playfully at her firm round breasts. In the evening, when the bell of the monastery was tolling and the dark shadows were streaking the white road, it was Brother Leo who was sent out to cut the guilty one down from her punishment and give her to drink. Because her feet would not bear her, the Monk was forced to clasp her in his arms and rub her limbs back to life. Then it was that he noticed with a queer thrill that her milky flanks were dimpled.

It is to the moment that Brother Leo cut the girl from the tree, it seems to me, that his strange struggle and final death can be traced. *The Record of the Vision* states only that for some days before his demise the dead brother had been possessed of a demon which he fought against in his cell and which he strove to exorcise by abstaining from bread and by tormenting his body with devious punishments.

From this point in the *Vision*, the gist of the story being come to, the narrative takes on a more lively tinge and Brother Francis makes use of all the Latin verbs and descriptive adjectives at his command. Moreover,

through the great virtue and potency of his dream, he seems more or less able to see himself into the character of Brother Leo and to introspect for him in an almost personal way. He tells how the dead man was kneeling in his cell preparing himself by prayer for renewed mortification of the flesh in order that he save his heavenly soul. A taper was before him on a high bench which he used as a work table. The glow of the wax spread softly about his dark head and made an aureole.

Fuga catervas daemonum, he intoned. His prayers were long, and before they were over a listlessness and lack of purpose crept into his voice. He nodded. Then, with a rush of cool air, a faint odor like that of frankincense mingled with that of white plum blossoms on a summer's night came in through the high window. The soul of the monk swelled within his corporeal figure like a wetted sponge and gave to him a feeling of fullness and calm such as is rarely the pleasure of man to experience.

To the accompaniment of celestial music, he set out upon a journey up an inclined plane into ethereal regions, borne along by a swift mysterious force.

"I go," he pondered, "I go perhaps to join my soul to the number of those who are expiating their sins in Purgatory, or perhaps I go, by the great mercy of God, on the path of the martyrs to Heaven direct."

As he meditated, he found himself upon a jutting promontory, high above the astral system, surrounded strangely by passing figures and brushed by invisible alar creatures. Then came a rush of mighty pinions, swifter than Death, and the monk knew that he was in the Divine Presence. He was uplifted by a circumfluent sense of peace and strength. He fell upon his knees and gasped in the elixir of the Presence. When the Spirit had departed he rose. Muttered words came to him; snatches of prayer welled from him.

"I am given strength to resist the Devil, oh God!" he murmured repeatedly. "I am given strength for any crisis. I shall resist."

A chill swept over him while he still blessed God. With the chill came cold hands which reached from invisibility, pressed about his arms, and conveyed him downwards with an impetuous speed which left him dizzy. At first, restraining fingers reached for him and faint cries followed after; but soon there was a period in which the monk and his guides passed into the confines of Nothingness. Since time was not in its boundaries, the monk found himself immediately in space again, now deserted by the directing hands. Bright sunlight and the songs of wood birds acted as an antipharmic to dispel his bewilderment.

He was in a fair vale which lay between towering mountains. All about him was the epitome of what is considered beautiful by men. Wild creatures, little startled, passed him by. When he looked about he saw birds of brilliant plumage preening themselves in trees which raised lofty summits toward an azure sky, lightly flecked with clouds.

Meantime, a band of laughing girls and women danced into the glade, trailing strings of flowers, playing upon cytharas and lyres, and shouting snatches of song. After them came mountain men who dashed in and seized hold of them. There was some scurrying about and screaming, but soon, all but three of the women were paired. The girls and men sank upon the lush grass and the wild lovers played provocative airs upon flutes which they wore about their necks. One by one the flutes fell silent and the couples began their games with cries of pain and pleasure.

When the rioting approached its highest and when Brother Leo had become greatly tormented by savage desires which rose within him, one of three unmated women rose from her place on the grass and drew near him. In his *Vision*, Brother Francis says: "Her face was beauty, and her form was love." Liquid eyes sent tender messages and glimpses of white flesh under light raiment bespoke her cause more eloquently than words. So gentle was her bearing that one would have imagined her a maid and not the appetent figure of Carnal Love which disguises itself so modestly in order to be the more sought after.

"Come, my Adonis," she cried, "Come and give me caresses to warm me. Fold me in your arms and relieve me from the mountain-men who love so rudely. There is great joy for me in you, and you will find exceeding pleasure in me."

So saying, she slipped her arms about the neck of the monk and enticed him with a movement of refined sensuality. Almost overcome by the effort, Leo cast her off:

"Pleasure of the earth is short," he said. "Heavenly bliss is the only lasting happiness. Away, I do not cast aside my chances for immortal joy for the embraces of the first wanton who calls me."

"Wanton!" said the girl, "Liar! I am perfect love. There is part of me in every ray of moonlight; there is a kiss of mine on the lips of every bride!"

She made one more attempt to caress him, but the holy man controlled the desire that was within him and cast her off. However, before he could recover his composure another of the three women came to him. There was no coquetry about her. Her body was nude

(Continued on page 29)

Lord Buddha: Saviour of the World

By H. R. Fuller

III

THE GREAT WITHDRAWAL

Then like the young sun on the eastern mountains or the fire when fanned by the wind, the young prince grew in all due perfection of body and mind.

And when he was eight years old, the king sought out teachers learned in all the useful arts, that they might instruct the boy. But they were all amazed, for after one short lesson in a given subject, the young prince knew more than those who had taught him. So that in a few days he learned the various sciences suitable to his rank which usually take years to master.

The king noted his exceeding talent, and his heart swelled with pride—but his cheek blanched with fear. For though indulged with all sorts of ornaments and pleasures suitable to his years, and child though he was, he behaved not like a child in gravity, purity, wisdom, and dignity. His bodily frame was small, but his heart was established; and his mind, at rest in his own high purposes, was not to be disturbed by glittering toys.

And so he grew, as a great tree from the unfolding of two soft leaves, in knowledge and compassion. Yet knew he little of grief or sorrow. But once he went into the spring fields with his father, and first saw only beauty and peace. Nature seemed to smile, and Prince Siddartha smiled and rejoiced in the pleasures of the earth. But looking deeper, he saw,

"The thorns which grow upon this life,"

and remarked that everywhere

"Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder."

And so the Lord Buddha first began to meditate upon the evil of this life, and seated himself under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed. And in the ecstasy of his love and pity, and his passion to heal the pains of man, the boy reached the Dhyana, or first degree of contemplation. And when servants of the king came to seek him ere the sun had gone to rest beyond the western mountains, they found him still musing. And the shadow of the jambu-tree had not moved since morning, but still protected that sacred head.

When the prince had reached his eighteenth year, the king increased his efforts to hold him by the charms of sensual pleasures, fearing always the prophecy of Asita, and Siddartha's deep purpose to have done with the world and its allurements. And so he inquired abroad for a bride of beauty and grace, and chose for his son the famed Yasodhara, a very goddess of good fortune. And Siddartha loved her from the moment her eyes met his, and they were married.

But still fearing the prince might chance to see some inauspicious sight which could disturb his mind, and turn him to thoughts of religion, the king had a palace built for him far from the busy press. It was like a lofty hill rising up in space; or as a white autumn cloud; warm or cool according to the season, for in the palace were dwellings for every month of the year. And the apartments were furnished for all the great artists of the kingdom, gaily decorated like heavenly chariots, bright like summer clouds at sunset, or cool like forest glades for moments of rest and repose. And the king sought through all the world for moon-faced and soft-voiced singing-women who put the lotuses to shame and had power to raise heavenly strains which ravished the heart. And through the palace halls ran the music of softly-sounding tambourines beaten by the touch of women's hands, and the rhythm of dances like the dances of the heavenly nymphs, and the low melody of half-heard laughter. And in summer the senses were lulled by thousands of silvery fountains and the sound of hidden streams. And gardens surrounded the wondrous dwellings, with rare blooms brought from the corners of the earth, and groves of forest trees and orchards of all manner of fruit. And hundreds of servants sought to anticipate every wish of the prince and to bring him

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Author's Note: Some day a great poet will embody the story of Buddha in one of the world's immortal poems. This short sketch has no claim to originality. It represents an attempt to tell a portion of the story as nearly as possible in the spirit and language of the Sanskrit and Chinese translations. The work of the author was one largely of selection and arrangement. The chief sources were: *The Buddha-Karita of Aswaghosha; The Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King; The Introduction to the Jataka;* and Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia.*

everything that he desired. And the king sent couriers through all the kingdoms of the earth to search out curious and beautiful things for the pleasure of Siddartha.

And around the palaces and their pleasure gardens the king caused a great wall to be built so that all the world was shut out. And he gave commands that no one tell the prince of sickness, or misery, or death, or anything unpleasant, but only tales of happiness and joy.

And the young prince lived thus delighted by his gilded toys and the soft voices and sweet laughter and stolen glances. Borne in the arms of these women, well skilled in the ways of love, and reckless in the pursuit of pleasure, he fell once from the roof of a pavilion but came gently to the ground, like a holy sage stepping from a heavenly chariot.

Meanwhile the king, for the sake of insuring his son's prosperity, delighted himself in perfect calm, ceased from all evil, practiced all self-restraint, rewarded the good, and practiced great religious vows prescribed by ancient seers.

And in the course of time, as Siddartha matured to full estate, the fair-bosomed Yarodhara gave birth to a son named Rahula. And the child's face was glorious like the enemy[1] of Rahu.

Then was the king filled with joy, saying, "My son, the prince, having begotten a son, will love him as I love mine, and he will no longer think of leaving his home to lead an ascetic's life in the woods in search of wisdom. Now have I found complete rest of heart, like one just born to heavenly joys."

But when spring came, the prince began to gaze restively from his palace windows upon the smooth high wall which shut him from the world, and upon the strong door which opened for the king's servants, but never for the king's son. And he resolved to go outside to see the world and disport himself by the lotus ponds in the wild forests—like an elephant long shut up in a house.

And the royal father, hearing of his son's desires, first ordered his attendants to adorn and arrange the forests like a king's garden, and ordered the king's highway to be made smooth, and freed from all old persons, or sick, or deformed, or those suffering from poverty or great grief. And he distributed largess among the people, and ordered a general merry-making whenever the prince should issue into the city in his painted chariot. The people therefore made themselves ready, bedecked their bodies with their best raiment, and swept their thresholds. And perfumes and sweet spices were sprinkled over the way, and many-colored flowers.

Then came forth the prince mounted in a golden chariot, adorned with reins bright like flashing lightning, and yoked with four white horses wearing golden trappings. With a glittering retinue he entered the prepared road bright with suspended garlands and waving banners. And the people lined the way, bowing down as he passed, their eyes wide open with curiosity like blue lotuses, and praising him for his beauty and glorious appearance. And the women softly whispered among themselves, "Happy is his wife."

But as the king's son thus advanced, with a beauty like that of an opening lily, the gods created an old man to walk along on purpose to stir the heart of the young prince.

And gazing upon his creature, he asked of his charioteer: "What kind of man is this with white hair and bent shoulders, bleared eyes and withered body, and holding a stick to support him along the way? Was he born this way, or is this a change produced by some accident?"

And in his simplicity, the charioteer revealed the truth, for the gods had bewildered his mind.

"It is what we call 'old age' which has broken him down. He too once drank milk in his childhood, and in the course of time he learned to grope on the ground. Having step by step become a vigorous youth, he has step by step in the same way reached old age."

Hearing these words the prince started, and said, "What! Will this evil come to me also? Or is this man the only one afflicted with age?"

The charioteer again replied with truth and said, "Your Highness also inherits this lot, like every man who comes into this world. Throughout the earth this is the common lot."

Then was the great-souled one deeply agitated when he heard of old age; he fixed his eyes on the decrepit old man and sighed, "Old age strikes down all alike; yet the world is not disturbed, even when it sees such a fate visibly impending.

"Since such is our condition, O Charioteer, turn back the horses—go quickly home. How can I rejoice in pleasure when the thoughts of old age overpower me? Our years are but as the fast-flying wind."

And so he returned, but found no rest in any pleasure or occupation in his home.

The king then urged him again to go abroad, and commanded his servants to decorate the streets and gardens twice as much as before. But the same gods caused a sick man to appear in the way, his body all swollen and

[1] The Sun.

afflicted with sores. And Siddartha asked his charioteer again, "Pray, what sort of man is this?"

"This is a sick man," he said in reply. "Sickness is a great affliction due to a confusion of the four elements, and it makes even this strong man no longer a master of himself."

"Is this the only man afflicted thus?" asked the prince with compassion. "Or are other men liable to the same calamity?"

"Through all the world, men are subject to the same condition; those who have bodies must endure affliction, the poor and ignorant as well as the rich and great."

At these words, the prince trembled and was moved throughout, like the reflection of the moon on the ruffled tide; and full of sorrow he said these words in a low voice, "Alas for the intelligence of men who can smile while still not free from the terrors of disease. Let the chariot turn back. My mind shrinks into itself, repelled from pleasures." And he returned to the palace like a man beaten and sore wounded, seeking to be alone.

Then the king was like one beside himself with fear. And he ordered another pleasure party, and commanded the charioteer to proceed in another direction.

But as Suddhodana's son was in the way, the gods created a dead man, and none saw him save Siddartha and the charioteer. Then spake the prince, "Who is this borne by four men, followed by mournful companions with flowers?"

Then the driver, having his mind overpowered by the pure-minded gods, told the truth which was not to be told: "This is some dead man, without sense, intellect, or life. He will be stretched out in a ditch like a dead log, and then his friends will throw earth upon him and desert him."

"Is this the only dead man, or does the world contain other instances?" asked the prince.

The charioteer replied, "This is the final end of all living creatures. All, everywhere, the same; he who begins this life must end it likewise."

Then would the prince return home, but the charioteer dared not obey his commands, and went on to the forest Padmakhanda, full of gardens and groves, and babbling streams of crystal water, and young trees in flower, and bright lakes gay with lotuses, like the heavenly Mandavana itself.

And troops of beautiful women came out to meet the prince like a newly-arrived bridegroom. And they crowded around him with their minds overpowered by passion, and their eyes restless with excitement, then blossoming wide with wonder and love. For they were smitten by his beauty, and some thought verily he was the Kama incarnate. But when they saw that all their subtle devices were ineffectual to move Siddartha's heart, they stood still, abashed by his grace and purity. But the wise Udayin stirred them up to put forth all their efforts, "For great is the might of women. Many saintly seers have been conquered by women—how much more then a delicate prince in the first flower of his age?"

The gentle prince wandered through the pleasant groves, unmoved by all arts and allurements. Some, urged by passion, pressed him with their full, firm bosoms in gentle collisions. Others violently embraced him after pretending to stumble. Some whispered pretty nothings in his ear, and sang sweet songs easily understood. Others leaned, holding a mango-bough in full flower, displaying their bosoms like golden jars. Others joined in amorous dances, or lay in lustful attitudes with their white bodies showing through light draperies. But the self-restrained youth was only moved to utter sadly, "O how thou art deluded!"

But seeing the prince unmoved and wrapped in thought, the skillful Udayin approached and plied him with arguments for seizing pleasure where it could be found, and cited the examples of reverend sages and even of the gods. "And even if thy heart is thoughtful, O Prince, is it right to be thus discourteous to these women who love you? Beauty without courtesy is like a grove without flowers.

"And wilt thou, a young man, possessed of strength and beauty, despise innocent enjoyments which rightly belong to thee, and to which the whole world is devoted?"

Whereon the prince answered gravely, "It is not that I am careless about beauty, or am ignorant of the power of human joys, but only that I see on all the impress of change; therefore my heart is sad and heavy.

"If these things were sure of lasting, without the ills of age, disease, and death, then would I too take my fill of love; and to the end find no disgust or sadness.

"But to know that other men grow old, sicken, and die, would be enough to rob such joys of satisfaction." And much more he said to the sage Udayin.

And the women, having worn their garlands and ornaments in vain, with their graceful arts and endearments all fruitless, concealing their love deep in their hearts, returned to the city with broken hopes. And in the evening the prince returned to his own dwelling.

Then the king, when he heard how his mind turned from all objects of sense, could not lie down that night, like an elephant with an arrow in his heart. Assembling

all his council he sought new means to gain his end, for they all agreed, "These sources of desire are not enough to captivate his heart."

And yet the king increased the pleasures of the palace. Both day and night the joys of music wore out the prince, who wanted them not, but rather sought for peace and solitude.

Once on a certain day he rode out again into the world, accompanied by worthy sons of the king's ministers. Lured by love of the wood, he came to a spot on the forest-outskirts where he saw a piece of ground being plowed, with the path of the plow broken like waves on the water. Now beholding the ground in this condition, with its young grasses scattered and torn by the plow, and the scattered eggs and young of little insects which were killed, he was filled with deep sorrow. And he mused with compassion on the plowmen at their toil, their bodies bent, their hair dishevelled, the dripping sweat upon their faces, and their persons fouled with mud and dust.

Alighting from his horse, Siddartha gave himself to thought, and attained the first stage of contemplation. And as he sat, there crept up to him a man in a beggar's dress, unobserved by the others, who spoke thus:

"O bull among men, I am a Shaman, living an ascetic life wandering in the forest.

"I have left my home to seek some way of escape, but everywhere I find old age, disease, and death; all things hasten to decay, and there is no permanency.

"Therefore I search for the happiness of something that decays not, that never perishes, that never knows beginning." And forthwith, as he stood before the prince, he gradually rose up and disappeared in space.

Then rose up the prince and returned to the city, but already his heart was in the mountains. And he went straight to the father, and prostrated himself, and asked, "Is the king well?" And then he explained his desire to leave the world in order to enter upon the quest of liberation and that which changes not.

Then the king was seized with great heart-trembling and shook like a tree struck by an elephant. And he cried in a voice choked with tears, "O say not so, my son! Keep back that thought. To a man who has enjoyed the pleasures of his prime, it is delightful to enter the forest penance. It is high time for me to practice religion, but you must first undertake the kingdom's government. To leave your sacred duties, that is not to act religiously."

Having heard these words of the king, he made his voice soft like a sparrow's and answered: "If thou wilt be my surety, O king, against four calamities, I will not betake myself to the forest.

"Let not my life be subject to death, and let not disease impair this health of mine; let not old age attack my youth, and let not misfortune attack my weal.

"Your son is dwelling in a burning house; would you indeed prevent his leaving it! To solve a doubt is only reasonable; who could forbid a man to seek its explanation?"

"He shall not go," exclaimed the despairing monarch, and set more guards around him, and greater pleasures.

The prince returned in sorrow to his dwelling. In the evening he ascended to the roof of his lofty palace and sat in a special golden seat set with diamonds and surrounded by tall lighted candlesticks. Then the noblest of women waited upon him with a concert of musical instruments, as the crowds of heavenly nymphs wait on the son of the Lord of wealth upon the summit of Himavant, white like the moon. But he was moved to no pleasure, neither was his desire to go forth from his home to seek the highest end ever lulled. He sat in silence, seeing and hearing nothing.

At this time the Deva of the Pure Abode suddenly came to earth, and caused all the dancing and singing women to fall asleep, sprawled upon the floor in ungainly and uncouth attitudes, bearing the aspect of a lake whose lotuses were bent down and broken by the wind. Aroused by the silence, Siddartha found all around him asleep, and there arose a desire to escape in the night. And the gods, knowing his purpose, caused the door of the palace to fly open. Swiftly he descended into the courtyard, awakened his faithful Khamdaka and called, "Bring me quickly my horse Kamthaka; I wish today to go hence to attain immortality." Then firm in his resolve to leave his father who yearned for him, his affectionate people, his Yasodhara whom he loved, and the little Rahula his son, he mounted his steed and turned his face towards the mountains. And as he approached, the outer gate of the castle wall swung open, no man being present, and Prince Siddartha, henceforth to be called Gotoma, issued forth. And looking back at his father's city he said with the voice of a lion, "If I escape not birth, old age, and death, forevermore I pass not thus along."

And then rode he forth alone upon his quest, begun one hundred thousand cycles and four immensities ago, to seek the salvation of the world.

Four Great Religions

By J. A. Crow

(*Continued from the May issue*)

The last of the four great religions which we shall treat is Christianity, revealed to the world by Jesus, the "Christ," or "the Anointed One," of the countless Christian millions, and accepted by them as Lord and Saviour of mankind. Christianity began in Asia in the present country of Palestine with the birth of Christ. The old Hebrew religion, now known as Judaism, from which its superficials of ceremony and general precepts are derived, had been developing several hundred years previous to that time. This Hebrew worship contained numerous mythological, magical, and traditional elements; in fact, it was exceedingly primitive in both form and creed, and was restricted to a very small section of the globe. The God, or Jehovah, of the ancient Hebrews was essentially a personified "theocratic" deity whose activity and power were somewhat limited. The ceremonies which were observed in the worship of God were distinctly elementary; sacrifice, incense, miracles, and all manner of strange rituals constituted a very vital adjunct of the religious manifestations in which these old Hebrews indulged. All of this was radically altered by the advent of Christ.

Jesus was born in very humble circumstances, the son of a carpenter of the middle class, and his wife, the Virgin Mary. Only fragmentary accounts of his early life have been preserved, so we must dismiss this period of his history with summary mention. Let it suffice to say that he was reared according to the strict code of the times, and was given an entirely non-technical education; he was, however, instructed carefully in the most important sacred books of the day, as was the custom among his people. He manifested precocity at an early age, and when only an infant was invested by many of his countrymen with an air of mystery regarding his miraculous conception. Jesus himself, though, *never did claim or pretend to any supernatural conception;* he was content to remain the son of Joseph and Mary, humble peasants of the land. The halo of glory with which he is endued is the product of a later day.

In discussing Christianity we must remember that Christ was not a speculative metaphysical philosopher, but a student, a keen and penetrating student, of human life. The doctrine which he propounded has resulted in a new interpretation of many of the meaningless superstitions of the ancient Hebrews. He perceived the difficulties that he would encounter in their eradication, so he calmly went to work with the intent of leaving them their cherished traditions, but imbued with a bigger and broader meaning, that is, the love of things at once intangible and concrete, as truth, beauty, and love of man. The entire concept of Jesus rests on the one principle: fulfilment of duty. This idea is magnified and presented in a number of ways, but all are merely different phases of the same general commandment. This compliance with good, is, according to Christ, the most satisfying and enduring pleasure that man may enjoy. It can always be followed, if one only heeds the dictates of his conscience, that hidden divinity in man, and steadfastly strives to pursue the path that it designates. Sincerity is also an essential constituent of Christ's teaching. He was sincere himself, and loyal to the last degree, and advises that everyone who desires the reward of a satisfied conscience follow this example. Moreover, Jesus was divinely human. He suffered the torment of crucifixion without a word of pain until at the last moment his senses would no longer be restrained and gave voice to that piercing wail, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Thus I say that Jesus was divinely human, and not some apotheosis of perfection and distant superiority.

The Trinity of Christianity was first suggested in the Brahman religion, but in a different form. The Trinity of the former, consisting of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, represents respectively the will, the interpreter, and the spirit of man, while the triad of Brahmanism represents creation, preservation, and destruction, discussed in a preceding part of the article in more detail.

Christianity was first beset by internal dissension in the fourth century, shortly after it had been adopted as the religion of the Roman Empire. At that time there arose the question as to the divinity of Christ, and the extent of his powers as compared with those of the Father. The Arians led by the fiery Bishop Arius declared that Christ was not of one substance with the Father, and was "not His equal in dignity, was not co-

eternal, and was not even within the real sphere of deity." Arius separated from the established church, and for a time maintained a separate institution; his followers were later appeased by the Pope and re-entered the Roman Church. Then followed a period of rather lethargic submission to the Pope and to the mandates of the spiritual officials appointed by him. This external humility was merely the veil of a seething undercurrent crying for tolerance, for religious liberty, and for the abrogation of the innumerable abuses which had crept into the religious institution under the administration of the worldly, wealthy, pleasure-loving clergy. The first overt act at variance with the Pope which effected any appreciable alteration in general views was the promulgation of Luther's theses in 1517, and his subsequent excommunication from the Catholic Church. Luther's idea of salvation by faith alone has gained widespread acceptance in the world today in the form of the Protestant Lutheran Church. This separation was followed by others; first by Calvin in France; later by Knox in England, and Zwingli in Switzerland. There ultimately occurred a reformation in the Catholic Church itself at the Council of Trent where the tenets of the faith were staunchly re-asserted, but the abuses and worldliness of the clergy to a great extent eradicated. The organization of the Jesuits aided materially in this undertaking, for the members of this order for a long time were exemplary adherents to the doctrine which they preached, and thus rapidly regained the faith and support of the vast "imponderable public opinion."

At the present time new denominations arose almost diurnially. All, however, are pervaded by the one idea of an Omnipotent God, and a merciful Christ, his Son; and all endeavor to better the world by disseminating the doctrine of the reward of duty well performed, with conscience as the guide. The belief in the survival of consciousness after death has hitherto been a general belief also, but this attitude is gradually being repudiated.

The sacred book of the Hebrews, which has become the sacred book of the western world, is written by a number of authors many of whom are unknown. This, combined with the traditional elements which were such an essential part of the old Judaist religion, accounts for the numerous inconsistencies and contradictions which one encounters upon reading the Bible. In spite of these facts, certainly not because of them, the Bible has maintained its position of prominence in the religious world. We must, I think, attribute this long continued prestige to the inherent worth of the book as an interpretation of life, which, since our primeval predecessors roamed the Archean wilds, has remained practically the same in all its major phases: "a thing of permanence, so to speak, amidst continual change." Moreover, the Bible is characterized by a sublime and inimitable concinnity of diction that has never been surpassed in the annals of literature; in meaning, too, its unexpurgated portraiture of life occupies a place of recognized supremacy. Though excessively vituperative, sensual, and exaggerative at times, the Biblical story will ever remain a universal pageant of life; first, because it falls in with the strengths and weaknesses of humanity; and secondly, because its depiction is essentially true. If one hopes to derive the most profound reactions out of its perusal, he must discard the superficialities of mythology and scientific discrepancies which indisputably exist within its pages, and become immersed in the spirit of the thing as he would in the rapid motion of the plot in a sensational novel, placing himself in the circumstances of those about whom he reads, and not being hypercritical of externals in form and story which are the essential media through which a lasting portraiture of the finished picture must be effected; without these externals we should have a photograph instead of a portrait.

The general tenets of orthodox Christianity are expressed by the Apostle's Creed which is accepted by several of the largest Protestant denominations at present:

> I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:
>
> And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary: Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried: He descended into hell; The third day he arose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
>
> I believe in the Holy Ghost: The Holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints: The forgiveness of sins: The resurrection of the body: And the life everlasting. Amen.

In all four of the religions which we have presented, the concept of one Absolute God is present; the desirability of good and the non-desirability of evil is also generally existent, with slightly different interpretations of the terms good and evil. The belief in a cessation of existence after death in Buddhism and Brahmanism is counterbalanced by the idea of survival of consciousness in both Mohammedanism and Christianity. All of these religions have been exceedingly efficacious as restraining forces in society, and for that reason, if for no other, should be preserved until a more nearly Utopian state of affairs is attained.

(Continued on page 31)

Out of the Waste Basket

By J. H. Burke

Lenard, for th' love o' mercy, stay out from under my feet. You're like a young colt, running and jumping. Come in here and behave yourself.

"Thank your lucky stars, Maud, all yours was girls. If all your five had been boys like Lenard here, you'd a been in your grave long ago.

"Wonder when in the world this mail'll be open. Lenard, throw down them old papers and come here and behave yourself. I declare to my soul, I will skin you alive."

All this came so rapidly that the woman addressed as Maud had no chance to speak if she had wanted to. And the speaker went on:

"If he'd get somebody in there besides that sleepy Mary Carr we wouldn't have to wait all day for the mail."

"She is slow as seven-year itch," Maud got in while the other woman paused for breath.

But the pause was short.

"He gets her fer nothing, and she ain't hardly worth that. You Lenard! get out o' that waste basket. That kid's got a perfect mania for rooting around in old papers and letters. It's a shame the way we have to wait all day fer th' mail to be put up, and they say he keeps all he's supposed to pay for a clerk. He don't care when th' mail gets up, and she's so sleepy, likely as not thinking 'bout that Tom White, what they say's been goin' to see her.

"Lenard, if you don't throw them papers down! Did you ever see anything like him in yer life? Let's see what's this you got."

She stopped talking for a moment as she looked at what she had taken from the boy.

"Just look here. It's a letter from some woman tc her husband, or that's what she calls him. Did you ever see anything like it in your life? Such spelling! Look at that. She don't know what capital letters are for. They've been into some devilment er other, you can tell. She says she don't want Mr. Hicks to find out her address. They've been into something, sure as you're born. Now don't you know if you'd got a letter like that you wouldn't a throwed it down here in th' waste basket? I'll bet they're two hard uns all right."

She threw the letter back where it came from. And for fifteen minutes she talked on, stopping only once in a while for breath. Finally the mail was up, and she left.

I dived into the basket of trash and fished out the letter. It was written with pencil on big sheets of rough paper.

Here it is just as I found it, spelling and all.

munday night

My Dear Husband

wonder How you are standing the cold wather, good I hope, it seems like little Inez has a awful time up here with a cold but the children just will carrie her out too much unless they would rap her up good

and oh God the children and Inez togather is about to run me crazie, If I could only have mama up here to tend to them while I sew, she wants us to come back down home and God honey I want to go. but we can't never be nothing but we have all ways been down there, so I ain't never going back to live there.

I want to quilt my linen quilt if I can ever get time but the people is rushing me so I don't never have time to do nothin for myself. I got a dress for Flossie way last month and aint never made it yet, I just made to dresses for a woman and making over her coat now. but they dont none of them want to pay me what its worth or I could make good wages at sewing,

listen you send what money you can to Mr. Hicks this month, I would send part of what you sent me but I dont want them down ther to find out our address. We must try to live right now we are rasing a family,

And for the love of God dont do the people like your papa does, be honest to the world

so now do for mercy sake pay mr. Hicks or I'm afraid he'll try to find out where we are.

Oh Honey I'm so anxious for you to come on up here that I cant hardly wait, so we can get settled down and one of us can work in the mills. what do we care just so we make the money

now for goodness sake send your money to mr Hicks so he wont make no trouble for us and we can get settled down and now listen to me

But this was the end of a page, and I could not find the rest of the letter anywhere.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

I view with alarm the amazing amount of slackness prevalent in church duties. This new generation is indeed spawn of Old Nick himself, and I fear for those principles laid down by our forefathers.

There is but one sect responsible for this evil falling away. Scientists, those blasphemers of God's handiwork, who are not content with the way the Good Lord made things, and go about in their nefarious works to heap scorn on the religion and ways of our fathers. To their door must be laid the automobile, the phonograph, the motion picture, modern heating and plumbing, and the Sunday newspaper.

Coming home late from the church supper last night, about nine o'clock, I noticed along the road several automobiles, each containing one or more pairs of young people, and I blush to say that they were unchaperoned, and indulging in most unseemly conduct. In fact, though it hurts me to say it, several of the couples were openly embracing, and in one car could be seen evidences of strong drink. And this crime, this open rebellion of the most depraved sort occurring on the same night as the church supper! May the just and loving God condemn them to hell-fire everlasting.

On Sundays, the seats of the automobiles are filling, and the seats of the temple of the most high God are empty. The people of this pleasure-loving age driving shamelessly about the streets, while the Lord's anointed preach to empty pews. This is truly the age of indifference, which we are warned against in the book of Revelation. And the time is not far distant when the Lord, true to his word, shall spew us out of his mouth. Where is that center of the home today? The Bible is dusty and forgotten, the altar cast aside. The parents have let their children, divine gifts from the good God, roam over the countryside, calling them not to prayer, giving them instead ready access to cars and evil companions.

Before luxury and sin became the motto of people, before the word of God was questioned, before children scarce old enough to talk were allowed the freedom of their elders, then there was music in the home. In every home, no matter how small and unpretentious, there was an organ, and some member of the family would play every evening. The members of the home circle would gather about the organ, and its sweet and dulcet tones would bring balm to worried and care-bestridden souls. It was used in the family devotions, lending a quiet, religious atmosphere to the procedure. In its slow and measured rhythms, it soothed and caressed, and set a restful pace for the household to follow. In its place has come that blaring, mocking, parrot-like instrument, the phonograph. Its tune is fast, its sound raucous. It distracts, intoxicates, and lures—lures men and women from paths of rectitude, making them shuffle their feet and embrace each other, driving the mind to things sensual in its mad cacophonies. And children imitate their elders, posturing and gliding; rubbing their bodies together in close and lecherous contact. Truly, this thing is of the evil one, designed to lead the weak from the fold. May the gracious God blast it with the lightnings of his wrath, and destroy it in his displeasure!

In the gilded halls of pleasure may be found not only the indifferent youth, but also the older people, people of unquestioned standing, yet all unite in the worship of this new god, the motion picture, leaving behind all moral scruples, putting themselves in the places of the painted things who portray the sordid scenes everywhere witnessed in our theaters. Is it any credit to them that they do not carry out actually the things they see? For do they not imagine themselves in the character of the actors? Do they not, in imagination, commit all the sins shown for their sensual satisfaction? Does not the scripture say that a man who looks on a woman with lust in his heart has committed adultery? These are strong words, yet there seems to be no other remedy.

In our striving for ease, and degenerate and effeminate luxury, we have heated our houses, that our senses and conscience may be dulled, that we may loll at ease, and not be bothered with tenets, scruples and principles. And this same heating is used even in the bath! Time was when a man would strengthen his character by the taking of baths, cold and invigorating. Now we lie in semi-conscious bodily enjoyment, asleep morally, in baths such as the degenerate Romans had.

There comes into our homes each day a sheet of paper, with the misdoings of the world spread forth in huge type, giving us unconscious examples—a great evil—yet on Sunday, the Day of the Lord God Almighty, the day set aside by him for his worship and glorification, on this day do these sheets double their activities, and spread before us a double dose of sin. Our God is truly

a forgiving and long-suffering God, that he allows these things to be.

These same scientists, not satisfied with their evil machines, do cry aloud, blaspheming with their theories and creeds the words of The Book. They are allowed to preach, openly and unmolested, doctrines that make of the Bible a set of fairy tales. They set about with apparatus diabolic to cure the visitations of a wrathful Jehovah. They have influenced those who make our laws, and save in a few cases, have received legal sanction for their false doctrines. They are allowed to teach them in our colleges, making of our youths atheists, carrying on the work of the black angels, putting at naught the teachings of those men of God who stand in our pulpits.

I pray God to send us more men such as Volstead. In days less given to pleasure, in days when the home was a ruling factor, and worship was held there, laws such as his were not needed. But in this pleasure-mad day, no morals are given children. All strength of character is gone. Laws must be made to enforce righteousness. Though this be not in accordance with the ideals of the writers of our constitution, still, times have changed, and too, many of the framers of our constitution were worldly men, given to uncouth pleasures.

So it must be that legislation prohibiting the teaching of evolution, certain scenes in our shows, and certain books must be enacted. And I pray that God will aid the hand of the lawmakers!

J. P. P.

Celladore

CELLADORE lies beyond the Land of Dreams and no mortal has ever trod its shining meadows. For Celladore is the blest abode of all the dead dreams that have ever brushed with their robes of beauty the souls of men.

During their waking hours men keep their souls captive in their moist, hot bodies. But when men sleep, their souls are free and steal noiselessly out of the closed eyes like thin star beams, to cool and refresh themselves. Then the whole universe is their playground. Sometimes they launch out into the vast oceans of space to worlds beyond the reach of men's strongest telescopes

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and dance from star to star. Sometimes they dart through the ether searching out melodies heard on the earth during the Golden Age when the gods were young, and when through all the world there was nothing but youth and beauty. Or perhaps they listen to Homer singing for them again; or perhaps like surf bathers ride on waves struck from the lyre of Sappho, drenched in the warm melody. Sometimes, wandering through the vast solitudes, they chance upon a silver stream of Helen's laughter, shot through with her sun-lighted smile. Or again they back in the light of suns that set upon Carthage ages since, or the glint of lamps shining upon the Nile from Cleopatra's barge.

But most of all they go a-courting in the Land of Dreams that lies beyond the stars. For this is the most perfect of all lands, save Celladore alone. Before the beginning of time the Great Many-Named-One made it to please Himself. Tradition says that He laughed and sang to Himself like a happy child as he fashioned all the many dreams. And then, because they were so beautiful, he breathed upon his toys and they lived.

No one but the Great Many-Named-One knows of what stuff dreams are made. But they are made of a substance so fine and so tenuous that only souls can see them; and so delicate that the touch of even a human soul means death. For the souls that wander through Dreamland woo the fair dreams and win them. But the dream that gives itself to the embrace of a mortal soul does so because its love is stronger than pain; and when the satiated soul goes back to earth, the bruised little dream wanders off alone to die.

The soul goes back to its master and whispers of its latest love, and the man wakes from his sleep or reverie and says, "I have been dreaming." If he is a poet he may write a sonnet, or construct a ponderous epic, all on a half-forgotten shadow of a dream. No man ever saw a dream as it was when God made it, for the real dream is beyond the stars. Man knows only the feeble distorted reports given by his vagrant soul—and the soul too quickly forgets.

But when the bruised little dream dies, a dream-soul as soft as a strain of remembered music slips away to the land of Celladore.

Now in the land of Celladore——

We Have Made Progress

In four years, things happen to an individual, things that are tangible, yet hard to explain. In the same period, things happen to the institution that has sheltered him for those years.

Hark, the Sound . . .

The sound of buildings going up, of new classrooms, new dormitories, new improvements. There has been progress, confusion, misunderstanding, advancement, ecclesiastical narrowness in conflict with intellectual vision, youth in conflict with tradition. The legislature appropriates money for the institution, while simultaneously talking about bills to abolish certain courses; putting a crimp on free thought.

Carolina, priceless gem,
Receive all praises thine.

Praises from the outside world, seldom from those within its borders. Perhaps on the outside, the perspective is different. Distance lends enchantment . . . to North Carolina, and Florida. The view is better from far off, perhaps. Registered progress. Wonderful strides in industry. . . . Biggest tobacco manufacturing center in the world. . . . Biggest towel factory anywhere. Most good roads. Bigger, better, busier towns. More Kiwanis clubs. Swelled populations. Fine, fine. Press-agented progress. We have made that. Greatest State in the Union. We point with pride. . . . No need to view with alarm.

I'm a Tar Heel born,
I'm a Tar Heel bred . . .

Bonfires at the great State University. Cheer leaders. Passive student body. Athletic victories. Four years ago there were not nearly so many students. Great additions to the faculty. Standards raised. Scions of first families, of tillers of the soil, of mill owners, of bankers, of Mr. Babbitt, the real estate dealer, come here to drink from the fount of culture. Free thought on the campus? Dare not, lest the great majority out in the state misunderstand. Tennessee has been purged of atheism in seats of learning. Perhaps it would be well for North Carolina. . . Few are the pioneers in the faculty who are free, who dare to think, dare to express that thought.

Hark the Sound . . .

The sound of dance orchestras now hushed. The campus was getting too immoral. The state objected. Our sons, we entrust them to your care. The sound of a hundred and a half instructors who lecture . . .

give exams . . . look intelligent . . . keep attendance records. Education must go on. The University must be expanded, enlarged; greater registration. Every year a bigger student body. . . Ah, that's what counts! What about the S. B. at the end of four years? What do they do, what do they know? What have the hundred and fifty mentors of learning taught them? How to live happily? Hardly.

But we have made progress. The personal side? Well, a man must conform, you know. It's mass production we want. The other places will turn out more graduates than we do, if we do not standardize.

The homes, the wealth, the culture, of the state are influenced by, and pay tribute to the University. There is reason, well-founded. Lines of advancement in every department of the institution are in keeping with the "North Carolina Progressive" that newspapers like to talk about.

It is not best, perhaps, to offer carping criticism. Certainly there has been progress, much of it, since we came here four years ago. Expansion has been going on. Some fear the advent of giganticism. But that is far off. The other colleges—are they not growing very rapidly also?

Perhaps the present system is for the best. Compulsory class attendance. Prescribed curricula. Lecture system in all departments. We dare not change. . . Tradition is sacred. As one of those who have run most of the way down the four prescribed years, I hold certain ideas about it all; some hard to express. Certainly there has been wrought a great change in my habits of thinking, for the better, I like to hope.

There has been progress. I have watched it. There will be, after we of the present student generation are gone. Let it be so. It is well. Education still goes on at the University. Knowledge is no longer a fountain sealed.

Carolina, priceless gem . . .

The Record of the Vision

(Continued from page 18)

and fair; her eye held a gleam of high purpose and intelligence. Singularly free from any appearance of

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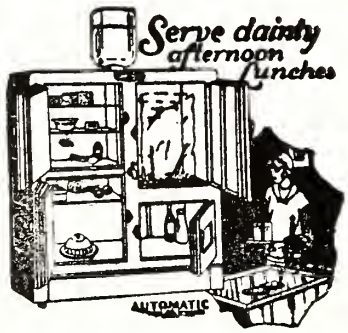

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voluptuousness, she exerted a compelling force of attraction. Drawing nigh, she held out her hand and greeted Brother Leo with pleasant words.

"It is my will and the will of God that you wed me," she said.

"Lady," replied Leo, "I am sworn as a monk to chastity and have besides just recently made a special vow to Our Saviour to withstand the lure of the flesh."

The woman said again:

"But that by which I call you is not the lure of the flesh, but is the impulse of God's own law. Moreover, does not the Book command reproduction? Does it not condemn wasting of seed? Nay, holy man, it would only be right for you to do as you are commanded."

Then Leo gave answer:

"You mistake in part both God's natural law and the word of the Book. There is meant by the nature of things that some men must not mate save with the Church because that is their obligation to live in the Lord. And a great blessing it is besides that those who are not in orders find themselves in no way inconvenienced in continuing the propagation of the race."

She spoke:

"Many of the souls born into the world are hampered by being the work of men and women given over to Satan. Would it not be well that you generate children of your own holy temper to continue the work of the Lord? There is more than one way of making good souls, I would have you know."

"You speak curiously, lady, and say much that I cannot understand. But this I do understand. If I were to give life to children, their souls would be clouded by my act which would be a sin and would not be aided by my present chastity. And though I do not know what you mean, I say that there is only one way that souls are made, and that is by God in Heaven."

The argument continued in much the same way, Leo girding himself afresh for every speech and trying to keep his eyes from her body. His answers were mainly defensive and based on simple fundamental principles. Finally, by his stolid front and steadfast earnestness of reply the woman was routed.

Now rose the third woman from her seat. She cast down her eyes and approached the exhausted Monk. The holy man raised his head to discover what new danger he must repulse and started back dismayed. Before him was a woman with dimpled flanks, the country lass whom he had held in his arms for a moment and whom he had desired night and day since that time. Feeling her atonic influences to be destroying his weak-

ened powers for resistance, the good Monk called loudly upon Christ, seized his throat in his hands, and throttled himself by a superhuman exertion.

So says the record written by Brother Francis of the Monastery of Anthessa in which he sets down the details of the vision in which he saw explained the holy death of Brother Leo, to the glorification of the reputation of the order and the monastery.

Four Great Religions

(Continued from page 24)

At the present day approximately thirty per cent of the world's inhabitants are Buddhists, some twenty-five per cent Christians (including the Greek, Roman, and Protestant churches), nearly fifteen per cent are Brahmans, and about thirteen per cent profess the religion of Mohammed. Thus we see that over seventy-five per cent of the civilized world professes one of the religions which we have presented in this article.

Four great religions, four great guiding principles of humanity, four great outlets of man's innate desire to glorify the good: these four phases of the universally present intellectual and spiritual inquisitiveness, which since the dawn of thought have actuated the human intellect and feelings, constitute a valuable and fascinating insight into the development of human nature from the earliest historic times to the modern age.

Minerva

How well I remember Minerva! We first met at a charity ball and found a subject of mutual interest immediately—she served the punch, and I drank it. Our next meeting, which chanced to be the following evening, helped to strengthen our friendship materially, for we could sympathize with each other concerning a common malady—she was young and so was I. She was very, very young; much younger in fact than I would have guessed. But, then, I am a poor guesser, a very poor guesser—and that is how I lost her.

First, we discussed the weather. When that subject was exhausted, the latest play received our attention.

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Then she guessed my age. True she exaggerated slightly, but her estimate placed me well within my majority, so I saw no particular reason for dealing in trifles by correcting her.

I guessed her age—a dangerous undertaking for a youth such as I. She was intelligent, humorous, witty—she must be twenty-two, an ideal age, I thought. She flushed with pleasure at my statement, and I gained courage at my evident knowledge of women.

It was some time before I saw Minerva again, ten long years, to be exact. "How well you are looking," she said, "it might have been only yesterday that we met."

"Looks are sometimes deceiving, I feel like an old man," I said. "But you haven't aged a day, and yet—you must be thirty-two."

"Why, you horrible creature," she said, "never speak to me again as long as you live."

And that was the last time I ever guessed the age of Minerva.

In the Clutches

The guinea "pot-racked" in the barnyard,
The turkey gobbled on the green;
And a whoop was heard in the cornfield
That rustled by the side of the stream.

The guinea perched on the cross-beam,
The turkey stood in the shed;
And a dry cough was heard in the back-room
While the dead leaves danced overhead.

(Now), the guinea "pot-racks" in the barnyard,
The turkey gobbles on the green;
But *no* whoop is heard in the cornfield
That rustles by the side of the stream.

T. B. S.

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